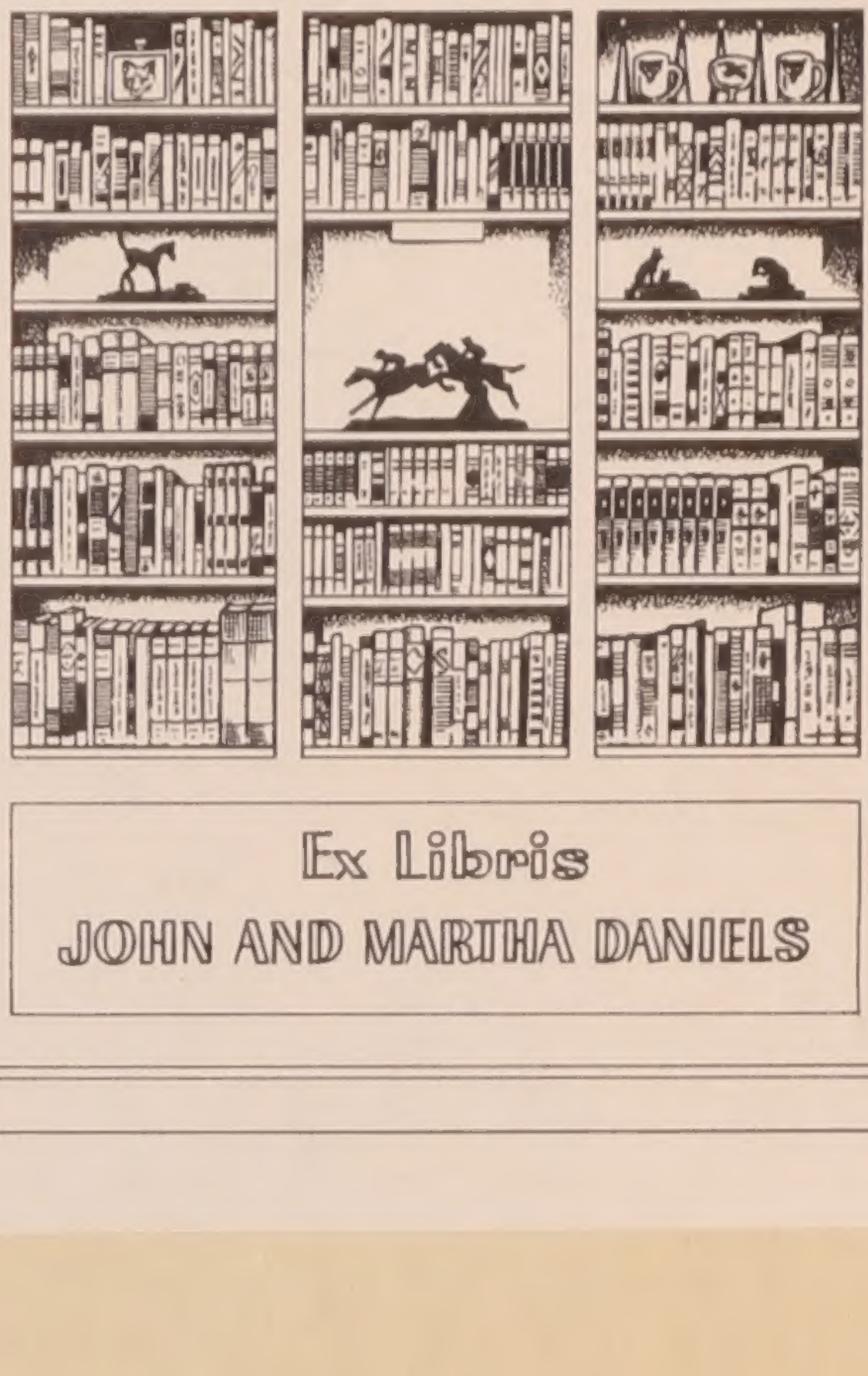
FIGHTING SPORTS

CAPT. L. FITZ-BARNARD



Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

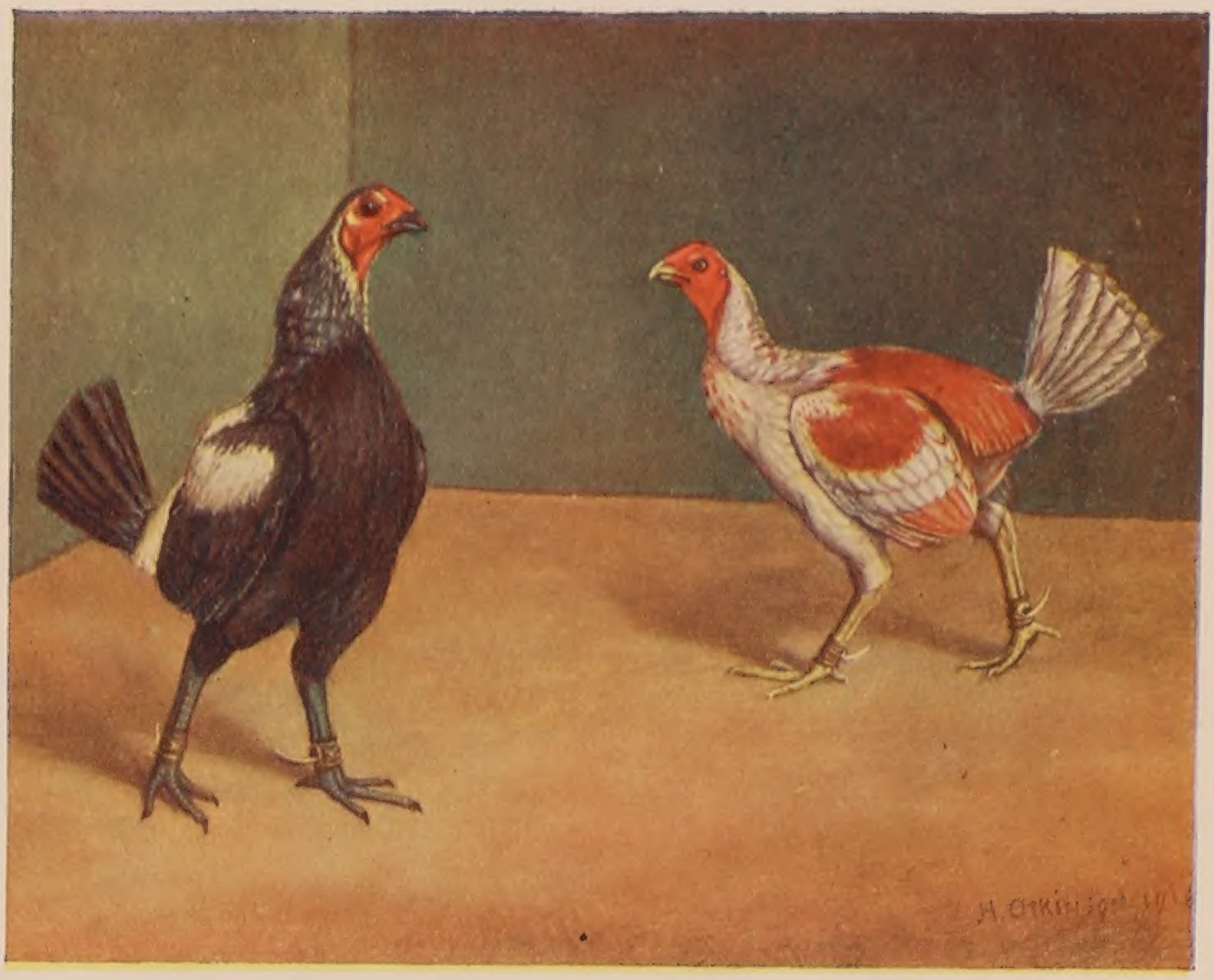
Very scarce

irs net

20 ||

FIGHTING SPORTS

ODHAMS



And when set down, he proudly struts along,
Careless and unconcern'd at the great Throng.

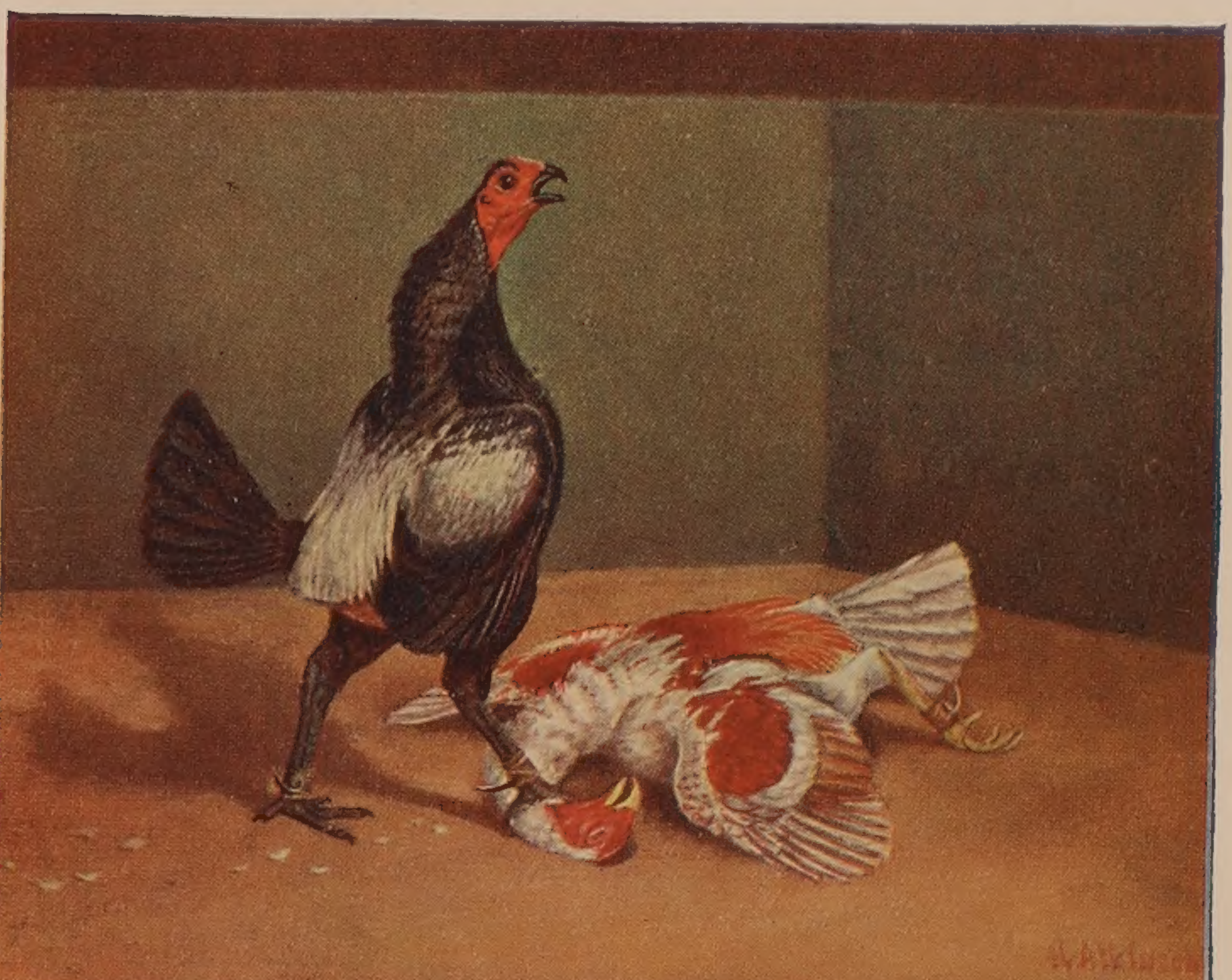
PLATE I

Then on they fall, and like two Dragons meet,
Rending the Air both with their Wings and Feet.

PLATE II

Frontispiece, to face Plates III and IV

Till faithless Fortune, with a fatal Frown, [PLATE III
Sends giddy Chance to pull the destin'd down.



Now prostrate lye extended on the Glade, [PLATE IV
The insulting Victor trampling o'er the dead.

Frontispiece, to face Plates I and II

FIGHTING SPORTS

BY

CAPT. L. FITZ-BARNARD

LONDON
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED
39 KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN,
W.C. 2

To

MY OLD FRIEND

EUGENE CORRI

THE BEST

SPORTSMAN IN THE WORLD

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

CONTENTS

COCK-FIGHTING

	Page
Cock-fighting	3
The Humanity of Cock-fighting	10
The Laws of Cocking	14
Colour and Size	21
Breeding	27
Care of Chicks	41
Walks	49
Refereeing	52
Feeding	56
Setting	71
Heeling	76
Spurs	79
Famous Cocks	104
Famous Cockers	111

DOG-FIGHTING

Chap. One	131
,, Two	134
,, Three	142
,, Four	150

BULL-FIGHTING

"Ohle Los Toros"	159
"Los Toreros"	165
"Los Toros"	173

DIVERS FIGHTING SPORTS

Chap. One	183
,, Two	192
,, Three	199

MAN-FIGHTING

Man-fighting	205
Rules—Boxing	282
,, Broughton's	285
,, London Prize Ring	286
,, Marquess of Queensberry	290
,, National Sporting Club	291

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

COLOURED PLATES: FACE PAGE

I., II., III., and IV. . . . . *Frontispiece*

V. A DARK GREY COCK OF GILLMAN BLOOD . . 27

VI. A GINGER-RED COCK OF GREAT RED QUILL STRAIN 27

VII. A PYLE COCK 79

VIII. AN ASIL COCK 79

IX. A DOG FIGHT AT THE WESTMINSTER PIT. . . 131

X. BEAR-BAITING AT THE WESTMINSTER PIT . . 183

ILLUSTRATIONS:

THE CELEBRATED BILL GILLIVER 111

AN OLD TYPE OF FIGHTING DOG 135

A MODERN FIGHTING DOG 155

ANTONIO FUENTES 159

GUERRITA PREPARING TO KILL 165

ESPATERO KILLING 173

BUFFALO-FIGHTING 193

ELEPHANTS FIGHTING 194

CAMELS FIGHTING AT BABEER'S DURBAR IN 1528 . . . 197

RAM-FIGHTING 202

JACK BROUGHTON AND JACK SLACK IN THEIR HISTORIC BATTLE 217

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTER: JIMMY WILDE . . 281

FOREWORD

I HAVE just finished reading my good friend Lawrence Fitz-Barnard's book, *Fighting Sports*, and thoroughly enjoyed every bit of it, as I am sure thousands of others will do.

No one is more competent to write on fighting sports than my old friend, although in general appearance and bearing he is about as pugnacious as a newly born lamb.

Lawrence Fitz-Barnard was one of the best amateur boxers I have ever seen, and in the days of his youth was in the foremost ranks of middles and heavy-weights, as his record plainly shows. To-day we have no amateurs of the calibre of Edgeworth Johnstone, the man with the sledge-hammer fist, G. L. Townsend, who subsequently fought Bob Fitzsimmonds, and Horace King. Fitz-Barnard was as good as any of these, with the possible exception of Johnstone, who had enormous advantages in the matter of weight.

I still belong to a little band which believes that Fitz-Barnard was very unlucky to lose more than one championship. In open competitions he cut a very broad swathe indeed. He carried off the supreme honours in the heavies at the German Gym., which in those days ranked next to the amateur championships, and was sometimes even more difficult to win.

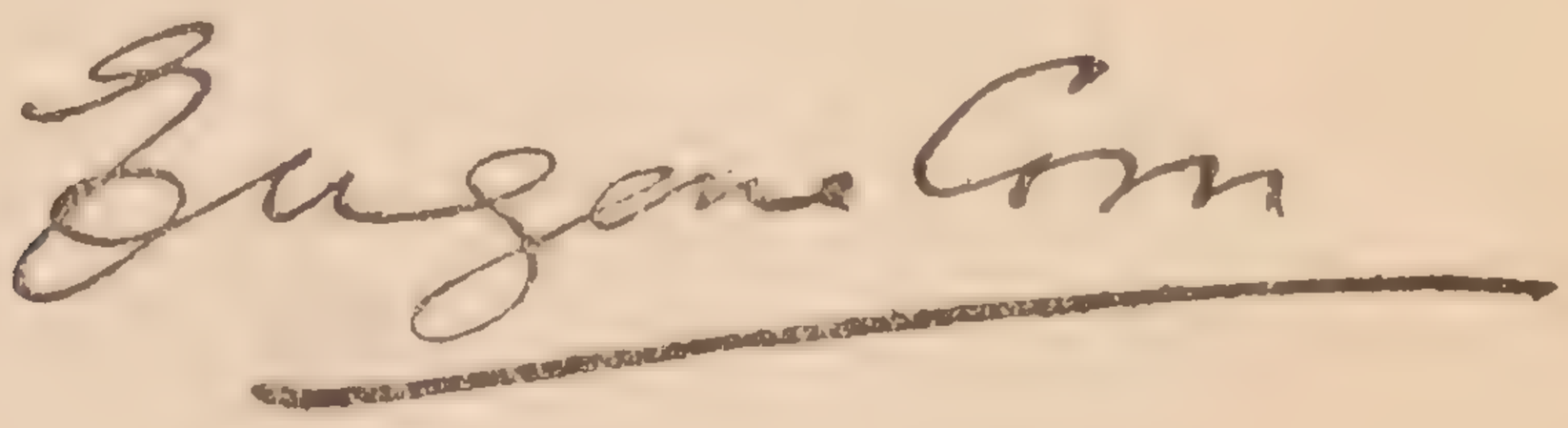
For four years in succession he won the open competitions, both middles and heavies, at the Orion Gymnasium, beating some wonderfully good men, facts which prove conclusively that he had the right sort of fighting blood in him.

But my friend inherits his intense love of all fighting sports from a long and unsullied line of ancestors, beginning I believe, with William the Conqueror. The subject has always fascinated him, and he has studied it carefully and pursued it zealously ever since he could toddle.

Although I am not an expert in the sport, I found the chapters on cock-fighting tremendously thrilling, and it was not until I had read them that I realised how game, as well as clever, some animals can be.

On this particular sport Lawrence Fitz-Barnard writes as one having close, practical knowledge, and I am not surprised to learn that he is regarded as one of the foremost authorities on the history and literature of cocking, undoubtedly the most ancient of our many English sports.

Altogether the work, as a record and exposition, must prove an invaluable addition to the library of every sportsman. Essentially it is a book for the boys and young men of our race, because it reveals, in a way that no other book has ever attempted, the wonderful fighting qualities of centuries of men of British blood. I am sure this book can have nothing but the success it deserves.



COCK-FIGHTING

COCK-FIGHTING

And some more Martial are,
But Cocking fits a man for Peace or War;
It makes Men bold and forward for the Field,
And learns them there rather to die than yield.
Cocking does also Constancy create,
And arms a Man to Wrestle with his Fate;
Be it more happy, or severe, his Mind
Is still the same to a brave end inclin'd.

COCK-FIGHTING is the oldest sport in the world. Of course, men fought themselves before they fought cocks, but that was in the business way—they were in the game for their girl's fair eyes or for their neighbours' fairer possessions. As a sport, cock-fighting flourished many thousand years ago, and in our own country long before the Roman invasion.

That the Romans were devoted to the sport is well-known, though the games of the arena eclipsed it as a spectacle, and therefore we hear little of it; but among the great men of Rome cocking was always a favourite amusement; indeed Pomponius Mela, the historian, asserts that the Roman Empire did not begin to decline until cocking had fallen into disrepute among its governors.

In former days the generous sport of cocking helped us to fight the world, and it is my opinion that if cock-fighting and kindred sports had been allowed and encouraged, the Great War would not have lasted half as long.

For years we have hand-fed our young men, and actually discouraged the fighting spirit. This war has shown us our mistake, and all honour to our brav boys, who have

done as well as they have in spite of their upbringing. In the South African War, also, that final appeal to death or victory would have saved us one disaster at the least. At Spion Kop, after fighting with the greatest gallantry all day, our leaders' nerves failed them at the sight of the blood and suffering that night, and the order for retreat was given, with the battle already won—and victory was changed to defeat.

How right was that king who said, "I will have none but cockers to command my troops."

That cock-fighting has the merit of antiquity is proved by the fact that it has certainly flourished for three thousand years, and doubtless much longer. I suppose the earliest known mention of cock-fighting is in Indian records 1,000 B.C., but we cannot doubt that in China, as well as in India, cocking flourished long before that very early date.

The fighting-cock has gone beyond being an object of sport, and has been an object of worship, many enlightened peoples offering him their devotion as a god.

In Babylonia he was worshipped in the form of the god Nergal, and the Syrians are said to have made the fighting-cock one of their principal deities.

There is reason to believe that the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians worshipped cocks as well as fought them. They certainly fought them, and there is even a legend that it was the Phœnicians who brought the Black Hen Cocks to Cornwall.

In Persia also the noble bird received the veneration almost of a God; in fact, it is recorded that an ancient king of that ancient land was much perturbed in that his subjects showed more veneration for a game-cock than for himself.

The Persians carried their love of cocking to great lengths, and there is little doubt that it was from them that the Greeks learned their love for the sport. If so, it was a bit tough on the Persians, as the Greeks owed their victories

over them more than once to the valour inspired in their soldiers by emulation of these warrior birds. In Greece cock-fighting became almost a religious institution. It was the wise Themistocles who made a practice of showing combats of cocks to his soldiers, and such was their transparent value that it was made obligatory to the young men of Athens that they should attend the fighting of cocks, in order that they might learn from the birds the necessity of skill and courage, and the will to struggle even to the death.

That learned old author, R.H., to whom I am indebted for many things, states, on the authority of Athenæus and Dioscorides, that the fighting-cock was one of the deities of the ancient Greeks, and goes so far as to say—and I have no doubt correctly—that he was almost the only deity they adored.

Pergamus also, a great city much under the influence of the Greeks, was famous for its cocks, and there cock-fighting was shown to the people for their education and improvement, that they should learn not only courage and audacity, but also the necessity of an unshaken resolution even unto death; and by the example of these unparalleled birds were spurred on to great enterprises.

Everyone knows that the Romans were good cockers, and many think they introduced the sport into this country. This, I believe, however, not to have been the case. It was introduced into Rome from Athens about 471 B.C., and was regarded as a religious as well as a political institution. Great Cæsar was a lover of the sod, and Mark Antony and Octavius commenced their rivalries in matching their cocks the one against the other.

There is an old Roman silver coin, about the year 42 B.C., engraved with two cocks fighting. It is, however, exceptionally rare, there being only one or two really good specimens known; but other coins are not uncommon perpetuating this noble sport.

Cocking was a national sport in Mexico and South America, before the Spaniards, and in England before Cæsar. It has possessed the love of the people of practically every country in the world, and in many it flourishes to this day.

It is a curious reflection that in Germany alone I know of no records of cock-fighting ; it is the lack of such manly sports that makes the Germans what they are.

I think enough has now been said about the ancient origin of this grand old sport. Much more could be written, but I think I have said enough, and more than enough, to prove it the most ancient sport in the world.

As it is the most ancient, it is equally the most honourable. The manner of conducting a fight, and the application of the rules, was left largely to the setters-to, or seconds, and when we think of the immense sums that used to be at stake it speaks well for the sport.

The old rules give few directions. No referee or umpire is appointed ; they simply state that :

> It is recommended that all disputes be finally determined by the masters of the match, and two other gentlemen whom they shall appoint, and in case the four cannot agree, then they shall fix on a fifth, whose decision shall be final.

As a matter of fact this cumbersome arrangement seems seldom to have been used. The masters of the match arranged everything between themselves, and disputes were hardly ever known. The explanation is simple : all cockers were gentlemen of the old school ; they won or lost their money ; and that was the end of it. The sport was what they considered.

I have read other old rules that say : "All disputes about bets, or the battle being won or lost, ought to be decided by the spectators." Can you have a better guarantee of the nature of the sport or the onlookers ?

In later years it seems to have been the practice to

appoint a referee, but the task was a nominal one ; and in the old days I have seen a referee of a main of cocks betting freely as the fancy took him. Think of it, ye backers of men and horses ! Do you know another sport where the referee is allowed to bet as he likes, or, indeed, where the seconds practically run the show ?

Cockers were always honourable men—they took their natures from the birds—and it would be difficult for a real cocker to be otherwise.

Many great men have loved cocking ; in fact, in the ancient world, as in comparatively recent times, I suppose all great men were cockers.

Alexander and Cæsar may be mentioned, as their names stand above all others. There is every reason to believe that King Solomon was a cocker ; in fact, I think it can be proved. He was the wisest of all men, therefore he must have been a cocker.

Gustavus Adolphus, the great Swede, was an ardent lover of the sport, and it is interesting to know that he regarded victory over the Germans as certain, as they were not cockers. Perhaps our victory over the same foes would have been as easy if we had only stuck to our old sports. It is said that Louis the Great lamented the absence of cocking in his country.

Of our own kings many have been devoted to the sod. Henry II. was a great supporter of the sport. A little known office, that of Hereditary Marshal of the King's Birds, is first mentioned in this reign, and was held by the family of Fitz-Barnard. It is, of course, possible that this office referred to falcons, but I like to think, and it is probable, that the king's birds were cocks of the game.

Henry VIII. founded the Royal Cock-pit, and all the Stuarts placed cocking above all other sports. The House of Hanover did not neglect the sod, and our late beloved sovereign was said to have dearly loved a quiet main.

Churchmen and saints have approved of cocking, and

the following very pertinent remarks are recorded of Saint Augustine, the Father of the Church :

> We began to go to the baths. There before the doors we saw cocks beginning a very vigorous fight. It pleased us to stand and watch, for what is there we are not eager to see that is suggested by the beauty of reason ?
>
> As it was possible to see in these same cocks, their heads stretched out forward, their feathers sticking out, their hard blows, their cautious avoiding of them, and in every movement of these living creatures without reason, nothing that was not becoming, because a higher reason was regulating all they did. You could see law in the actions of the conqueror; his proud crowing and his limbs collected, as it were, into a ball in the pride of his superiority. Then how the other cock showed signs of defeat, its feathers drawn out from its neck, and in its movements everything disorderly, and by that very fact fitting in with the laws of Nature and the beautiful.

Solon, whose name has become synonymous with wisdom, was equally alive to the value of cock-fighting to stimulate courage in others, and says : " Our valour is raised by the example of cocks."

Oliver Cromwell at one time was devoted to the sod, and, though he made a law against it, it was purely from political motives, as he found the Royalists (cockers to a man) used the excuse of meeting for mains to plot against him. It may be of interest to quote his ordinance against the sport, dated 1654, and certainly the wording is quaint :

> Whereas the Publique meeting and Assemblies of People together in diverse parts of this Nation, under pretence of Matches for Cock-fighting, are by experience found to tend many times to the disturbance of the publique Peace, and are commonly accompanied with Gaming, Drinking, Swearing, Quarrelling, and other dissolute practices to the dishonour of God, and do often produce the ruine of Persons and their families, for prevention thereof Be it Ordained by his Highness the Lord Protector, by and with the advice and consent of his Council, That from henceforth there shall be no publique or set meetings, or assemblies of any persons within England or Wales, upon matches made for Cock-fighting, and that every such

meeting and assembly of people for the end and purpose aforesaid is hereby declared to be an unlawful Assembly, and shall be so adjudged, deemed, and taken to be and punished ; and all Sheriffs, Justices of the Peace, Maiors, Bayliffs, Constables, and Head Boroughs, within their several Counties, Cities Limits, and Jurisdictions, are hereby required to suppress, hinder, and disperse all such meetings and assemblies.

Note, the ordinance is clearly against public meetings and assemblies.

It certainly reads as if the Lord Protector did not object to cocking so much as the meeting of people, and in fact there is nothing in the ordinance to prevent cock-fighting as long as there was no " publique assembly."

Not so many years ago every noble family in England had its strain of game-fowls ; and divines, legislators, poets, and thinkers have all gloried in the sport, and it has always held the love of the people.

I think I have now said enough to prove that cocking is equally honourable as ancient, and that means that it is the most honourable and the most ancient sport in the world.

THE HUMANITY OF COCK-FIGHTING

It is unfortunate to be compelled to state the obvious, but it is often necessary. Cock-fighting is considered cruel by unthinking people. It is, however, one of the few sports that contains little, if any, of that objectionable quality. Nothing, I suppose, has not its cruel side, for the laws of Nature are cruel, from the pains of child-birth to the pains of death.

It is usually thought that cruelty was the reason why cocking was banned in England. This is not so. The reason is that, unfortunately, there is a considerable minority of hysterical persons of both sexes in the country who hate to see others enjoying themselves; and by banding together they have succeeded in imposing their will upon a careless majority.

Often have I known men and women shudder at the thought of the cruelty of cocking, and when a few plain facts have been pointed out to them have replied: "Oh, I didn't think of that," and all the same have soon reverted to their original attitude of disapproval, as they consider it the correct thing.

Doubtless some of these sentimentalists are honest people in their way; but while their sentiments may be good, their ignorance is colossal, and they speak and give their opinions, and even write on a sport that they have never seen, and of which they know absolutely nothing.

They ban cocking, and condone fishing, hunting, and shooting. Where you have unwilling agents there must be cruelty, and no sane person can pretend that the fish enjoys being lured to death, often with live bait; that the fox or hare likes to be hunted and torn to pieces; or that

the birds and beasts prefer a lingering death from gun-shot wounds.

Where the agents are willing, there can be no cruelty; one man can put a cock in the pit, but fifty cannot make him fight. If the game-cock was not meant for fighting, why was he created? Other fowl are as good for all other purposes.

I do not condemn other sports, I love them all. Some cruelty must exist until the laws of Nature are changed, but what I do say is that cocking is the most humane of all sports.

Recently I read an article on the brutality of cock-fighting, which made me wonder at the author's mentality.

He starts by saying that the brutality does not lie in the actual suffering of the birds themselves; states that some of the original promoters of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals expressly exempted cock-fighting from their strictures. One of them—and not himself addicted to it—points out how the game-cock is kept in comfort till the day of battle, and then he cannot be forced, but is actuated by his natural instincts, *and in fact gratified.* Says, further, there can be little doubt that if a game-cock (I think we might add anything) had the choice offered him of having his neck wrung, or meeting an antagonist, he would unhesitatingly prefer the latter, and is conscious of little beyond the fierce joy of the combat during all that befalls him. Goes on to say that neither, as many suppose, can the use of metal spurs be deemed additional cruelty, as they terminate fights far more quickly. Admits that in mere suffering of the victim, cocking is more humane than shooting and some other sports which still hold their ground, but advances the callous theory that the amount of suffering involved is not the real point, but that in other sports the suffering, be it what it may, is either unnoticed or forgotten, and gives as an example that in fox-hunting

most of those who participate never see the fox suffer, and that the lady who receives the brush has not seen the fox torn to pieces by the pack.

But, says he, in cock-fighting it is far otherwise, and the suffering of every bird has the riveted attention of every person engaged, who is thus habituated to disregard the constant sight of blood and pain, and that it is therefore brutalising. However, our author admits that in rough, rude times this had its uses, and helped to make men who fought the world.

Now it appears to me that, to the ordinary mind, this is a fine defence of cock-fighting; only it is necessary to point out that it is not the suffering (if there is any) of the birds that receives the riveted attention of every person engaged, but, on the contrary, the cocker fixes his admiring attention on the skill and courage, and the deathless struggle against adversity, of these truly wonderful birds, and by their example he is driven to endeavour to emulate these noble qualities.

As to the brutalising effect (which exists only in the imagination), may I remind this enlightened critic that war to-day is more bloody and brutal than ever it was, and that disregard for pain and contempt of death *is what we want*.

Cock-fighting is the most humane, perhaps the only humane, sport there is. The game-cock loves fighting, the joy of battle is his greatest joy; if he dies, he dies as all brave things would wish to die. As a chicken he is brought up with the tenderest care and attention; as a young cock he is kept in luxury and freedom, monarch of all he surveys; after two years he is given the joy of battle, and if he dies, what more could a brave heart ask? This is called cruelty! Compare the life of the common cockerel; dragged up in dirt and squalor, then confined with others in a narrow pen, stuffed with food, if he is lucky, and then bled to death (a by no means pleasant ending) after a few months of

miserable existence. Ask a man which life he would prefer !

Were cocking nowadays exhibited to the people, and speakers appointed, extolling the courage, skill, and constancy of these truly heroic birds, and applying it to the people present, *nothing but good could come of it.*

THE LAWS OF COCKING

Both, obstinate, maintain the Bloody Field,
Both can in Combat Die, but neither yield.

THE rules of cocking are very old ; I do not know how old they are, but at any rate those in vogue now were in use when the Merry Monarch ruled in England, and probably hundreds of years before that.

They have come down to us, but in somewhat fragmentary form. Certain clauses are very distinct and cannot be mistaken, yet very many contingencies in a battle are not provided for.

In the old days all rules seem to have been somewhat incomplete, but, as I have already pointed out, cocking was always an honourable sport, and strict rules were not necessary; moreover, everybody knew the customs, etc.

In all other sports the old rules have been revised many times, and in cocking alone are the old rules still adhered to without alteration. As cocking is equally honourable to-day, rules are scarcely necessary, and, in fact, I have known men who have fought cocks for years who know nothing about the rules.

All the same, I think it advisable to be acquainted with the laws of any sport you indulge in, and in case they should be forgotten altogether, and for the sake of those who may some day again enjoy this royal sport, I am giving the rules as observed up to a few years ago, merely observing that the old rules have been copied verbatim where they apply ; that certain old rules have been omitted, as no longer applicable—for example, the old rule for weighing—and that the customs more recently in use have

been added, in the hope that in the future they may again be useful.

THE RULES OF COCKING

1. The masters of the match shall be considered to be the two opposing parties who are fighting the main, and if either, or both, of the opposing parties consist of more than one person, that party shall elect one of their number to be the master, and he shall be responsible for the actions and liabilities of his side.

Before the commencement of the main, the two masters shall agree upon a referee, whose decision shall be final, and subject to no appeal.

The referee shall make the match-bill, superintend the weighing of the cocks on the pit, see that they do not exceed the match-bill weights, and that the following rules are in every way adhered to.

2. Each party shall produce a list with the exact weights of his cocks, on the morning of the main, and at the hour named in the articles, and the lists are to be compared and the match-bill made. All cocks within 1oz. of each other, under 5lbs., and all cocks within 2oz. of each other, at 5lbs. or over, are to be matched, unless otherwise stated in the Articles of Agreement.

The cocks to be weighed at the pit-side, cut out, and heeled, before being put in the pit.

One ounce to be added to the match-bill weights for spurs, and half an ounce for teaser. Either party weighing in a cock heavier than the match-bill weight plus the spur and teaser allowance, shall lose the battle, which shall count against him in the main.

The main to commence by fighting the lightest pair of cocks (which fall in a match) first, proceeding upwards to the end, so that every lighter pair shall fight before those that are heavier.

3. No persons to set-to but those that are appointed by the masters of the match, and no change of setters allowed during the main, except by the mutual consent of the masters of the match.

4. That every person show and put his cock into the pit with a fair hackle, not too near shorn or cut, or any other fraud, and in fair spurs, i.e., round and tapering from socket to point, and no drop-sockets.

5. That every cock to fight as he is first shown in the pit, and without cutting or shearing any feathers afterwards.

6. To commence each battle the setters-to shall present their cocks to each other in hand, in the centre of the pit, and permit them to peck at each other several times; they shall then retire to their

corners, and set their cocks on their feet in their own corners, and not to touch them again except as provided by these rules.

The setters-to are to toss for choice of corners, and to change corners after each battle, and they are not to leave their corners except to handle their cocks, when entitled to do so.

7. When both cocks are set down to fight, and one of them runs away before he has struck a blow, it is adjudged no battle to the bettor, but the running cock loses the battle in the main.

If, before fighting, both cocks run or refuse to fight, it shall be deemed a drawn battle.

8. The setters-to must handle (i.e., pick up) their cocks, when they are hung in themselves, in the other cock, in the sod or mat, or the side of the pit, when a cock is on his back with both feet off the ground, or when either cock is touching the side of the pit. A setter may also handle his cock if it is well in its own corner.

When a cock is hung in his adversary, his handler must promptly handle him, and hold him steady on the floor of the pit, until the opposing handler withdraws the heels, which he must do by holding his opponent's cock by the leg below the hock.

Under no other circumstances may a handler touch his opponent's cock.

9. When both cocks leave off fighting until one of the setters-to can tell forty (40) gradually (this is the short law), then the setters-to are to make the nearest way to their cocks, and, as soon as they have taken them up, to carry them into the middle of the pit, and immediately deliver them on their legs, beak to beak, when if one cock fights and the other refuses, the setter-to of the fighting-cock can count (10) gradually, and call out "Once refused," then they are to be set-to again in the same manner as before, and continue it till one cock refuses fighting ten several times, one after another (this is the long law), when it is that cock's battle that fought within the law.

But if the cock that is being counted out fights during the count of any one of the tens, he breaks the count, and the battle continues; and the setters-to, when they are entitled to handle, must retire with their cocks to their corners, and set their cocks from their corners, and the long law must be begun afresh.

If both cocks refuse fighting until four or five, or more or less times are told, and then one cock fights, the setter-to is to continue the number on until one cock has refused ten times; for when the law is begun to be told, it is for both cocks, for if one cock fights within the ten tens, and the other not, it is a battle to the cock that fought, counting from the first setting-to.

If, after the short law (40) has been told, and when the cocks have

been set-to as directed, and both cocks fight, the battle continues; but if both cocks cease fighting, until one of the setters-to can count ten gradually, they may then handle their cocks, and immediately deliver them on their legs, beak to beak, in the middle of the pit, and the long law commenced as directed before; but if the cocks are handled for any other reason, as provided by these rules, viz., hung in themselves, etc., the handlers must retire with their cocks to their corners and set them in their corners; when, if both cocks refuse fighting, either handler can count ten, and the cocks are to be picked up and set in the middle of the pit as before directed, and the long law commenced as before directed.

Be it understood that the setters-to can always handle as provided by Rule 8.

10. It sometimes happens that both cocks refuse fighting whilst the long law is telling; when this happens, a fresh cock is to be hovelled and brought upon the pit as soon as possible, and the setters-to are to toss up which cock is to be set-to first, and he that gets the chance is to choose. Then the one that is to be set-to last must be taken up, but not carried off the pit, then, setting the hovelled cock down to the other five separate times, telling ten between each setting-to, and then the same to the other cock; and if one fights and the other refuses, it is a battle to the fighting-cock; but if both fight, or both refuse, it is a drawn battle.

The reason of setting-to five times to each cock is that ten times setting-to being the long law, so, on their both refusing, the law is to be equally divided between them, as they are both entitled to it alike.

11. Another way of deciding a battle is: if any person offers to lay £10 to 5s. (that is, if he is a person thought capable of paying it, if he loses, or one that stakes his money on the mat), and no person takes it, until the setter-to of the cock on which the odds are laid tells forty (40) gradually, and calls out three separate times, "Is it taken?" "Is it taken?" "Is it taken?" and no one does, it is the cock's battle the odds are laid on.

The setters-to are not to touch the cocks during the time the forty is telling, without either cock is hung in himself, etc.

If the bet is taken, the battle continues as before.

This is called pounding a cock. A cock may be pounded more than once, or a pounded cock may recover, and the other cock be pounded.

If cocks get hung during any count, they may be handled and the spurs withdrawn, but must be set down again immediately and the count continued.

12. If a cock should die before the long law is told out, although

he fought in the law, and the other did not, he loses his battle; for sure there cannot be a better rule for a cock winning his battle than killing his adversary in the limited time he is entitled to by cock laws.

If both die, the battle goes to the longest liver.

13. Pecking, or striking, whilst on the pit floor, but not during a handle, shall be considered fighting.

N.B.—Pulling a cock's head up by the hackle, and letting it fall, is not a peck or fighting.

14. When cocks are to be set-to beak to beak as directed by these rules, if one or both cocks are blind, they are to be set-to breast to breast (touching) instead of beak to beak.

15. When setting a cock, the setter-to must set his cock on both legs in the pit, and not on his side; he must not push or hold his cock, but must take his hands off the cock immediately he is set on the pit, and not touch him again until he is entitled to do so by these rules

16. It is permissible to remove feathers, dirt, etc., from a cock's eyes, beak, or spurs, during a handle, but not in any way to readjust the spurs.

A broken or untied spur cannot be replaced or cut off during a battle.

17. All bets to go with the battle-money.

18. The breaking of any of these rules by a setter-to, or any of his party, shall render their cock liable to disqualification.

19. The referee shall decide (1) any question not provided for in these rules; (2) the interpretation of any of these rules.

In all cases of dispute the cocks shall not be taken from the pit, nor their spurs removed, until the referee has given his decision, which shall be final.

THE RULES OF THE WELCH MAIN.

A Welch Main is when eight or sixteen persons enter a cock apiece at a specified weight for a certain sum each. The method followed is the same as in a boxing competition: the eight or sixteen cocks are matched in pairs, which consequently makes four or eight battles. The winners fight again, which makes two or four battles. If there were only eight cocks in the main originally, the two winners fight again, and the victorious bird wins the main and the stakes.

In the case of sixteen cocks originally, the four winners fight, and then the two winners meet to decide the main; so that in an eight-cock Welch Main the winner fights three times, and in the case of a

sixteen-cock main, four times. Of course, in each battle the ordinary rules of cocking are observed.

All cocks must be weighed to see that they do not exceed the stipulated weight. One way of matching them is that those which fall nearest each other in weight fight together; and the same method with regard to matching those that are nearest in weight is observed every time they fight.

Another way is to put all the owners' names in a hat, and a person draws two names, who meet in the first battle, then two more, who meet in the second battle, and so on.

Afterwards the winner of the first battle meets the winner of the second, and the winner of the third meets the winner of fourth, and so on.

RULES OF THE BATTLE ROYAL.

A BATTLE ROYAL is when any number of persons each enter a cock for a specified sum. All the cocks are set in the pit simultaneously and left to fight it out, until only two are left alive, when the owners of these two cocks must enter the pit and set them as in an ordinary battle.

The winning cock of these two wins the Battle Royal, and the stakes.

A person should be appointed to remove all dead cocks from the pit and to turn any cock on to his feet that may be laying on his back; but on no other consideration may any cock be touched until only two are left alive.

It is possible that the old rules could be improved, and there are some who would do away with the "poundage," claiming that it often prolongs a battle, as there are always people who will take it, on the chance of winning £10 at a very small outlay, and also that it causes disputes.

Now I would point out that the idea of the poundage rule was to shorten a battle when a cock had no chance of winning, and if a person offers the odds too soon he deserves to lose his money, and in any case, if there is much at stake, a man will not withdraw his cock until he is beaten.

Others again object to the rule concerning the "hovelled cock," as they maintain it takes up too much time, and is also unnecessary, and that a draw would be the proper

verdict, if both cocks refuse fighting whilst the long law is telling. There is much to be said for this point of view.

Personally I would like to see a rule by which, as soon as a cock unmistakably runs, he loses the battle, unless the other cock is also running, in which case it would be a draw.

By the present rules, if the long law is in, and a cock fights and then runs, provided the other cock does not fight he wins the battle. However, this contingency is so remote that it may not be worth while legislating for.

I would also do away with the rule that a setter may pick up his cock in his own corner. For one thing I am sure that this is a recent innovation, and it opens the way for a lot of picking up, and even sharp practice.

The setter-to could move out of his corner when the cocks are in it.

It may be interesting to add here that though for over two hundred years cocks have been matched by weight, it was apparently not always so, for the author of *The Royal Pastime of Cocking*, published 1709, says :

> Then as for matching of cocks, 'tis now all the mode of late to weigh them, so that be they thick or thin, long or short, they take their chance, talling in according to weight, let their shape be never so different.
>
> But in my opinion, the good old way of matching small cocks is still the best way, and most exact; to measure them by hand, and match by the eye (if the handler have any skill), will make them fall in tite: besides, a cock that is well fed shall weigh far lighter than one that is ill fed, or not fed at all.

N.B.—With all due respect to such a great authority as our old friend Robert Howlett, I do not think that he makes out a very good case for his method.

COLOUR AND SIZE

The Scarlet-coloured cock my lord likes best,
And next to him the Grey with threstle-breast.
This knight is for the Pyle, or else the Black:
A third cries, "No cock like Dun-yellow back":
The Milk-white cock with golden legs and bill,
Or else the Cuckoo—choose you which you will:
Don Magnus swears (of all) these are the best,
They heel (says he) more sure than all the rest:
But this is all mere fancy, and no more—
The colour's nothing, as I said before.

Now I want to say a few words about colour. So many people agree with the above-quoted poet that colour is nothing. This is a great mistake; colour is a great deal—I nearly said, everything—that is, if you wish to have a reliable strain of game-fowls, and hope to be consistently successful in the pit.

Do not be led away by that time-worn saying, "A good cock cannot be a bad colour." This is rubbish, and the fact that occasionally a good cock may be a bad colour does not make it true. In any case, one good cock will not win a main, and you are not likely to have a number of good bad-coloured cocks.

Of course, there are some differences of opinion on what are good or bad colours; I will not go into this—*à chacun son goût*—but what I do say is, whatever your colour, see that all your cocks are true to this colour; and the reason is that if your cocks are alike in feather, they will be alike in constitution and fighting qualities; whereas cocks that come all colours will vary in these same requisites.

If you do not agree with me, let me just remind you that every great strain that has been successful for a number

of years has always been true in feather; the Derby Reds, the Cheshire Pyles, Cobden's Brown Reds, and Gillman's Greys are only a few examples.

Appearance also is something, for, after all, we fight for pleasure, and is it not more pleasant to look at a lot of beautiful birds, all alike, than to see odd coloured cocks all over the place, and, as some old sportsman said, "A main of brothers so alike as to require the minutest description to distinguish them invariably draws the general plaudits from the surrounding pit."

By breeding to feather you show care and refinement of breeding, and you will be more successful in the pit. When your cocks come all colours it shows injudicious breeding, and with variety of colour you will get variety of quality.

Of course, nothing must be taken too literally, and all strains will show some variety, such as more or less markings on the breast, difference of shades in hackle, back, legs, and eyes, but as long as the family likeness remains the same you are all right. Understand, it is not the colour itself I worry about; but I wish to impress upon you the necessity of uniformity in your strain.

Many well-established strains will occasionally throw odd-coloured cocks, and they may be just as good, but, whatever you do, don't breed from them, or you will ruin your strain. It comes about in this way: at some time or other a cross has been put in, different in feather, and it happened to nick, but by carefully breeding back to colour the original feather and quality have been maintained. However, they are always liable to throw back to this odd colour; no harm is done if you discard them for breeding, or, better still, break their necks; but if you breed from them you will find your strain not only coming all colours, but all qualities. Crossing is sometimes necessary, and when this is so you cannot be too careful in your choice.

Choose a bird of a known strain, as near yours in feather as possible, that has the qualities you require, and then breed back till you get an uniform strain again.

Certain colours are generally accepted to be better than others, and Black Reds, Brown Reds, and Greys have always been favoured. The darker strains are certainly more easy to keep true to colour, and it is generally admitted that the dark-coloured cocks are better in constitution and game, whereas the lighter colours generally possess the bloodier heel. The strain you require is one that possesses all these qualities.

Well, enough about colour. I can hear my kind reader saying, More than enough, but I am sure it will repay you to attend to it. Do not run away with the idea that colour is all that is necessary ; of course, game and fighting qualities are the things that really matter, but you will find that you won't get uniformity in these qualities without uniformity in feather.

In the old days the cocks in a main were always minutely described, as they were weighed some days before fighting, and it was always the colour of the breast, legs, beak, and eyes that was taken, these parts being left untouched when the bird was cut out for battle. As an example of how minute was the description, and how they were entered on the match-bills in the shorthand of cocking, I have copied the following from H. Atkinson's book, *The Life and Letters of John Harris*, a book that will repay anyone to read :

Phst. B. Bir. yel. hi. co. clct. ylgs. 4 hd. m. mis rots 3lbs. 8oz. 1gr.

For which read : pheasant-breasted birchen yellow, high comb, clear cut, yellow legs, fours inhead (owner's marks), middle nails whitest, and weight in pounds, ounces, and grains.

B.B. Sil. Wing. lo. co. straw. frd. bth. eys. and lct. no. wys. lftd erl. drkt. 4. 8. 1.

Black-breasted silver duckwing, low comb, strawberry forward, both eyes and left nostril (marked), white legs, left out nail darkest; and weight.

The size of cocks varies considerably, but they generally run from 4lbs. 8oz. to 6lbs. in condition.

Many old-timers maintain that cocks are far too big these times, and that we do not see the same fighting as in the old days, when the weights for mains were from 3lbs. 6oz. to 4lbs. 8oz., and on the face of it it looks as though cocks were much smaller then, but when we remember that the long main lasted six days, and that the cocks were weighed three days before the main, it meant that the biggest cocks, that fought the last day, had seven clear days between weighing and fighting, and I have no doubt came into the pit more like 5lbs. 8ozs. than 4lbs. 8oz.

From what I can read of their methods of physicking and stiving, the old feeders must have taken a lot off their cocks—probably a pound and possibly more—and with nearly nine days to feed and build them up again, they would be quite justified in so doing. A bird could be brought very low for the scale, and there was plenty of time to get his strength back. As to putting on weight, I have seen a fighting-man, much reduced for the scale, put on 4lbs. after one good meal.

When all this is taken into consideration perhaps our cocks are not so very much bigger than they were, and, with all due respect for the old-timers, I think we see the best fighting between cocks of 5lbs. to 5lbs. 8ozs., which after all, may have been about the size of their top weights.

On the other hand, we take a bit of weight off our cocks in the pens—generally too much, I think—and, all things considered, no doubt the main cocks were smaller in the olden days, and for a very good reason—they used to breed them small.

Cocks were then commonly placed in two classes: the Great Game-cock or Shake-bag, and the little Match or Battle-cock. These last were the only ones fought in mains, and as the articles called for cocks between 3lbs. 6ozs. and 4lbs. 8ozs. the breeders were careful to breed from a

small cock, i.e., one about 4lbs. 8ozs. when in condition, as otherwise the chickens would be liable to come outside the articles.

At the same time I have read of mains a hundred years ago in which the weights were from 4lbs. 10ozs. to 6lbs.

It is also noticeable that the old spurs are generally much smaller in the socket than the modern ones, and I have a pair myself over 2½in. long, with really tiny sockets. This would seem to prove that the cocks were small, and also that even the little cocks could handle long heels; most pairs of old silver are 2in. or over; but I would also point out that many refined in-bred strains carry a small natural heel, and that the enormous heel and bone generally bespeaks a cross.

As to the great cocks—and it is curious that these were generally spoken of as Game-cocks, and the little ones merely as Battle-cocks—we don't seem to have anything to touch them to-day for size, for they apparently ran up to 11lbs. and over.

In *The Royal Pastime of Cocking*, the author quotes Dr. Wilde for the reason why these great cocks were called Shakebags. He quaintly says: "They are so termed from a sottish custom that the drunken Dutchman have, who are great admirers of large cocks, because they may be fought at a venture, without the trouble of matching, and their way is (as he tells ye) to steep their own brains in brandy, till they are not only past judging of a cock's size, but also past handling of him too, wherefore they neither see the cock they are to fight with beforehand, nor lay a hand upon their own after he is brought into the pit, but take the bag by the bottom and shake the cock out at the mouth upon the pit, and so let him go against his adversary, from which custom they are termed Shake-bags here in England."

The Shake-bag was never in favour with the true cocker, and our above-quoted author describes him as a useless

Rumbo, and complains that he knows not how to labour, nor will he ever get his living; for says he, "Your hand must still sustain him, or the black sickness quickly comes upon him and the lazy lubber dies."

Well, enough about size also. Let me now get on to the most interesting part of cocking, namely, breeding.

To watch and care for your little fighters, and to think that some day they will develop into doughty warriors, and carry on the glorious traditions of your breed, and cover themselves, and you, with glory in the pit, is a fascinating occupation. The cocker that does not himself breed and rear his stock loses half the pleasure of cocking.

For one of the charms of this great sport is that it gives enjoyment and occupation all the year round; what with selecting and attending to your breeding-pens, caring for your chicks, raising your stags, procuring walks, etc., and then the final joy of seeing them in the pit, finds you pleasure and profit for all times of the year.

A WONDERFUL DARK GREY COCK OF THE GILLMAN BLOOD. BRED BY THE AUTHOR.

A GINGER-RED COCK OF THE GREAT MEXIQUEE STRAIN. BRED BY MAJOR OWEN-SWAFFIELD.

BREEDING

No Bird can with the well-bred Cock compare,
No Creature less than Man shall with him share
The honour bravely won by dint of Sword
From fiercest Foes in open Field, where Blood
Flowing from dying Warriors' fatal Wounds,
Breeds richest Rubies in Bellona's Grounds.

The first requisite for a Game-Cock is courage, and when I say courage, I mean aggressive courage—a gameness that will keep on trying and fighting whilst life remains, a cock who, with his last gasp, will raise his head and peck. To such birds we may uncover our heads, whether they win or lose.

A cock that will stand to be cut to death, without retaliating, though he may never turn his head, is not a true game-cock.

The second requisite is close-heels. Many authorities maintain that the deadly heel is the first requisite of a game-cock, as they claim that these win more battles.

Even if this were so—and how many mains are lost by a runaway—what pleasure is there in winning with a coward? Of course, game and nothing else is useless, but game is the first thing to look for.

These are the two things that really matter, but they cannot be seen—you can only find them out in the pit. Once you have got them, and you *breed-in*, you know that they are always there.

Now, here's a curious thing: you have two perfectly game strains, you have never known a runner from either, you cross them, and some of the progeny will run. I have seen it not once, but many times. Moral, don't cross!

When you start breeding get a cock and some pullets

or a stag and two hens from a strain that you know possesses the above requisites, and go ahead.

Make and shape are very desirable (this you can see), and the more so as game and heel are nearly always associated with good make and shape. My advice is get the blood, and then the most perfect specimens of the breed that you are able to obtain. Let your cock be upstanding, with a bold carriage, close feathered, with the plumage hard and elastic, but not hard and brittle, or you will find many birds spoilt with broken wing and tail feathers. The same thing happens with soft feather. The head should be thin and long—some people prefer a broad head—but the eye should always be large and bold, and the beak strong and curved, the neck thick and long; the body short and compact, with the breast full and the shoulders broad, yet tapering and thin behind. A short back, to my mind, is very important. The thighs should be thick and long, and placed well up to the shoulder, not set on low, as then the legs are apt to dangle behind, or else lift the cock too far off the ground. The leg should be fairly long, with good bone, but don't run after a cock with enormous bone, like a carthorse; this generally shows coarse breeding. Most refined strains have smallish bone, with fine small scales; plenty of bone is a good thing, but don't overdo it. The feet—a very important part of a cock—should be wide and spreading, toes long and tapering, and nails long and sharp, with a long straight back toe.

The wings should be long, and droop a little at the tips, and be inclined to meet under the rump.

The tail should be strong and high, and the cock not too high off the ground. This is where many breeders will disagree with me, as I think most prefer a high-stationed bird, as our American friends express it.

I do not like a high-stationed cock, but it is a matter of opinion, or perhaps a matter of degree. If you have

good high-stationed fowl, stick to them; but if you have cocks closer to the ground that win you have better birds, and do not let anybody persuade you to try and get a more reachy cock.

It must not be supposed that I am recommending a squabby creature, more like a duck than a game-cock; but my experience is that the very high-stationed fowl, although he has the advantage of reach, can seldom maintain a long battle. I also think they often fail in constitution; the lower-set cock can reach quite high enough, and is generally more vigorous and robust.

Perhaps I can best explain my meaning by saying that I do not like a bird that, when standing erect, shows a considerable portion of his thigh. I like a cock to show just a shade of his thigh under these conditions.

It probably means, also, that you have a powerful long-winged bird, with his wings in the right place and not tucked over his back like a goose. This is a very bad fault, and never breed from such.

More important, perhaps, than all these points is the feel of a cock in the hand. You cannot judge a game-cock without handling him. He should be hard and springy to the feel, and balance nicely in the hand, with his legs tucked well up under him. If he is cold and lumpy to the feel, with dangling legs, he is no good as a cock, but might be good as a stew. The first thing you feel, when you pick up a cock, is the thigh. It should be hard, round, and big—and I don't know if this is not the most important thing that you can see or feel. Pass the thumbs over the back; you should feel hard round muscles. Then hold him with one hand and pass the other under his breast; it should be flat, round, and firm, like the breast of a partridge. If you feel a prominent breast-bone, this is termed deep-keeled; it is a bad fault. Naturally if a cock is very thin you will feel a prominent breast-bone, but when you hold a cock in hand your fingers should cross

over his breast and not come to a point, like a triangle. The neck should feel thick to the touch.

Now, of course, your cock must be healthy; you can judge this by his being red in the face, with a clear crow, and the feathers being tight and glossy. But you can test him further by giving him exercise, and if he turns black in the face he is unsound; or give him a big feed of hard corn, and if he fills his crop and digests it quickly, his constitution is good, but if he eats sparingly, or cannot digest it, his constitution is bad.

You must give equal attention to your hens. Remember, the hen is quite as important as the cock. It is probable that the hen gives constitution and vigour to the progeny, and the cock the fighting qualities. Your hens must be healthy and vigorous, and the same remarks as to the points of the cock apply to the hen, only on a smaller scale, with the exception that she should be large and roomy behind.

Now, don't fall into the mistake so common amongst breeders of always breeding from your largest hens, for the simple reason that the biggest of a species are seldom the most perfect. Choose medium-sized, compact hens, they are generally the best. If you want size in your progeny, get it from the cock.

Test your hens for soundness the same as the cock, and remember that excreta clinging to the feathers at the rump of a hen is a sure sign of sickness.

Again, it is absolutely essential that you breed from healthy stock. Let no consideration permit you to breed from a bird that is in any way amiss.

Having got your brood stock, breed from them; don't go chopping and changing about, and don't try to improve them.

Remember that all cocks can't win, and that there are other people breeding cocks as good as yours, and who place as much dependence upon them. As I remember

reading in an old book, if your strain has behaved well—that is, have always won the odd battle when equally matched—it is a general opinion among persons who are well acquainted with the fancy that cocks capable of so doing are good ones ; and I should say so too.

If you are not satisfied with your birds, change them. but don't cross unless you are born under a lucky star, or else have all your life before you and don't mind wasting half of it.

Crossing may be necessary sometimes, and we will go into this later, but do not fear to breed in-and-in—it is the secret of success in cocking. With care and provision you can continue to do so for years.

Mate father to daughters and mother to son ; brother to sister was considered bad mating by the old-timers. Establish, if you like, two lines—say the cock's line and the hen's line—and you can cross the lines for a little variety, but the blood is exactly the same. Always choose your healthiest and most perfect specimens to breed from, and never use one with any defect ; *this is essential.* Always put youth to youth.

Sketchley, in perhaps the best work on cocking that was ever written, lays great stress on this, and I think we may acknowledge that he knew what he was writing about.

A two-year-old cock on pullets and a stag on two-year-old hens is his advice. Of course, you must use early hatched pullets and stag.

Personally, I think you can put older hens to a stag with advantage, and also, say, a three-year-old cock with pullets, but I do not believe in using them older than this.

In-and-in breeding has been, and is, in fact, very often condemned by those who do not understand it ; and it has invariably been found unsatisfactory by the careless. But the facts are these ; in-breeding accentuates the good qualities ; unfortunately it also accentuates the bad ones

even more readily. It is therefore essential, as I have said before, *never to use defective parents.*

In man especially the disastrous results of in-breeding are continually being demonstrated, and held up as an example, but there is a very good reason for this—man is a free agent, and mates from choice, not from selection.

Now many strange things have happened from man's freedom of choice, and, as one example, there is some proof and much probability that Napoleon III. was the son of the great conqueror of that name. His mother was undoubtedly Hortense de Beauharnais, and step-daughter to the great Napoleon. The history—or shall we say gossip—is rather interesting. It is well known that Napoleon ardently desired a son, and nobody knew this better than the Empress; and when Napoleon fell in love with her daughter, Josephine was well content, and encouraged the intrigue, as it assured her position.

Napoleon who was above all laws, human or divine, and only wished for a son, married Hortense to his brother Louis, who was known to be impotent, and her first child was undoubtedly by Napoleon, and as such was petted by the whole court, and looked upon as the heir to the throne. Unfortunately it died.

Hortense went to her husband's kingdom of Holland, and Napoleon married Marie-Louise. Hortense had another child, father unknown, who also died; but some time later she was alone with the great Napoleon, and nine months later she bore another son, Napoleon Louis, afterwards Napoleon III.

These facts are known, and the dates correspond, and in all probability Napoleon III. was the son of the greatest master of war.

Now, in-breeding even in man is not always a failure, and as an example of a successful case Cleopatra is hard to beat. A perfect specimen both mentally and physically, she was by father and daughter, if my memory serves me right.

That she was perfect physically everybody knows, and that her mental capacities were not small, is proved by the way she manœuvred two very great men. Caius Julius Cæsar did not display his usual acumen in dealing with her, and she quite ruined Marcus Antonius.

Her first meeting with Cæsar is romantic, if true, for she had herself sewn up in a bale of merchandise and so got admittance to the fortress where he was standing a siege. Julius must have got a pleasant surprise when he opened the bale of merchandise, for Cleopatras do not grow on gooseberry bushes.

All the Pharaohs, and many Eastern dynasties, were closely in-bred, as none but their family were considered worthy to mate with them, and sometimes they produced great men.

Well, I have digressed enough about humans ; let me get back to the less complicated game-fowl. In-breeding with them is the surest way to success, as you can always choose your parents, and your choice is not limited to the first-born.

Sketchly says put youth to youth, and most people use stags or pullets for breeding, but a few authoritites maintain that you should never breed from either, and others object to pullets for breeding purposes, and say that no fowls can ever be possessed of every necessary requisite to breed from until they have moulted twice.

Their method is : if you are satisfied with the progeny you have bred one year, to breed from the same cock and hens next year ; and when you know that your cock gets good chickens to be very careful of him, and by removing him from his hens at the end of the season you will be able to continue to breed from him for at least five or six years.

Of course you must not put the cock with the same hens year after year, but by putting your young hens with your old cock, and a young cock with your old hens, you can keep them in their full vigour for many years.

This is very sound, no doubt, as long as you do not overdo

it, for you cannot expect to get the same health and vigour from very old parents ; but the crab is that you can't breed from the same birds for ever, and you may not be so fortunate in your next choice.

My point is that if you have a good in-bred strain, and keep youth to youth, they will all be good to breed from, but, of course, you pick the healthiest and most perfect specimens.

I think we may say that there are different ways of successfully breeding game-fowl, as long as you use common sense and discretion ; but as circumstances alter cases, it is difficult to lay down hard and fast rules.

Unfortunately there are many ways of successfully ruining game-fowl, and one of the commonest is indiscriminate crossing, and always with the hope of improving them.

So many people, who really ought to know better, cannot resist the temptation of begging a cock to breed from that they have seen win a good battle, without taking into consideration any other point about him. If you cross, it should be only after mature deliberation, and not with the first cock that catches your eye. It may be a good cock, but unsuitable, or it may be some half-bred dunghill thing ; yet some breeders will use him because of one good performance.

By an old work on cocking it appears that some breeders used to carry their theories so far as to breed from a flat-heeled cock, that was brother and son to close-heeled cocks, on the grounds that sons very seldom resemble their fathers, but rather take after their uncles or grandfathers. There may be something in this, but, as the author very wisely says, why not breed from a close-heeled cock that has the same advantages of ancestry ?

I have been very emphatic about the necessity, in my opinion, of breeding-in, but crossing is occasionally necessary, as for various reasons your in-bred stock may show some falling-off, and sometimes from no fault of your own that

you can trace, or you may find a large percentage of your eggs unfertile, or the chicks may die too frequently, or some other reason. In these circumstances it may be beneficial to infuse some fresh blood.

Now, when you decide to try a cross—and don't be hasty about it—always continue to breed some pure stock until you are satisfied that you have improved upon it. Choose a bird, if possible, as similar in feather and constitution to your own as you can get, that has the desired requisites. Sketchly (you will note I quote him often) advises you to obtain a hen or pullet in preference to a cock or stag, and put the new hen to your own cock, and goes on to say: "If you are fortunate in the produce, decline breeding again from your cock, but with a stag of that produce next year with the mother, and on the following year the same stag (then a cock) to pullets of this second produce. You will then have three-fourths of your improved cross, and you may then continue to breed in-and-in, as before laid down.

Of course you can vary this, and if you think your own strain the best, but just wants a tincture of fresh blood, cross a suitable cock on your own hens, and a stag of the produce next year on your mothers, and so on, till you get the desired quantity of the fresh blood, when you can go back to breeding-in.

Either cross like this with method and care, or try a fresh strain altogether. Don't go crossing every year or you will never know where you are, and it will really be just a lottery whether your birds are good or bad.

Now after all these warnings against the dangers of crossing, I must add that it is the opinion of some breeders that crossing is absolutely necessary, and that you cannot expect to breed healthy, powerful game-fowl without it.

This opinion is held largely in America, I believe, but I am sure it is wrong. I know it is far easier to breed big, powerful birds by crossing, but not better birds, and it

certainly does not require the care and attention of in-breeding, but, with all the different blood, how can you tell how your birds will act? No, it is a lottery, and you will require the luck of the old gentleman to get away with it.

There is another point on which opinions differ, and that is as to the advisability of breeding from a cock that has been fought. The old-timers were against it, almost to a man, and they had very good reasons. I do not think that all these reasons apply equally to-day, as I am convinced that, as a rule, cocks do not now undergo the physicking and stiving in the pens that they used to go through; but, on the whole, I think it is wiser to breed from an unfought cock.

The chief reason is that if a cock has been fought you can never tell with certainty that he has not received some injury, which it is impossible to detect, but which may impair his constitution.

Let me quote Sketchly again, for really no man has written with greater authority and knowledge on gamefowl, and I will make no further excuses for quoting him.

He says: "I should always prefer a maiden cock to a fought one of the same sort; the former suffers no inconvenience in being fed and tendered by hot meals, close covering, clipping, ruffled temper, loss of blood, and receiving unknown injuries."

These are all good reasons and concisely put, and, as an example of the unexpected effects a battle may have on a cock, I will quote from another old work.

A stag had won a doubtful and bloody contest from an exceptionally fancied cock, and, in the words of the author: "This so elated his master that he sent him to one of his best walks, to run till next season; but what was very extraordinary, he moulted from a dark red to a very light ginger pyle. This strange metamorphose we were totally at a loss to account for, when we were informed by a person who spoke very pertinently on the subject, that it was

owing to his having been so severely handled in his battle; that he had seen two or three instances of the same kind; and at the same time advised my friend never to fight him again, for it was almost reduced to a certainty that he would be beat if he happened to fall in weight with a good cock.

This is exactly what happened, and, as the owner had also bred from him, he suffered the loss as well of from twenty to thirty chickens, whose necks he acted very wisely in breaking, not choosing to trust to that expression so often made use of by inexperienced fanciers, "They may be good."

On the other hand, many successful breeders always breed from a foughten cock that has done well, on the grounds that they know that he is a good heeler, and has proved himself in the pit. There is much to be said for this; but, unfortunately, a cock may be so badly injured as to impair his breeding capabilities, and yet show no sign of it whatever, and, further, it is quite certain that the confinement of the pens and the incidents of feeding do not improve a cock's constitution.

On the whole, as I have said before, I think it is safer to breed from an unfought cock.

Use the blooming, unmolested brother—and here again comes in the advantage of the good in-bred strain, where all your cocks should have the same attributes.

Some old-timers went so far as not even to dub their future brood-cocks, thinking the loss of blood might impair their constitutions.

It is sometimes advisable to cut off the spurs of your brood-cock, as they may injure the hens, and cause them to fight shy of his attentions.

The good points of a cock are always pointed out, so perhaps it is just as well to look out for the defects; avoid flat-sided, long-backed birds, those with deep keels, thin thighs, short necks, and bad feet; or slovenly, badly

balanced birds. Cocks that are well formed have an amazing advantage over the disproportioned.

One word more to the beginner: you may not be able to get hold of the birds you want at first; well, make a start, and you will soon get to know the right people, and find opportunities of getting hold of the right stuff, and, remember, uniformity in general appearance, blood, and constitution is necessary in forming a regular breed.

Never put more than six hens to a cock for breeding purposes; four is plenty, or more than two hens to a stag. Single matings can be practised, and yield the very best results. If you are breeding from more than one hen, *be sure that all the hens are full sisters*, then you know where you stand. *This is essential.*

If you want to breed from two different sorts of hens, and the same cock, keep them in separate pens, and put the cock in one pen one day and the other pen the next. Never put a fresh hen in your breeding-pens when you have once arranged them, or she may set the whole lot fighting and spoil your breeding for the year. If a hen goes sick remove her, but don't replace her; if a cock takes a dislike to a hen do ditto.

If a hen gets broody and you want some more eggs from her, put her under a coop with the other hens. Don't take her away where the others cannot see her, or she will produce the same results as a fresh hen when you put her back.

Breeding from a stag you generally get more cock chickens; from an old cock you will find the pullets generally preponderate.

Always collect your eggs every day, and mark them at once with an indelible pencil—date, and number of pen.

You can keep eggs two or three weeks by laying them in a box full of bran, and turning the box every day.

Now, if you have only a few hens—and you can get all the eggs you want from a few—ten to one you won't have

a broody hen when you want one. Do not hesitate to set your eggs under a common hen, *but be sure she is healthy*, and dust her for lice.

Many breeders are very severe about only using game-hens, and say that cocks set under a dunghill-hen will run. This is all rot, and the common hen has many advantages, especially if your space is limited, for they are quieter and do not fight like game-hens. On the other hand, if you have plenty of room the game-hen makes the best mother in the world.

Now, unless you have unlimited space do not keep too many chickens, for overcrowding is the main cause of disease, and of degenerate birds. Breed enough to choose from, and kill off any surplus stock. As soon as you can distinguish the sexes kill off the pullets, keeping only enough to maintain your breeding establishment without stint.

It is also useless to keep more cocks than you can get walks for, and it is better for your pocket and reputation to have twenty good cocks than forty indifferent ones.

Further, if you have a great number of hens and pullets running about, besides overcrowding and fouling your ground, if friends come to visit your stock and see many hens they may ask you to part with some, which you may not wish to do, and with only a certain number you can refuse without seeming churlish.

It is, however, a very wise precaution, if you can manage it, always to keep some of your hens away, so that in case of accident or disease you have some to fall back on.

Of course these hens must be kept at a place well away from any dunghill-cocks, for once a game-hen has been trod by a dunghill it is unsatisfactory to breed from her, though probably after she has moulted, and some time has elapsed, she is free from the contagion. It is, however, an indignity they should never be allowed to suffer.

One word more; it seldom pays to spend much time doctoring fowls, unless you have come to the last of your

strain, which is a condition you should never allow yourself to arrive at. The reason is that when you have cured your bird, it will probably be left with an impaired constitution, though it may show no sign of it, and will therefore be dangerous to breed from, and probably will let you down in the pit, if it be a cock.

The danger lies in the fact that no falling-off may be discernible.

In contagious diseases, such as roup, don't hesitate, destroy the affected—as one authority says: "With a merciful hand strike off his head." Carefully watch the remainder. If any symptoms appear, isolate the suspects, and, if the symptoms develop, destroy them at once. Slight cases may be treated and cured, but do not waste time and risk fresh infection with the bad ones.

For the treatment of roup there are many cures on the market. One is as good as another; the chief things are segregation, cleanliness, and disinfection.

To finish up, in the language of the ancients, cocks should be game, close hitters, bloody heelers, ready fighters, good mouths, and come to every point.

Beware of a hurried, hasty fighter; it often indicates a desire to be quit of his job, which may materialise.

Above all, be careful and systematic in your breeding, and do not trust to luck. An able man may be unfortunate, and an inefficient one may be favoured by fortune; but in the long run only the deserving are lucky.

CARE OF CHICKS

Of all the numerous Feathered Flock
Which Jove created, the brave Fighting-Cock
Contains within his truly generous Breast
By much a Nobler Courage than the rest.
When first he spies the Bloody, trampled Pit,
He claps his Wings, and Crows for Joy to see't.

WHEN you have a sitting of eggs and a hen ready to sit, make her a comfortable nest. Always see that a setting hen has a place to herself where she cannot be disturbed, and leave plenty of food and water by her so that she can get off and feed and drink and return to her eggs. Do not let her have to go searching about for food, or she may stay off too long. If there is none handy, provide her with a heap of dry earth or ashes for her to dust in, and there is nothing a setting hen prefers more.

If you are limited for space, you can set a number of hens in the same place by providing a couple of boxes for each hen—one for her to sit in and the other to cover her over with.

In this case you must attend to them all at the same time. Every morning remove the covers, lift the hens out, water and feed them, etc. You can leave them out about twenty minutes, then return them to their nests and cover them over again. This is a very good way.

If a hen breaks an egg, wash all the others carefully in warm water and give her a fresh nest ; if you leave them coated over with egg it will kill the chick inside for want of air, and, moreover, they are sticky, and will cling to the hen's feathers, and more will probably be broken.

Dust your hens for lice before you sit them, and see that they keep free from lice.

To make the nest, first dust the box well with carbolic powder, then put in a dry sod and hollow it in the centre. Rub up straw in your hand to make it soft for the eggs to rest on, and place long straw all round in the shape of a nest. When a hen has hatched off, burn the straw in the box. It will char the wood and kill all vermin—charred wood does not suit vermin—and it will be ready again next year.

The period of incubation is twenty-one days, but it may be a day sooner or even two days later. If the chicks do not all hatch out at the same time, remove those hatched out from under the hen, as she will sit tighter on the remaining eggs. When you remove the chicks put them in a nest of wool in a basket and cover them with wool or flannel and put them in a warm place and well away from the hen, for if she hears them cheep she will leave her eggs and fly to them. At night return them to her, and leave them under her in the nest for twenty-four hours.

Chickens require no food for twenty-four hours after they are hatched.

The next day, if the weather is dry and the sun shines, you can put your chickens out of doors, putting the hens under coops to prevent them rambling too far, but if the weather is cold and wet keep them under cover and confine the hens in the same way. Be sure that the slats of the coop are wide enough, so that the chickens do not have to squeeze in and out, as this has a tendency to make them long-bodied. This applies also when the chicks are older, so do not let them squeeze between garden rails and such-like.

Now if you have no room, shed, or other covered place, and you are obliged to put your chickens out of doors at once, whatever the weather may be, place your coop on a dry board in as sheltered a place as possible, and so keep your chicks off the wet ground. Place a run in front of the coop, and make extra cover for them by resting a board

from the front of the coop on to the run. Always keep your coops and boards clean.

When the grass is dry place your coop directly on the grass, as this is best, and change the place every day, as they soon foul it. When the chickens get older discard the boards, and if the weather should turn very wet place plenty of dry straw in the coops for them to roost on, and change it frequently.

Remember that wet is the worst enemy of young chickens, and old ones, too, as far as that goes; but when they are young you must keep them dry.

The best feed for the first fortnight is hard boiled egg, minced up and mixed with dry breadcrumbs—about equal parts.

After the first week give a little ordinary dry chickfeed for the night feed. If you are obliged to keep your chickens in a room, owing to wet weather, give them once a day some bones of raw beef or mutton to pick, as they are deprived of the insects and worms they would find in the fields. I prefer bones to cutting raw meat for them, as it gives them exercise and amusement.

After a fortnight feed good wheat twice a day, and dry chick-feed the other feeds; after three weeks get on to barley and wheat. I continue one or two feeds of the dry chick-feed for a long time, as it is small, and if you scatter it about they have to scratch well to get it.

Always give them all the variety you can. Besides barley, wheat, and dry chick-feed, a soft feed in the morning of chicken-meal, but not wet, cannot be beaten. Chopped onions in it are excellent, and also a little meat. Bread and milk, porridge, ants' eggs, and groats are all good for young chickens. For the adults, buckwheat and maize make a change. Some people are prejudiced against maize, but it is an excellent change, especially in the winter. Maize contains far more fat-forming substances than other

grains, but a certain amount of fat is good, as it gives energy and vital force.

Feed every two hours the first few days, then every three hours, and when they are growing and getting strong three or four times a day. Never feed more than they can eat; give as much as they will clear up quickly, and no more. It is essential that you should pay great attention to changing their water very often, for, as you must give it to them in shallow vessels, they soon make it dirty by running through it; besides, if the sun shines it soon gets warm, which they do not like, and when they get fresh water they often drink till they are sick, which ought to be prevented.

Always keep your water in the shade if possible. Some think it is advantageous to give milk to young chickens instead of water; there is nothing in it but extra nourishment, and if they are well fed they do not require it. Personally I prefer water and good food.

It is a good plan to have three or four cartloads of gravel dumped in your field, and make it in the shape of a bank, and you can feed your chicks on both sides of it; it separates them a little, and gives the smaller ones a chance. It also provides them with grit, which is necessary.

Always let your chickens have all the liberty possible, but when young do not let them out when the grass is wet.

Do not overfeed them, but let them earn all they can for themselves; they will get strong chasing the bugs and catching the wily worm. After two or three weeks let the hen out with them; and this is one great advantage of dunghill mothers—you can let several out together in the same field.

If you have game-hens you will have to keep them shut up and let the chickens run, as they will probably fight and frighten and scatter their chickens. It is also possible that some will get killed.

Do not put your coops too close together, for if a chicken makes a mistake and runs into the wrong coop, a game hen will often kill it. Of course, if you have plenty of space and plenty of game-hens, use them as mothers ; there are none better. The crab with them is that they are too good, and defend their chickens too readily.

It will be necessary to mark your chickens. If you have several breeding-pens, or any difference of blood, you will require to mark them when they are quite young in case they get mixed in any way, and so that you will know them immediately at any age, without any possibility of making a mistake.

You cannot afford mistakes in breeding game-fowl, and you must know what you have bred and what you are breeding from. It is no good thinking a bird was bred from such and such a pen—you must know.

There are various ways of marking chicks, namely, in the eye, nostril, wing, and web of foot. Whichever way you mark them, and I think in the web of the foot is best, note the mark at once in your breeding book.

You should keep a stud-book—do not trust to your memory—and every year enter up the pens you have bred from, with the number of the pen, the cock and hens you have used, how these are bred, the number of chickens hatched and how they are marked, also any details that you may wish to remember.

The chicks should be marked as soon as you let them run about—that is, about two weeks old—and I will tell you a very handy way of doing it, and one in which it is difficult to make mistakes.

You will require a punch—a shoemaker's eyelet punch, with the smallest punch obtainable, is the best ; that will punch a hole about the size of a millet seed. Then get several travelling labels and write on them the number of pen, the date and mark. Spread the chick's foot flat on the label, and punch well between the toes, so as to leave a

clear round hole in the web. You punch a hole in the label at the same time and it gives you a record of the number marked.

You can get combinations for seven pens this way, which should be enough, for the chickens can be marked on the outside web of the left foot, inside web ditto, outside web right, inside web ditto, outside web of both feet, inside web of both feet, and both webs of both feet.

You can go still further, if necessary, and mark both webs of one foot and one web in the other; but the above should be sufficient, and too many combinations become confusing.

Keep the hollow of your punch clear, so that it punches clean, and of course you will require an assistant to hold the chicks.

The roost is a very important matter, and an old cocker's maxim was: "The roost makes or mars a cock." It is also said that a close sitter is ever a deadly heeler, and some breeders always put their chickens to roost on short perches, so that they should sit close. This can do no harm, anyway, if you do not overcrowd them.

When your chickens are about three months old, more or less, they will want to roost. Do not let them roost too soon or they will have a tendency to get crooked breasts. On the other hand, if you keep them on the ground too long they are apt to become duck-footed. Provide a good airy house for them; above all, do not overcrowd, and keep it clean.

Have the perches the thickness they can grip with their feet, and change the perches to thicker ones as they get older. Always cover your perches with velvet, cloth, or other soft substance, and then they wont get dented breast-bones. These precautions are worth taking, as if you use thick perches they cannot grip; they will probably get duckfooted if you use thin perches; without covering, they will get crooked breasted.

Do not have the perches too high off the ground, but high

enough to let them fly up in comfort, and fly down without bruising their feet. This applies to all ages.

My advice is : if possible, let your chickens roost in the trees. They seldom or never get duck-feet or crooked breasts then, and it is far healthier than a house.

The chickens of some strains will fight desperately when very young—at three or four weeks even—so as to strip all the feathers off their heads and necks, and even kill each other. This is serious, as, even if the chick survives, the feathers never grow again, and, when cocks, are termed peel-pated, and they may be objected to in mains. When they start fighting, select the strongest and most aggressive chicken, and help him master the rest ; hold the others and let him strike and peck them, and even beat them with a handkerchief to cow them and make them run away.

If this does not succeed, shut up the most determined in boxes or anything, and keep them without food or water for several hours, always leaving the strongest chicken free. Then let them out one at a time, and, being cold and stiff and hungry, they will generally run from the master chick ; if not, shut them up till they do.

Once they have settled it between themselves, and one has established his mastery, they will run peaceably together.

Some strains do very little fighting as chickens ; so much the better ; but you cannot help loving the little fighters.

Full-grown fowl should be fed twice a day, morning and night, with a handful of good corn for each fowl. Sprinkle it about well ; throw down straw, chaff, or dead leaves, and scatter your corn over it—they will have to work to get it. Never make your fowl slothful and lazy by over-feeding. Many of the poultry meals make an excellent hot feed for the morning. It does them good, especially when they are penned up.

I believe in variety, and, though good barley should be the staple food, wheat, maize, oats, buckwheat, and groats

are all excellent for a change. Groats are especially useful for young chickens.

Never be too clever to learn; even the dunghill fanciers can sometimes teach you something, and you can never know too much about game-fowls.

WALKS

Then on they fall, and like two Dragons meet,
Rending the air both with their Wings and Feet,
Until at length, grown mad, they cease to Ward,
And, desperately closing, scorn their Guard.

THE walking of cocks is most important. All your care in breeding and rearing is useless if you turn your stags out on bad walks. Here I may say that young cocks under a year old are called stags; at one year and over they become cocks. I fear you will find it extremely difficult to get a number of good walks, but you must try; patience, observing likely places, a persuasive tongue, and a little palm-oil will go a long way. Do not overdo the palm-oil, as if you overdo one walker the rest will hear of it, and your walks will cost you a lot.

On a good walk a cock should have unrestricted liberty, plenty of food and water, only a few hens, and be right away from other fowl. These conditions are difficult to obtain nowadays. An old author, in his description of a good walk, makes you want to live there yourself. He says:

You are always to choose a walk that is graced with solitude, having green fields or pleasant meadows on one hand, with mountainous, hilly, dry ground on the other, and a murmuring brook, or twattling rivulet, or in their stead some pleasant pools, or ponds of clear sweet water, with a good barn-door, or else some loving hand from the house that may daily afford plenty of corn; so should you, if possibly you can, avoid the having of too many hens in your walk; for look how many above six your cock walks with—so many mates has he too many.

Try and obtain walks that fulfil these conditions; but if you can get a good walk, except for the number of hens,

take it. I almost think that if you have over a dozen hens you may as well have thirty, but, of course, the fewer the better ; but it is absolutely necessary that there should be no other cocks within reach, and that space should be unlimited.

There is another way of walking cocks if free walks are unobtainable—that is, pen-walking—and it is better than a bad farm walk. Have a number of large pens erected—say 30ft. by 10ft.—with a shelter at one end, and solid partitions between the cocks so that they cannot see one another, and by giving plenty of straw, dry leaves etc., to scratch in, and keeping them clean, and giving plenty of grit and green stuff, you get excellent results. Unfortunately the initial expense is rather heavy.

The pen-walks have these advantages : you only put in one or two hens, you are sure your birds have good food and water, you do not lose any by the fox or other accidents, and by being constantly attended to they are not shy in the feeding-pens.

Do not put sickly birds out to walk ; in fact, you should not put them anywhere except in the pot. Choose those that are healthy and vigorous, with broad shoulders, short backs, big thighs, shallow keels, and good feet ; and you must dub them before you put them out—that is, you must cut off the comb and wattles.

With a little practice and a good, big, sharp pair of scissors, this is quite easy. Trim the wattles and ear-lobes as close as you can. Do not pull the wattle when you cut it, as then you make a biggish wound, and some maintain that when it cicatrices and heals, it constricts the throat and impedes the breathing. I hardly think it is as bad as this ; but you do not want to make a big wound when a little one is all that is necessary.

To cut the comb, put your index finger in the stag's mouth and your thumb behind the head ; hold it firmly, and cut the comb boldly down to the beak. Try and do

it with one cut, or two at the most. A feather plucked from the hackle and laid over the comb will practically always stop the bleeding. If by any chance this should not succeed, bathe the head with cold water or rub chalk in. Some people place cobwebs over the comb, and they are excellent to stop bleeding. Do not let your stag lose more blood than you can help.

It is not a painful operation, and if you toss your stag down after it and throw him his wattles, he will readily eat them.

Do not dub your stags and put them together again, as they fail to recognise each other, and it is ten to one they will start fighting.

You can trim the comb high or low, according to your fancy. Some prefer a high comb and some a low one.

One old cocker gives you minute directions as to how to dub, and directs you to cut the comb in the shape of a half moon, and says it gives strength to the beak, serves as a guard to the head, and gives the bird a noble appearance.

This is a matter of opinion, but I have sometimes thought that a high comb is advantageous myself, for a bird that strikes for the head has a bigger target, and may therefore strike higher and transfix the comb, instead of a more vital part. Anyway, I have frequently seen cocks struck through the comb, if there was enough of it, and it is a very good place to be struck too.

Curved scissors are more convenient for cutting the wattles, and also the comb, if you cut it round. You will want an assistant to hold the bird for you.

After all this good advice, I will give you some better; get someone to show you how to dub; it is better than twenty books.

REFEREEING

No, No, the Cuckoo sinks, his race is run,
The Battle's Ended and the Gray has Won.
And now they Shouting rise, and march away;
Each takes his Bottle, and so Ends the Day.

THE duties of a referee are to see that the rules are adhered to, to caution or disqualify any person who infringes them, and to decide with justice any dispute that may arise

The first thing a referee should do is to thoroughly acquaint himself with the rules. This may sound superfluous, but I can assure you that many persons cheerfully undertake the duties of a referee in all branches of sport with a most imperfect knowledge of the rules they are there to enforce.

Fortunately refereeing a main of cocks is a very light and pleasant duty compared with the same thing in other sports; in fact, the setters-to have a habit of arranging all matters between themselves, and I can call to mind only one or two instances in which an appeal was made to the referee on any other matter than as to whether a cock pecked or not.

Personally I think a referee should take greater charge of a battle, and intervene as soon as he sees any rule infringed, and not wait for one setter-to to complain to the other, as generally happens, and then settle it between themselves.

If ever you are asked to referee a main (and you won't be, until you have had plenty of experience, and will therefore resent my remarks), first refresh your memory as to the rules, and ask for the articles of agreement and read them through, in case there are any special clauses. If you are called upon to give a decision, give it at once, and

to the best of your ability, and let nothing make you alter it; and do not let yourself be influenced by anybody. Remember, it rests with you, and that you alone have any voice in the matter.

Often extremely difficult points arise, and no rules have ever yet been framed that cover everything. You can only decide the point to the best of your ability; and when you have decided, give your decision and stick to it. A wrong decision is always preferable to indecision, the greatest defect in a referee.

I remember a very awkward predicament a great friend of mine was once placed in, when refereeing a main.

It was in the open. The short law was in, and the long law was counting. One cock was apparently dying, and the other bird, through shyness, I think, flew the pit as soon as his setter set him down, and retired behind some bushes. It took time to catch him and return him to the pit. This happened several times, and the setter of the dying cock, seeing his bird dying during the delay, and his chances of a peck fading away, set his cock in the centre of the pit and claimed the battle on the grounds that his opponent had failed to set his cock. Remember the rules state that a cock shall be set immediately, etc., and in this case many minutes elapsed before the errant bird could be caught. Strictly speaking, I think he was entitled to the battle, but the referee thought otherwise, and the opposite party, seeing their bird throwing his chances away, claimed the battle on the grounds that the other cock was dead. The referee, after pondering a minute, gave his decision by saying, "I say this cock is dead."

The birds were taken from the pit, but the dead cock recovered, and next morning, alive and fairly well, was placed on the breakfast table in the referee's place, with a card hung round his neck, inscribed in bold figures: "I say this cock is dead."

It was a bad shock for the referee when he turned up

at breakfast, and many a joke he had to stand about it afterwards.

I was myself placed in a nasty position once when refereeing a boxing match. It was a money match in South Africa, with a lot depending on it, and a tough crowd.

The combatants were a Jew and a Boer, and I had an inexperienced timekeeper. After a round or two the Jew began to get the worst of it, and was knocked down several times.

The timekeeper started counting and the Jew arose, but after a bit he began to have enough of it. He was knocked down again, and the timekeeper started, one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight, getting longer and longer between each second, and then stopped dead. I looked at him and tried to make him continue the count, but the Jew got up again after being down over ten seconds, I am sure.

In a very short time he was down again. The timekeeper started, got to eight, and again stopped. The Jew arose in about fourteen seconds, I should think. I was in this position; I was sure the man was down well over the allotted span, but he had not been counted out. A third time it happened, my timekeeper stopping at eight again, but I could not stand it any longer, so, after waiting for what I considered ten seconds, I gave the battle to the Boer. Fortunately everybody accepted my decision; but there might have been trouble. Probably most of the crowd had backed the Boer, which was lucky for me.

I had better add that at that time and place referees did not stop a fight if one man was getting the worst of it; he had to be knocked out, and counted out.

When it was all over I asked the timekeeper, a friend of mine, what the dickens he was playing at, and what do you think? "Well, old chap," he said, "when a man has his knees off the ground, he is up, isn't he? So I stopped

counting." I suppose the man wriggled off his knees, and my timekeeper thought he was up.

Sometimes delaying a decision causes trouble, and I well remember the case of Carpentier and Gunboat Smith. My dear friend Eugene Corri was referee, and a better referee never lived, nor one more popular. He is undoubtedly the best referee in England, and probably the world. Many tempting offers have been made him to referee big fights in America, notably Willard and Johnson, which is some compliment; and American boxers coming to England always insist on him as third man in the ring, well knowing his integrity and ability.

Well, Carpentier was down, and Smith unmistakably hit him whilst on the ground. The blow appeared to be a light one, and not likely to influence the contest, so Corri did not disqualify Smith at once, so as to give Carpentier a chance of continuing the fight; but too much was at stake, and Carpentier's manager, Descamps, entered the ring, claimed the fight, and assisted his man to his corner. Thus two fouls were committed. and the Americans at once claimed the battle. Of course Corri did the right thing and gave the fight to Carpentier, but there was much heated argument over it, which would have been avoided if Smith had been instantly disqualified.

These are some of the trials of a referee, but I am afraid I have got off cocking, so will get back and finish by saying: Never allow yourself to be ruffled, always be just to the best of your ability, keep an open mind, make it up quickly, and do not alter it.

FEEDING

Cocking breeds courage where before was none,
And makes men Stout and Die that us'd to run;
Who then would Hunt and Hawk their time away,
Or at the Cards or Dice sit down to Play,
When they by powerful Cocking this may do,
Gain Courage, Wit and Wealth, and Heaven too.

FEEDING game cocks means preparing them for battle. Horses, dogs, men, etc., are trained, but cocks are fed.

There is a reason for everything, and I take it that the reason why cocks are not spoken of as being trained is that training implies a large amount of physical exercise, and the old-timers gave their cocks very little of this when preparing them for the pit. They depended on physic, sweating, and food. The old feeders all had their secret recipes for various feeds, which they guarded jealously. They prepared their cocks chiefly by the food they gave them; the feeding was the most important thing, hence the name. The only exercise they gave was an occasional sparring.

They fed with curious mixtures and eggs, jellies, isinglass, raw meat, various cock-breads, port wine, and sherry amongst other things. This no doubt explains the well-known saying: "Fed like a fighting-cock."

Now the old-timers no doubt knew much more about cock-fighting than we do; at any rate, they had many more opportunities to learn; but it is also an undoubted fact that most of the old-time methods of training have gone by the board and been proved hopelessly wrong.

For example, the training of horses has been much changed and the old hard galloping and sweating they used to get has been considerably modified. Trainers of horses now

recognise that some horses run better fat—that is, fat compared with the old idea of fitness. Many horses require very little work. I owned a horse myself that won races, and lots of them, with practically no work at all, and no alteration in his usual diet.

The training of the fighting-man of the present day is as different from the old methods as chalk from cheese.

In the earliest days of pugilism I do not think its professors troubled much about training; but then their methods were slow, and foot-work was little known, and thought as little of; in fact, men were called shifty who moved to escape a blow, and it was not admired.

The first pugilists fought because they liked it, and earned a little money besides. They stood up toe to toe, and exchanged blows till one could take no more.

For this style of fighting beef and brawn were required. Plenty of beef and ale were considered beneficial, and sweating irksome and unnecessary.

Jack Broughton, the first real champion of England, was probably the first boxer who took the trouble to do any training; and I have little doubt that his training consisted in keeping himself fit with his sword play, cudgelling, and boxing. He was a serious man, and the first to bring fighting with the fists to a science, as he was also the first to introduce a set of rules.

It is interesting to note, and it also shows the popularity of cocking in those days, that the first boxing rules adopted the nomenclature of the sod.

They speak of main and by-battles; they also rule that men are to be set-to in the centre of the stage after a fall, or being parted from the rails. They even went in for Battle Royals in those days, for an old advertisement, 1743, of Broughton's New Amphitheatre, Oxford Road, says:

N.B.—There will be a Battle Royal between the Noted Buckhorse and seven or eight more; after which there will be several By-Battles by others.

A battle royal between pugilists is a form of excitement we do not go in for nowadays, anyway in this country ; but in some states of America I hear it is still enjoyed, with negroes as the combatants, and the idea certainly came from the cock-pit.

Perhaps the first instance of a boxer undergoing a really thorough preparation for a fight was when Captain Barclay took Tom Crib in hand for his second battle with Molineux ; and Tom used to speak feelingly of the experience, and maintained ever afterwards that he would sooner fight two Molineuxs than undergo another similar preparation.

Then, and for long afterwards, long sweating walks, with raw steak and eggs to eat, and no smoking or drinking—you were not even allowed to quench your thirst—was the trainer's way of getting a man fit, and this lasted till quite recently. When I was a boy I was silly enough to follow this régime, and I thoroughly agreed with Tom Crib that the training was far worse than the fighting. I also always succeeded in making myself much worse than I was before. It is remarkable the number of men who go into the ring quite unfit to fight, and I am sure the number of cocks is no less, and the reason always the same—overdoing it.

Nowadays we show more sense. Men and animals must have been very strong in the old days to have stood the gruelling they were put through. Short, sharp, quick work, plenty of massage, eat what you fancy and drink in moderation, amusement to occupy your mind, even an occasional visit to a music-hall—if you can call it amusement these days. Smoking is even allowed. Sam Langford, the man Jack Johnson fought shy of, used to smoke extraordinary long black cigars whilst training. Speaking of Jack Johnson reminds me of a little incident to his credit, which is not common. He appeared in the ring before a big fight one evening to make a speech. It was during one of the periods of his unpopularity, and he was howled down. A man sitting next to me was particularly vociferous and offensive.

Johnson turned to him and said : " I may be all you call me, but at any rate I keep my mother, and I will bet that is more than you do." The crowd cheered, and Johnson got his hearing.

I am wandering away from the feeding of cocks, but am trying to show how different are the training methods of to-day and yesterday in other sports, and there are some who maintain that the old way of feeding cocks is just as wrong.

I think our American friends are the pioneers in this movement, and they have certainly altered the old procedure somewhat. Some disapprove of the giving of physic, and all recommend work for the cocks.

I imagine that tossing, running, rubbing, and working cocks on a wheel, etc., were largely introduced by American cockers, though I know that many of our later feeders recommend exercise.

Again, the old feeders always kept their birds covered up and in the dark, whereas in America, anyway, many claim this to be unnatural and injurious.

I do not think this argument cuts any ice, for, in the first place, it is unnatural to shut a cock up in a pen at all, and by keeping them in the dark the cocks rest better and are not always crowing against one another which must be beneficial.

In warm weather heavy coverings may have their disadvantages, but I am sure it is a good thing to feed in a room that you can darken at will.

Although modern methods are undoubtedly the best in most things, and our American cousins have certainly also improved on most things, I am beginning to doubt if the new ways are any better than the old as far as cocking is concerned.

My reasons are that in the first place, the time you have a cock up for feeding is too short to hope to put on muscle and condition by work, and if you keep him in the pens for long he will certainly go back, not forward.

Again, it is very difficult to work a cock without ruffling him and disarranging his feathers; for the same reason, massage, so useful in all other animals, is useless in a bird. I am sure that displaced feathers, however much they may be smoothed down afterwards, cause discomfort, irritability, and even fever, and so your exercise may do more harm than good.

On the other hand, I do not believe that the amount of physic and sweating the old feeders went in for, are necessary, indeed, I consider them harmful. However, the conditions then were different, but the only excuse for much physic and sweating is to bring your cock down to a low weight and so have a bird big at his weight, but personally I infinitely prefer a bird to be two or three ounces heavier than he might be, and fresh and strong, than to gain the advantage of a few ounces in weight and be at all weakened.

No doubt, as in all things, the happy medium is the best, and a combination of the old and new methods, with the preponderance given to the old, will, I think you will find, give the best results.

Now, after all this, let me tell you the real secret of getting cocks fit: have them fit before you start.

If your cocks come up well from good walks they will require practically no training at all. A little physic if necessary, very spare feeding for the first few days, and a spar or two will reduce their weight and clean them out; then build them up again, and you will have them fit and strong. We will go into details later, but it was a wise man who said: "Few people know how little a cock wants."

It is a very wise precaution before you make a main to be sure, by a visit to all your walks, that you have a sufficient number of good healthy birds to choose from.

For example, if you make a main of eleven cocks you should have at least twenty-two ready, for some may be too big and some too small; some may have broken feathers, and all sorts of defects. Then, again, if you find eleven

perfect cocks, one or two may go wrong in the pens, so you must have others ready to replace them. This means that you should have a considerable surplus of cocks up, over and above the number you propose to use in the main.

I have known seventy cocks got up from which to choose a main of seventeen ; and I have read of old-timers who had a thousand cocks to pick from, but this, though very pleasant, is hardly necessary.

In choosing your cocks for a main, pick the well-balanced birds with the big thighs, short backs, good feet, etc., and, of course, in the bloom of health. Discard any that are cold to the feel and soft and heavy in hand, with dangling legs, with a badly crooked breast-bone, with more than two feathers broken in the wing, with a broken tail or bill, with duck-feet (that is, the back toe lying in the same direction as the front ones), or with any bad defect, or with any signs of ill-health. Do not try to get a cock fit in the time if he is very thin or very fat, and if he is unhealthy neck him at once.

Of course, all this refers to fighting mains for big money which you want to win ; if you are fighting for small stakes and the sport, get up your birds, pick the best, match all you can, and have a day's enjoyment.

Having chosen your birds, the next thing is to get them, or perhaps it would be truer to say, keep them, fit.

I have already inflicted my opinions on you, and will now give you details of several approved methods. You can pay your money and take your choice.

The first essential in feeding is cleanliness. See that your room is clean and well-aired, and, above all, that your pens are clean, sweet, and dry. The best thing is to clean your pens directly after they have been in use, but if this has not been done—and unless you have done it yourself, you cannot be sure—take down the pens and scrub them thoroughly with soap and water, to which has been added some reliable disinfectant ; and then see that they are thoroughly

dried. This means that you should prepare your pens some days before you get your cocks up. Though it may not be mentioned in the following methods of feeding, it is always understood that your pens should be cleaned out every day and fresh straw used. Of course, the bottoms of the pens should be covered with fresh, clean, dry straw, when you put your cocks in.

Keep your cocks clean also; sponge their feet and legs every day if necessary. Sponging the head refreshes a cock, and always dry well afterwards.

Whatever food you use, see that it is good and sound, and that your water is good. If necessary, filter or boil it.

Your main feed should be barley. Get the very best you can—it should be thin-skinned, old, clean, and dry; it is probably a good thing to get rid of the sharp ends by putting it in a bag and thrashing it well.

Attending to all these little details is well worth while.

The usual feeds are nine to fourteen days, but some feed longer; try the shortest if you are a beginner. Personally I think nine days quite long enough if your birds are well to start with; if they are not well, nine weeks won't get them so in the pens. A cock fresh off a good walk will generally beat a bird stale from being penned too long.

Of course the whole secret of feeding is to get your cocks on the top of their form on the day they fight. This is where the difficulty comes in. A cock is not used to being shut up in a small pen, the danger is very great of keeping him there too long. He may be top-hole on the seventh or eight day, and right off on the ninth or tenth. You may say, Why feed a cock at all? Well, the reason is that a well-fed cock will be lighter, cleaner, and longer-winded than an unfed bird, and it is long odds that he wins; therefore feeding is advantageous as long as it is not overdone, and this is where the expert comes in. Get your weight off the first few days, and try and have him on the increase the last two or three.

Weigh your birds every day to see how your feeding is affecting them, and note the weights on a card attached to each pen ; a set of good scales is a necessity.

When sparring your cocks, watch them closely, and note their style of fighting and whether they fight for the head or the body ; it will assist you to judge how to heel them.

Do not spar your cocks long—a few flies together is generally enough—and always set them close together to accustom them to starting at once.

For the beginner, sparring means tying muffs or boxing gloves on to the stub of the spur and letting the birds fight. Always spar birds of the nearest weights together.

You will want muffs, a spur saw—that is, a small saw for taking off the natural heels—and a good sharp pair of scissors for trimming or cutting out. If you cannot get them in England you can in America ; write to the editor of *Grit and Steel*, Gaffney, South Carolina, U.S.A., perhaps the best game-fowl journal in America. It will pay you to subscribe to it, and he will put you on to any number of makers of these things.

I will give you a simple recipe for feeding cocks, and also the recipes of those two famous old masters, Gilliver and Paget, which have hitherto been guarded as precious secrets. But remember, whatever method you adopt, it will not necessarily do for every bird ; you will have to depend on yourself to a certain extent ; but everything comes with experience and practice.

A SIMPLE SEVEN-DAYS' FEED.

First Day.—Get your cocks up and put them in the pens. It is presumed that they have been fed this day and are in good condition. Cover them up and leave them.

Second Day.—Go round all your cocks, have each bird out, handle him gently, and soothe him if he is timid. Saw off the natural spurs, shorten the tail, cut a few feathers away from the vent for cleanliness, and dust for lice if necessary ; wash legs and feet and clean out pens.

No food to-day, but give as much water as they require in reason midday.

THIRD DAY.—Spar your cocks in the morning, watch them and see how they perform. Do not spar them more than a few minutes. Afterwards sponge their mouths and heads with vinegar and water, equal parts, and return them to their pens.

When they are cool give each cock a good feed—a teacupful of warm bread and milk; this will act as a laxative. Cover them up, keep them warm and dark, and leave them till the next morning.

FOURTH DAY.—Feed early in morning with scalded barley—say two tablespoonfuls.

You scald barley by pouring boiling water on to it, letting it stand ten or fifteen minutes, and then pour off the water. Give water one hour afterwards—let them have as much as they want in moderation.

During the morning give each cock a little exercise; take him out of his pen, toss him a dozen times, and run him backwards and forwards a like number. Place your hand on his back and run him forwards, then your hand on his breast and run him backwards. To toss a cock grasp him firmly, holding a wing and a thigh with each hand, and throw him upwards, tilting him slightly backwards at the same time, so that he has to exert himself to regain his feet. You will need a table about 6ft. long covered with a mattress, or else a good layer of straw covered with a blanket, to toss and run your cocks on.

Have a large, light pen ready, with plenty of straw, and put your cock in after working him, to cool off.

Throw in a few grains of corn, and let him scratch for it. Whilst he is scratching about in this pen, clean out his pen, and work your next cock. When he has had his work, place the first back in his pen and cover him over, and put the worked cock in the scratching-pen, and so go through them.

In the afternoon remove the covers and handle your cocks, to get them tame and gentle. Never lose patience with a man-fighting cock; they generally get over their desire to eat you in a few days. Always be gentle with them.

In the evening feed two tablespoonfuls of barley (not scalded); water them one hour afterwards, and cover up for the night.

FIFTH DAY.—In the morning feed half a hard-boiled egg, chopped up, and one tablespoonful of barley to each cock, and water as before.

Later in the morning, clean out pens, spar your cocks, just a few flies, and cover up.

In the afternoon uncover them, and put each cock in the scratching-pen for a short time.

In the evening feed barley, and water, as the night before.

SIXTH DAY.—Morning and evening feed as day before. Give both the white and yellow of the egg, but if you find they scour at all drop the yellow and do not give so much water to-day. Give no work, but uncover cocks for an hour or two, and put each bird in the scratching-pen whilst you clean him out.

SEVENTH DAY.—Day of battle. Early in morning give each cock the quarter of the white of a hard-boiled egg and a few grains of barley, but no water.

Chop up some bread into small squares, moisten it with sherry, and give each cock a peck or two fifteen minutes before he fights. If they do not fight till the afternoon, give them a little more barley with the egg in the morning.

REMARKS.—If your cock is fat give less food, if thin more food as long as he digests it. You must use your common sense.

If a cock is off his feed give him a raw egg, and if scouring give him a feed of boiled rice instead of his usual feed.

If a cock has any food in his crop miss a feed.

A peck or two of raw apple or a little onion chopped fine is good. Give grit occasionally. It will all come with experience, and you cannot go far wrong if you follow the above directions. You can cut out your cocks the day before if it is hot; if not, wait till the day of battle.

Now let me give you a little tip: if it is early in the season and it is only a little affair, arrange with your opponent not to cut your birds out at all. Just shorten the wings and the tail, and let them fight in full feather; you will find they go just as well, and any survivors you wish to keep can be put out to walk again. It is cruelty to put a cut-out bird out of doors in cold weather.

This feed is written for the beginner who wishes to get a few birds fit for a day's sport.

The following recipe is by the celebrated William Gilliver, certainly the greatest cock-feeder of recent years. It has, I believe, never been published before, and I give it in his own words:

WILLIAM GILLIVER'S RECIPE FOR TRAINING GAME-COCKS.

Take the cocks off their walks nine days before fighting; let them stand in the pens the second day without any food, but give each cock a quarter of a teacup of clean water to drink.

Third day, in the morning, at seven o'clock, give each cock some

physic of rhubarb and cream of tartar. A quarter of an ounce of Turkey rhubarb and one ounce of cream of tartar mixed up in two ounces of fresh butter is sufficient for fourteen cocks. Cut into pieces half-an-inch or so long. Give the fattest cocks three pills of it, and the thinner-fleshed ones two pills.

Then in two hours after put the boxing gloves on two cocks and let them fight a couple of minutes on some straw spread thin on the floor. Wash each cock's head with a sponge and clean water after he has sparred; then in two hours after give each cock half a small teacup of boiled milk on bread, cut in small squares size of a nut, then let them be till ten o'clock next day.

Fourth day at ten o'clock give each cock a quarter of a teacup of drink made with toast and water, and at twelve o'clock give each cock a large tablespoonful of boiled barley and half the white of a boiled egg—that is, boiled ten minutes—then cover all up, with sacking over the pens, till seven o'clock next morning.

On the fifth morning give each cock a large spoonful of barley and white of one egg; also give each cock a quarter of a teacup of drink; toast and water to drink at eleven o'clock; and at five o'clock at night give a spoonful of boiled barley and egg.

Sixth day make some calves'-foot jelly, and give each cock a couple of teaspoonfuls at seven o'clock in the morning in a tablespoonful of barely, not boiled, and half the white of egg. Then give each cock half a teacup of toast-water to drink at eleven o'clock. At night, at five o'clock, give each cock a tablespoonful of cock-bread and half a tablespoonful of barley, half white of egg, and a teaspoontul of jelly.

Seventh day feed at seven o'clock with barley, egg, and jelly, and drink them with a little less drink at eleven o'clock. At five o'clock at night give each cock half a teacup of boiled milk on cock-bread and a teaspoonful of barley.

Eighth day, at seven o'clock, give barley, egg, and jelly; at eleven o'clock give each cock a tablespoonful of drink; at five o'clock give each cock a tablespoonful of cock-bread, a teaspoonful of barley, sprinkle it all over with a little sherry.

Ninth morning—fighting day—give each cock a teaspoonful of barley at seven o'clock; then ready to fight any time during the day.

Soak a bit of barley overnight in a glass of sherry, and give each cock a peck or two half an hour before fighting.

How to Make a Cock-loaf

To one pound of best flour four whites of eggs and one yellow, and same if more flour. Warm a little new milk and dissolve a little sugar-candy in milk; then a little yeast or German yeast to make it

light. Any baker will make you it up. A four-pound loaf will feed twenty cocks the last three or four days. The cock-bread crust makes the best drink for them ; this will make them fight and hit hard.[1]

The feed of William Paget, of Clewer, near Windsor, written for F. L. by W. Paget in 1903, and by whose kindness I am able to publish this :

To train cocks to fight, to weigh in the pit immediately before fighting. Get them off their walks the same day.

First Day.—At morning cut their tails and spurs, clean out pens, only a thin layer of straw. Give a few grains of barley just to get them used to the feeding-tins.

Twelve o'clock one swallow of water each ; at five o'clock a few grains of barley each.

Second Day.—At seven in the morning physic each bird according to his fatness ; as much Turkey rhubarb as you can lay on a shilling worked in butter, with the same quantity of cream of tartar.

At nine o'clock commence sparring in deep straw ; after one or two meetings, hold a bag stuffed with straw, with red pieces of cloth sewn on to it. Get them to strike the bag instead of the cock. When thoroughly exhausted, put them in their pens with plenty of straw, and let them sweat.

When all sparred, wash their heads and legs, give them hot scouring meal, made of bread, skim milk, butter, and sugar—half a pint of stale bread and three-quarters of a pint of milk to every six cocks.

Cover your pens with rugs, darken the room, and let them stand till next day—twenty-four hours.

Third Day.—Open and clean out pens ; a very little boiled barley, according to fatness ; no drink.

Fourth Day.—Hand-spar them and get them to work about in their pens as much as you can by agitating them, putting a hen in the room, and so on.

Give a little barley, and as much rue tea as they will drink ; those that won't drink drench with a tablespoonful each.

Fifth Day.—Most of them should be reduced enough. Spar and sweat according to their fatness.

Give them a good hot meal, made of cock-bread and new milk Cover up till the next day.

[1] To make toast-water, pour boiling water on toasted bread, and, when cool, pour off water for cocks to drink. Make it fresh each day.

SIXTH DAY.—In morning a good feed of barley, and a little good toast-and-water to drink. Give a good feed at night-time of barley and cock-bread.

Give them as much now as ever they can digest ; always feel their crops before feeding.

SEVENTH DAY.—At six in the morning give barley, cock-bread, and white of egg ; at eleven o'clock a good drink.

At five o'clock a best hot meal—bread, new milk, sugar-candy, isinglass, and one teaspoonful port wine.

EIGHTH DAY.—At six in the morning give egg, jelly, and barley ; at eleven o'clock drink ; at night, barley, jelly, and bread.

NINTH DAY.—Same.

TENTH DAY.—At six o'clock bread soaked in wine—a teaspoonful every two hours ; they will be ready to fight at eleven.

Weigh them every morning, and book their weights on the pens—it will be a guide to your feeding.

In summer or warm weather only up nine days.

(Signed) WILLIAM PAGET, 1903.

This is the recipe of another old-time expert, now, alas ! dead. You will notice the number of hot meals (three) ; sparred twice, and practically no other work. A good deal of physic is employed, and not a good drink till the seventh day.

A certain amount of stimulant is used, and the last day a teaspoonful of bread soaked in wine every two hours. If you kept this up, your birds would be getting on, I should say, about five o'clock ; but probably it is meant to stop at eleven.

The following is, I think, an excellent recipe for cock-bread :

2lbs. of fine wheat flour.
1lb. of fine oatmeal.
2 eggs and the whites of 4 more eggs.
4oz. of butter.
1oz. of candied sugar dissolved in a little warm water.

Knead this well together and add sufficient new milk to make it of a proper consistency. Add a little yeast, and bake it well.

1oz. of aniseed or carraway-seed may be added with advantage.

This bread should be kept a day or two before use, and will keep fresh a long time.

The following is a very old recipe, and the famous Red Duns of the Boynton family were fed this way :

1 quartern of Wheat Floor.
1oz. and ¼ of Yest.
¾oz. of Butter well towed with ye Floor.
6 Whites of Eggs well beat for half an hour.

These as above to be mixed with Blue Milk (Warm), and in Cold weather half a Jack of the best French Brandy. When these are well wrought together into Dough it must be set before the Fire for half an Hour, and after that it must be well wrought for nearly ten minutes and then put into the Oven to be baked, but very gradely, but in the end it must be well baked.

Now I have given you several methods of preparing cocks for battle. Remember that hard and fast rules cannot be laid down to suit every cock ; further, some strains will stand harder feeding—that is, harder work and longer penning—than others.

Do not be deceived by the fact that you have birds with remarkably sound constitutions, or, at least, look as if they had. I have known washy, feathery cocks stand any amount of feeding, and hard, robust-looking birds go all to pieces very quickly.

You cannot learn everything out of a book, and you will have to depend a good deal on your own common sense and experience, which will come in time. If possible, get someone to help you who knows to start with, and you will soon become proficient yourself.

Of course, all this will only be useful to you if you intend feeding your birds yourself for the sport of the thing. If you have not the time nor the inclination, or if you are fighting for much money, get hold of the best feeder you can. Do not think that anybody can feed cocks ; employ the best man obtainable An old authority very wisely says : " Do

not employ some unskilful Rascal that shall pretend to be a Feeder, tho' he know no more than a Horse how to Diet or Order a Cock he should be Ordered to Fight. And hence it is that many an honest Gentleman looses his Mony, many a good Cock his Life, and both of them their Credit, and all for want of a good Feeder."

The setter-to is very important also, and a man that can feed well cannot necessarily set well. The winning of a main generally depends on these two persons. Therefore the man who secures the best will have a great advantage over his adversary.

SETTING

These are all sports that little profit bring;
But noble Cocking is the Game I Sing,
Worthy the greatest Captain, greatest King.
This Pastime I above the rest prefer
In that it fits a man for Peace or War.

SETTING is the art of handling and assisting the game-cock in the pit, or, in the language of the prize-ring, of seconding him. The person who does this is known as the setter, or setter-to.

Setting cocks is rather a delicate business, and requires great quickness and judgment. A setter can quite easily win or lose a main for you, therefore a good setter-to is a very important consideration.

The art of setting is to help your cock all you can. Quickness is required to get to your cock quickly and pick him up, and so perchance save him many a blow; and judgment is required to know when to press your cock or when to rest him as much as possible. I can assure you good judgment in this respect is very rare.

Doubtful practices, such as snatching your cock up at every conceivable opportunity, undue delay in setting him, and various other little tricks, seldom help your cock, and are not good setting; but a good setter can help his cock in many ways without any sharp practice.

Always be scrupulously fair, but do what the rules allow, that is advantageous to you.

The setter of a cock has not the same chances of helping his bird as the second of a fighting-man has of helping his principal. For one thing, there is no interval between

the rounds, and unfortunately we cannot tell our cocks what to do. Many a fight has been won by the fighter's seconds, and so has many a cock won through clever setting.

In the first great fight between Tom Crib and Tom Molineux, when England's supremacy with the fist was first challenged by America, in one version of the fight it appears that Crib and England were saved by the acuteness of one of Crib's seconds—John Gulley, of famous memory.

Crib was dead to the world and unable to come to his time, when Gulley rushed over to Molineux's corner and swore he had something solid in his hands. Molineux indignantly denied it. Gulley was unconvinced, and insisted on him showing his hands. At length, to get rid of him, Molineux consented. Of course, all was right, and Gulley retired, but he had gained nearly two minutes, and the gallant Crib rallied in the time and came up again to conquer. Crib was indebted more than once to good fortune, or good seconds, for in his first fight with the incomparable Jem Belcher, before the strength of Jem's right hand had left him, the battle was saved to Crib by the following manœuvre on the part of Bill Warr, his second. The odds were five to one on Belcher, and Gulley, who was seconding Jem, offered these odds to Warr at the conclusion of a round, when Crib had received so severe a blow that he could not come to time. Warr, on accepting the bet, insisted that the money should be posted, and by this stratagem gained more than a minute—sufficient time for such a glutton as Crib to recover. These were clever ruses, which, if not quite according to cocker, could not be objected to as the opposing parties fell to them. It is an example of one side showing a little more grey matter than the other. It is a different story when Jem Smith's seconds saved him in his fight with Frank Slavin at Bruges; then the foulest of foul play was resorted to. Amongst other things, Smith was not allowed to leave his

corner, where he was surrounded by his seconds and a crowd of the worst roughs out of England, armed with clubs and knuckle-dusters. Time and again did Slavin, with really wonderful courage, go into Smith's corner to make him fight, and fought not only Smith but the whole of the crowd. He was received with a shower of blows every time he approached, and his ear was nearly cut off with a blow from a knuckle-duster; but still he went to Smith, and tried to finish the fight. The whole story is too long to tell here, but in the end the referee, who was undoubtedly intimidated, got into the ring and gave this extraordinary decision. Pointing to Slavin, he said: "I will not stay to see this man murdered; the fight is a draw."

These tactics saved the Smith party from defeat owing to a weak referee, but they brought upon themselves the execration of every honest man in England.

Methods like these do not pay. Smith never looked up again, though I believe he was not to blame, except in allowing himself to be led by others, and his backer was barred by all decent men.

The first two examples show how a second may save a fight; the last is merely a record of foul play.

Fortunately setters-to have not the same opportunities, but they may resort to sharp practices, such as picking a cock up unfairly, holding a cock's head up and dropping it to make it resemble a peck, pushing a cock across the pit, holding him after he is set, wasting time, etc., etc. These practices do not pay. Always set your cock fairly. No man can win consistently if he is looking for an opportunity to foul all the time.

First of all, have a thorough knowledge of the rules, or the other setter will have a decided advantage over you.

A good handler should have a cool head, and be quick to see and quick to act, for it is important to take every

advantage within the rules. Be blind and deaf to everything but the work in front of you, and never take your eyes from the cocks and the other handler.

Do not bill your cock too long, and rather let the other cock peck him. Get your cock down first if you can; set him squarely on his feet so that he will see the other cock. If he is blind of one eye, set him sideways, with the good eye to his opponent. Be ready to handle at once when the cocks are hung. If the opposing cock is in your cock, you draw the heels; if you are in the other bird your opponent draws them.

Never take the count when your cock has the best of it; let him go on cutting the other cock; if you count him up and get them in the middle, it gives the other cock a better chance of getting in a blow. On the other hand, if you are getting the worst of it, get the count in if you can, and if your cock is blind this is more important than ever, as then you can pit him touching the other cock.

If your bird is uncoupled, get to him as often as you can, and by rubbing the back and thighs, stretching the legs, etc., if the injury is not too severe, you may get him on his feet again.

When your cock is on his back you need not rush to his rescue; he is more liable to hurt the other cock than to be hurt himself. On the other hand, if your opponent is on his back pick your bird up at once.

I remember an example of this. It was the last battle of a big main, the scores were level, and much money depended on the result. One cock was practically dead, and lying on his back, and the other was proudly walking the pit, the conqueror. The owner of this cock shouted to his setter to pick him up, but the setter-to, elated at his victory, instead of obeying, pointed proudly to the dying cock and kept repeating: "There he lies, there he lies." Unfortunately his cock went and stood over the dying bird, who, in his last struggle, actually killed him

stone dead, and lived long enough to win the main ; " And there went my bally money," as the owner said. This shows you that a battle is never won until it is lost.

If your cock is rattled by being cut in the throat, try to rub the blood down into the crop, but if it is a lung cut, try and get it out of him.

If your cock is badly injured get his legs under him and set him on the ground in this position. If he will reach up and get a bill hold he has a chance to win, and is not so likely to be hurt, being low on the ground.

In the case of a broken leg, always lay your cock on that side. A broken wing you can do nothing for. With a broken leg it is ten to one against your winning, and with a broken wing it is two to one against you.

As soon as you are satisfied that you have no chance of winning take your cock away ; and always be fair, and set your cock like a sportsman.

HEELING

Each nimble Warrior from the Mat-ment bounds,
And, winged with Death, their heels deal ghastly wounds.

HEELING a cock is fixing the artificial spur on to the stub of the natural spur. There is no great art in this; only common sense and practice are required. Some pretend to great skill and hidden mysteries in heeling; there is nothing in it, though, of course, some men will heel a cock better than others, as there are some men who will do anything better than other men.

Various rules have been laid down for the fixing of heels, and some of them are useful, but the main thing is observation and practice. A cock strikes inwards, with a backward inclination, so if you have your points too wide he is liable to miss his blow, and if you set your spur too close he is liable to hit himself, though how he does it is a bit of a mystery to me; it is practically always about the head that a cock hangs in himself. A cock gets his head down and his heels well up when he rises for a blow, and I suppose if the spur is set too much in, it is apt to transfix the head before it can get clear. With these dangers in front of you perhaps I had better give a few hints for the beginner:

In the first place, do not have your stub too long or it will protrude through the socket and prevent your spur penetrating its full length, neither have it too short, or you will not have enough to fix your spur on to firmly. Half an inch is about the right length, but of course it depends on your heels; some sockets are much higher than others. A knowledge of your cocks and how they fight is the most important thing, and here again comes the advantage of a

close in-bred strain, that all fight alike ; then your task will be very much simplified, but if you claim your support from the many, as Sketchly puts it, you had better observe them when sparring, and if you have a steady, close-hitting cock, heel him close, but if he is a hurried, wild fighter, heel him wide. Another certainty is that a short gaff can be set much closer in than a long one.

To get down to details, have a good pair of gaffs to start with and mark them left and right ; it will save time. You must have a reliable assistant who will hold the leg straight and steady for you, then place over the stub, crosswise, narrow strips of leather about an inch long, until the spur fits firmly on the stub, but do not fit it too tight, and be sure that it fits well down on to the leg.

You cannot beat pieces of old kid glove for this purpose.

If you wish to heel your cock wide, have your point on a line with the outside of the hock. You cannot go very far wrong, for a start, if you heel all your cocks this way, especially with 2in. heels. If you wish to heel your cock close, let the point be on a line with the outside centre of the leg at the hock joint.

When you have your spur set to your satisfaction, tie it on firmly, but not too tightly, with cobbler's thread, waxed. Do not twist the thread, but let it lie as flat as possible. Walk your cock about for a minute after you have tied the heels to see that he uses his feet properly, and that you have not cramped him by tying them too tight. No doubt the following rules may be useful to a beginner:

1¼in.	Left on the inside line of leader
Spur	Right on outside line of leader.
1½in.	Left on centre of leg
Spur	Right on line with outside of leg.
2¼in.	Left on line with back edge of knee-joint
Spur	Right ⅛in. back of knee joint.

To find the leader of a cock's leg, work the back toe, and you will see the leader rise and fall at the knee joint.

Keep cool, take your time, and do not try and outdo the other man.

After writing all this let me say : get someone who knows to give you an object lesson ; it is better than all you can read.

Another little thing : it is my opinion that the cock points the weapons, not the man. A good-heeled cock will cut with indifferently tied-on spurs, whereas no one can make a flat-heeled cock cut ; but, of course, in both cases you can help him, or do the other thing.

Much has also been written and many words wasted over long and short-heeled strains, but I am sure you will find that a good-heeled cock can use any length of heel, same as a bad-heeled cock is useless in any length.

In the Northern States of America they use short heels and in the South long ones, and for this reason mains of North v. South practically never take place. However, I have read of a main that did come off by arranging half the battles in long heels and half in short, and the cream of the joke was that the South won most of the short-heel battles and the North the ones in long heels.

In spite of all this, there is no doubt that some strains are more adapted for long-heel fighting, and others for short ; find out which you think your strain is best in, and try and fix your mains accordingly.

A PYLE COCK,

A DESCENDANT OF THE FAMOUS CHESHIRE PYLES

BRED BY H. ATKINSON, ESQ.

AN ASIL COCK.

PREPARED AND HELLED WITH TAPE, FOR THE "DORA DIRZA"

OR TAPE-FIGHTING AT LUCKNOW.

SPURS

As curious Artists diffrent Skill disclose
The various Weapon diffrent Temper shows,
Whose Length and Form indeed we various find
As diffrent Fancy sways the Sportsman's mind,
Yet by experience taught the Longest size,
And those which, bending from the Socket rise,
Superior Judges most distinguished prize.
Now curving Points too soft a Temper bear,
And now too hard their brittleness declare;
Now on the Plain the trecherous Weapons lye,
Now wing'd in Air, the shiver'd Fragments fly,
Surprizd, chagrind, th' incautious Feeders gaze,
And Smith alone ingenious Artist praise.
The Valiant now in vain assail the Foe,
And, fix'd as Fate, no sad reluctance show,
But, tho' disarmed, still meet the Victor's ire,
Glow with Revenge, and in their Wrath expire.
Now prostrate lye extended on the Glade,
The insulting Victor trampling o'er the Dead.

THE artificial spurs or heels, also known as gaffs, gaffles, or goblocks, are the weapons which replace the natural spur of the cock for fighting, and the reason for using them is that, as all cocks do not grow spurs of the same size and sharpness, the use of artificial spurs of equal length places the birds upon an equality. They also kill more quickly, and thus shorten the combat; and, further, they inflict clean wounds which heal speedily, much sooner than the wounds inflicted by the natural spur, which appears to carry a certain amount of venom.

The spurs were made of practically all metals, silver, steel, iron, copper, brass, and bronze. I have heard of spurs of gold, but I fancy their existence is legendary, though it is quite possible that some enthusiasts may have had spurs

made of this metal, as Nero is said to have had the steed of his bride shod with shoes of gold. At any rate, the nearest approach to golden spurs that I have seen were a heavily gilt pair of steel.

Most of these metals were used in very ancient times, but the spurs that chiefly interest us now are made of silver and steel.

The art of making the silver spur is lost—which shows that we do not always know more than our fathers—but steel spurs are still made to perfection.

The spurs vary very much in length, and also in the curve, set, thickness, etc. The Grogham or K spur differs from the usual spur in that it is thick and flattened at the base of the blade, which is always straight, and generally set at a very high angle.

The steel spur was usually a more [illegible] the one made of silver, doubtless [illegible] greater toughness of the metal.

The [illegible]ners, too, undoubtedly used longer spurs than those in recent use, and I fancy the very short weapons were largely introduced by American cockers; indeed in the Northern States one-and-a-quarter inch is the regulation length.

In England and the United States the spurs were always round in the blade; in fact, none other were considered fair though bayonet-spurs—that is, with three edges—are sometimes seen, but in other countries, notably in the East, the sword- and slasher-spurs find favour.

The sword-spur has an edge like a sword, and is generally smaller than the slasher, and often has the blade rounded where it leaves the socket, and then flattens out into the sword shape. The slasher is a fearsome weapon, often nearly three inches long and with the cutting edge on the inside, but sometimes with a double edge. They are generally curved, but may be straight or waved, but all have edges as keen as razors.

It can be imagined that fights do not last long with these weapons ; a few minutes, and all is over.

In Sumatra spurs are used with no socket, and are fastened higher or lower on the leg so as to match cocks of different weights—the smaller the cock the lower on the leg is the spur set.

In some countries a horn spur is used, and in Manilla the artificial spur is fixed to the leg beside the natural spur, and not over it, and in other lands the spur is fixed actually on the foot.

In our own country various devices have been used to make the spur more deadly, and a good deal depends on the set of the blade. Some believe in a straight, low-set spur, whilst others pin their faith to a high, curving point, but doubtless it depends on the cock and his manner of fighting. The K spur was, no doubt, introduced with this object, and the drop-socket, which throws the blade lower down the leg, was considered very deadly, so much so that drop-sockets have always been barred as unfair.

Many people imagine that the drop-socket is a modern invention ; this is not so, as there are old silver spurs with drop-sockets.

Not so very long ago they brought out a spur in America—of course made of steel—with a hollow drop-socket, known as the " Cincinnati drop," which was claimed to be fair and quite a new idea.

As a matter of fact, I know of one or two pairs of old silver made by Sam Toulmin—that is, about a hundred and fifty years ago—which are almost exactly similar. Truly there is nothing new under the sun.

Now some people come from Missouri, as they say in America, and they claim that these old drop-sockets are fakes, and that some clever person has welded the old blade, with the old maker's mark, on to a new socket. I am sure that this is not so from the following facts. I have seen one pair of old silver drop-sockets with the blade bent all out

of shape, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the blow which bent the blade would have broken the spur at the weld, if there had been one, as that, of course, would have been the weakest part. Further, I have seen an old pair of steel-drops made by John Watling, and here his mark was on the socket itself, and not on the blade. But, to make sure, I have had two pairs of my own examined by an expert, and he assures me that they are made out of one piece of metal, and that there is no welding. I think this is enough to show that drop-sockets were known to our fathers, and one pair that I have got I have reason to believe was made by Clay, in which case they must have been known two hundred years ago.

I have stated before that the making of silver spurs is a lost art ; it would be more correct to say that the art of making reliable silver spurs is lost.

Many people of late years have tried their hand at making silver, and spent a good deal of time and money over it, and though some have turned out a fairly respectable spur, they have not succeeded in making one that will stand the necessary strain, although some are nearly as thick as barge poles.

This is the more singular as some of the old recipes are still in existence. It was an alloy of silver that was used—pure silver is far too soft a metal to stand the strain of a blow from a game-cock ; they contain a proportion of copper, and one recipe that is often quoted is said to contain no less than forty ingredients.

The recipes were doubtless different, as is seen by the variations in colour of the spurs, and it is probable that a larger proportion of copper was used in some cases than in others. There is little doubt that the secrets were carefully guarded, as some makers made better and stronger spurs than the rest.

It is certainly strange that with our present scientific knowledge of metals, and with the old recipes (if genuine)

in our possession, that we cannot do as well as our forbears. I have no doubt that where we fail is in the art of tempering ; our forefathers knew considerably more about it than we do, as is proved in many instances.

The silver spur was cast in a mould—that is, the molten metal was poured into a mould—and when cool taken out, then gently heated again, and hammered out by hand into the required shape. Care and skill was required not to split the spur ; moreover, too heavy a blow might split some of the particles of the metal under the surface, and so cause a weakness, though not discernible, as it would be under the sort of skin formed, but when broken the flaw would easily be detected.

The hollow space of the socket was obtained in the mould, and the spur was finished oft with a fine file and a burnisher. Of course there was the tempering, and, as before stated, I am convinced that this is where we hit the sod.

Tempering with oxygen, oil-baths, bone dust, etc., have all been tried, but we cannot get the desired results.

The steel spur, on the other hand, is made from forged metal—that is, the metal is heated and hammered by hand into the rough shape, and then beaten out with the oliver and hand into the required shape of the spur. The hole for the socket is drilled out. Naturally the tempering of the steel spur is equally important, but we can do this, and the spur is finished off with the file, etc.

The main difference between cast and forged metal is that when cast there are minute air spaces left between the granules of the metal, whereas in the forged variety the hammer has beaten all the particles into the closest contact, and this is one reason why it is stronger.

The use of artificial spurs dates back to remote antiquity. The Greeks and Romans undoubtedly used them. Old Roman spurs have been found made of silver, iron, and bronze, and if we can rely upon ancient authors the Greeks used them before the Romans ; indeed, nothing is more

probable than that the Romans learnt the use of artificial spurs, as well as cocking, from the Greeks.

At any rate, in *Charibdis* (a standard work on the private life of the Greeks, translated from the German of Professor Becher, a work which is referred to by Winwood Read in his author's preface to *The Martyrdom of Man* as one of his authorities) there is a note on page 78, being a reference to the birds of Aristophanes (who flourished 414 B.C. or thereabouts), and more particularly to line 759 of the said play, in which the word Οηκτρον (cock-spur) occurs. This refers, no doubt, to the natural spur, but there is a significant note appended of the scholiast, or commentator, who writes as follows: "And there are sharp pointed spurs made of copper, which are fixed or inserted on the cock's own spurs."

This appears to place beyond dispute the fact that artificial spurs were in use at that very ancient date, and I have no doubt long before, but I do not think that we need go back more than four hundred years before Christ.

I am indebted for the above to my dear friend S. M., who writes me, "My Greek is a bit rusty, but my dear old friend Sherard Joyce, one who, like Sir Thomas Urquhart, took his cock and bottle regularly, agreed with me as to the translation."

That artificial spurs were in use in very ancient times is beyond doubt, and anyone wishing for further proof of this fact I cannot do better than refer them to a most interesting little brochure on artificial spurs recently published by Herbert Atkinson, whose knowledge of the matter exceeds that of anyone else at the present day.

Now, because Gervaise Markham made some remark about sharpening the cock's natural spur before putting him down to try his fortune, many people have jumped to the conclusion that artificial spurs were not in use in England till after his day.

Writing about the middle of the seventeenth century,

he says, in his *Good Men's Recreations, or Pleasures of Princes*, in describing how you should prepare a cock for battle: "Then with a sharp knife you shall scrape smooth and sharpen his beake, then you shall smooth and sharpen his spurres."

Now, was Mr. Markham writing from practical experience or was he copying someone else? If the latter, he is no authority, and if the former, it doubtless points to the fact that he was partial to natural heel fighting, or that it was usual in his part of the country; but it does not prove that artificial spurs were not in use.

It is certain that artificial spurs were used in England long before his day. It is difficult to believe that they were not in use in his time, and we know that they were used very shortly afterwards.

In all countries, however, the use of artificial spurs is not believed in. I am told that the true game-cock of India, "The Asil," is fought not only without artificial spurs, but that the natural heel is removed and the stub bound over with seven thicknesses of tape, and that the battle continues for several days—so many hours each day until one proves the conqueror.

The owners of these birds contend that any dunghill can win, armed with spurs, but that only a true game-cock can win under these conditions; and I do not think anyone will dispute it.

Naturally pecking must play a great part in a protracted battle of this kind, and so skilful are the handlers that they will replace by an artificial one a beak lost in this mode of fighting.

I have also read that these cocks are sometimes confined in baskets, with only the head and neck free, and, placed opposite each other, are allowed to settle the question of supremacy in this manner, but it sounds too uninteresting to be true.

The training of these cocks surpasses anything that we

know, and is a matter of months instead of days ; in fact, they appear to be treated more like dogs than cocks.

Undoubtedly this style of fighting tests the game of a bird beyond cavil or doubt, but I think most people would prefer the quicker and more exciting battles of our land.

However, in India, from time immemorial, cock-fighting has been practised with a thoroughness that probably no other country can equal, and the Asil is an aristocrat amongst living things, whose genealogy dates back three thousand years, for there is little doubt that these are the birds alluded to in the institutes of Manu, a thousand years before Christ.

In Spain cocks are fought in their natural heels, and it is peculiar that, whilst this is legal, the use of artificial spurs is not allowed. Many years ago, I used frequently to attend the public cock-pit in Seville, and wonderfully good little cocks the Spaniards have. One would think that the battles would be long and dragging, but if my memory does not deceive me, the reverse was the case, and a battle seldom lasted over twenty minutes. The natural heels were sharpened as Gervaise Markham recommends, and were plunged into a lemon before each fight. This was done to clean them and remove anything injurious that might have been rubbed on them—a precaution against foul play. No pun intended ! The cocking season was in the winter, the summer being sacred to the bulls.

A friend of mine imported some of these cocks, and wonderful little fighting machines they were, very quick and cool, with deadly heels, but so small as to be almost unmatchable, and when crossed to increase their size they shared the fate of the Arab horse—when you increased the size you lost the good qualities.

To return to our artificial weapons, we have definite knowledge of them in the seventeenth century, as the elder Clay was making them then. Unfortunately this is the earliest maker of whom we know anything, but it is

inconceivable that there were not others before him; in fact, spurs are known that must have been made before his day.

The best-known makers of silver were the Clays, Gregory, Moore, Smith, Green, Gatesfield, and Toulmin. Less celebrated makers were Groves and Vincent. John Watling also made silver, and very beautiful silver, too, and Kendrick is said to have made a few pairs, but I have never come across any silver of his.

The most noted makers of old steel were Singleton, the temper of whose spurs was proverbial; John Watling, whose manufacture was preferred to all others in the West Country; Kendrick, Ross, Duke, Tepin, and Whitehouse.

I have endeavoured to gather what information I can of all these old makers. Unfortunately, much knowledge has been lost; it has died with the men who knew, and there seems a real danger of all knowledge disappearing altogether.

This has been an incentive to me to write these imperfect notes, in which I have endeavoured to collect what reliable information remains.

The manufacture of silver spurs was a distinct trade, specially carried on in Cockspur Street, London, to which it gave its name, but not confined to it by any means; and the usual price of silver cock weapons from the best makers was from two to three guineas, so they were evidently prized in their day, and they are of value now if only for the fact that they can no longer be made.

Perhaps the first thing that strikes one in old silver is the length of the blade. Not many, except those cut down, are under two inches—they are generally over; and I have seen them up to three and a half inches. Perhaps the next thing one notices is the smallness of the socket; some, and not short ones, have really tiny sockets, which seems to prove that small cocks were capable of carrying

a long heel in those days. The craze for short heels appears to indicate a deterioration in the cocks.

As a general rule I have noticed that the oldest makers made the shortest spurs, but never less than one and a half inches. About the middle of the eighteenth century long spurs undoubtedly came into favour, and three inches was no uncommon length ; indeed, Isaac Hallam, in his poem, (1742), an extract from which heads this chapter, tells us that superior judges preferred the longest size.

Of course, makers at this period made spurs of all sizes, but the long ones were the more usual.

The makers of silver nearly all marked their spurs with their own mark—usually their initials served for this purpose—but one of the oldest known marks is that of a heart. Some say that this was the first mark of the Clays ; but I have been told that a pair of spurs, presented to Charles II. by Nell Gwynn, are marked thus. If this is so, they were probably, almost certainly, made before Clay was born ; and anyway, it proves that there were makers of silver before him.

I note that H. A. says in his work that Charles II. presented these spurs to Nell Gwynn, and he is probably correct ; but it really does not make much difference, as it does not alter the date. He also mentions an arrow and a battle-axe as early marks of unknown makers ; they were probably also before Clay.

The usual place for the makers to stamp their mark was the base of the blade where it joins the socket, but this was by no means invariably the case, and in steel it is quite the exception. Amongst the silver makers Green often stamped his initials on the side of the socket, and Gatesfield and Watling, as far as I know, always did so. Thomas Smith and Sam Toulmin also occasionally marked their spurs on one side of the socket.

This sometimes causes confusion, as many owners had their initials engraved on their spurs in this situation, but they can generally be fairly easily distinguished from the fact

that the owner's initials are nearly always larger and more distinct, and, further, that they were engraved and not stamped, in most cases, whereas the makers' initials were invariably stamped.

The colour of spurs varies considerably, and some makers made them purer in colour—that is whiter—than others; but I have noticed spurs of the same maker to vary in colour to a certain degree. We must not forget the alloy in all silver spurs, nor is it reasonable to suppose that a maker always stuck to the same recipe. What is more likely than that he varied the amount of, say, copper at times, and so produced a yellower spur? No doubt he eventually established to his own satisfaction that one recipe was the best, and then stuck to it, and therefore most of his spurs are the same in colour. In the case of Toulmin, for example, you will find that his spurs vary, some being decidedly yellower than others, though most are very pure in colour.

Green undoubtedly made the yellowest spurs, and some claim that they know a Green directly they see it by the colour, but every yellow spur is not by Green. Gregory and Gatesfield made yellow-coloured spurs, and even Clay made some yellowish ones, and also Toulmin, as I have said before.

Clay was noted for the purity of the colour of his spurs, but Toulmin made many of the purest white, and so did John Watling and Smith; in fact, I have never seen a yellowish spur by these two makers, and Moore made purer coloured spurs than any of them perhaps.

In the following notes I will give you what particulars I can of the best-known makers, and their spurs.

THE ELDER CLAY (John Clay, I believe) was born at Norwich in 1662. There were certainly two Clays, father and son; some authorities state that there were three generations of Clays, and that the last Clay marked his spurs P.C. Unfortunately, I have never yet come across any with this mark, but am told that they exist.

John Clay marked his spurs I.C. or with the I crossed. I refer you to page 103 for the difference in the marking of Clay's spurs and also of other makers who used the same initials.

We must remember that in those days the I and the J were generally printed exactly alike, but also the J was sometimes crossed to distinguish it from the I.

I think, then, there is no doubt that these initials stand for John Clay, though through the similarity of the I and the J some people speak of Isaac Clay. The same thing exactly occurs with John Watling's initials. We know there was a John Watling who made spurs, but I am very sure there was no Isaac Watling.

These initials are always at the base of the blade (at least, I have never seen them anywhere else), and nearly always marked crosswise to it.

Most of John Clay's spurs are short—that is, short for silver, from one and a half inches to two inches, but generally round about two inches. They are slender, beautiful spurs, and very pure in colour. They are scarce to-day, and a true pair is rare.

It is my belief that the next Clay stamped his spurs with a C only. Many people maintain that C. was the mark of the first Clay. I do not think so, for several reasons. In the first place, I believe the first Clay rejoiced in the name of John. I have also seen a spur with the mark I.C. almost worn out, and a very distinct C. stamped over it. It is evident that the C is the later mark. It appears probable that it was stamped afresh by the younger Clay as his father's mark was indistinct. You occasionally find spurs with two makers' marks on them, and sometimes with the same makers' mark in two places.

You will also find more spurs about marked with the C. only, and I think it is therefore a fair presumption that they were of a later make.

Many of Clay's spurs are short, but there is always the suspicion that they have been cut down, and I know of

several pairs quite long—that is, two and a half inches and over, and, as I said before, some are yellowish in colour. But, yellow or white, they are perfect spurs, and beautifully finished. They vary considerably in length and set. Most silver spurs—in fact, I think we may say most old spurs—are very straight set, that is, they have no inclination to left or right; but I know of one or two pairs of Clays with a very decided set, more so than any other old spurs that I have seen.

The sockets, the most difficult part of the spur to finish, show the master hand, and most of them have the edge next to the leg of the cock smoothed and flattened in a style that many people think is confined to the modern makers.

When you are examining a spur always look to the socket. Most turn out a good blade, but only the best makers can turn out a perfect socket.

The Clays enjoy the reputation of being perhaps the best makers of silver, and there is a lot in it; when we consider that these weapons have been in use for over two hundred years, it speaks volumes for their durability. They were noted for their lightness and purity of colour; they have the reputation of being lighter than any. They are certainly most beautiful spurs. There are a fair number about, but the true pair is not common, and they are of value to-day both for their age and excellence.

Before leaving them, I want you to notice the difference between the C's of the two Clays (see page 103).

THOMAS SMITH must always take a high place amongst silver cock-spur makers; in fact, I do not think we shall be doing any great injustice to anybody if we give him the highest place, for not only did he make grand spurs himself, but he exerted a considerable influence over other makers. I believe that the excellence of Smith & Gatesfield's spurs is due entirely to Smith, and even after his death his influence continued, for I am sure that Toulmin owed much of his success to Smith.

We know rather more about him than most makers, though it is not much. He flourished early in the seventeens, and we know he was dead before 1753, as he is referred to as the late T. Smith in an advertisement of that date. He also had the honour of being praised in poetry, being the gentleman referred to in Hallam's famous poem, "The Cocker," which was printed at Stamford in 1742, so, in all probability, he was alive then.

There is another reference to him extant in which he is described as "Mr. Thomas Smith, near Katherine Street, in the Strand, being allowed the most curious and noted maker of silver cock-weapons."

There are a fair number of his spurs still to be found, and I think there is no doubt that he had a long as well as successful career. That these spurs are nearly two hundred years old proves their quality. They are indeed beautiful spurs in every respect; I do not know that I have ever seen a bad one, all of perfect make and finish.

Though not so slender as some, I have never seen a coarse one, and I have seen them all lengths, from one and a half to three and a half inches; but very few indeed under two inches.

They are also very white in colour; I have never seen a yellowish spur by him.

He marked them T.S. nearly always at the base of the blade and lengthwise to it, and with the T. nearest the leather.

However, he occasionally marked a pair on the side of the socket, on the left-hand side and close to the blade. He stamped these the reverse way to other makers—that is, you read T.S. with the blade pointing downwards. This mark has been confused with Sam Toulmin, I believe, but we will go further into this under Toulmin.

Towards the end of his life he took H. Gatesfield into partnership with him, and the spurs made during this partnership are generally just as good; but I have seen a few

hardly up to standard, and they are generally shorter in length for some reason.

These spurs are marked S.G., but in the vast majority of cases it looks like S.C., the base of the G. having apparently been stamped so lightly that it has worn away. The same thing occurs in Gatesfield's spurs.

I think this mark is rather rarer than the T.S., which seems to prove that the partnership did not last very long; anyway Smith died before Gatesfield, and I think we may justly describe him as the King of the Spur-makers.

It is believed, and indeed it is more than likely, that Smith also made steel spurs, and I know of a pair or two marked S. that are said to be by him.

I. MOORE is little known as a maker of spurs; so little known that some people say he did not exist. Moreover, I have never seen his name mentioned in any work on the subject. Be this as it may, there are a certain number of exceptionally perfect spurs about that bear the initials I.M., and I know of a box containing these spurs, with the trade label of one I. Moore, "at the Hand and Spur," Poland Street, on the lid. This is, I think, sufficient.

For several reasons I think he must have been one of the early makers, and probably lived about 1700. One of the most beautiful little pair of spurs that I have ever seen are made by him. They are thinner in the blade and lighter than any I know, and their owner informed me that they had killed hundreds of cocks; in fact, they are perfect little gems. Most of his spurs are short—I do not remember seeing one over two inches—and they are exceptionally pure in colour. The I.M. is always at the base of the blade.

Moore also made steel spurs, I believe, but I have never seen any with his mark on them.

GREGORY, GREEN, GATESFIELD, and GROVES present difficulties, in that all their names start with the same letter. Green and Gatesfield further complicate

matters, as they both sported the same Christian name—Henry. However, I think that we can come to some definite conclusions.

GREGORY was, I believe, the oldest maker of the four, and it is generally acknowledged that he marked his spurs with a G. They are by no means common, and although one occasionally comes across odd spurs marked thus, I know of only one good pair of Gregory's. These are marked with a bold G. at the base of the blade and are beautiful spurs, perfect in every way, and decidedly yellow in colour.

HARRY GREEN is better known, and there are quite a few of his spurs about. They had the reputation of being yellower and stronger than any, and they are certainly the yellowest spurs seen to-day.

He marked them H.G., and nearly always on the right-hand side of the socket ; but I know of one pair stamped at the base of the blade. They are most excellent workmanlike weapons—real beauties.

Now I cannot help thinking that the old makers occasionally renovated somebody else's spurs—say restraightened and retempered bent or old ones—and then put their mark on them. I have seen several examples which seem to bear this out, and it is not unlikely. Harry Green appears to have been rather partial to this, as I have noticed his mark on several spurs in addition to other makers' marks.

HENRY GATESFIELD is chiefly known as the partner of Thomas Smith, but he made spurs of his own before that partnership. He also marked his spurs H.G., and, as far as I know, always on the left-hand side of the socket.

His H.G. is quite different from Green's, and can be easily distinguished. It is more lightly stamped, and his G. is rather a flimsy affair, with a very small base to the G, so that in the vast majority of cases it has worn out, and the G. cannot be distinguished from a C. As before remarked,

the same thing applies to the mark of Smith & Gatesfield ; so he evidently stuck to his own G. during the partnership.

His initials are rather larger than is usual, and he appears to have stamped them very carelessly, and the H. and the G. are seldom in line, and in one case I have seen the G. stamped upside down.

His spurs do not display quite the same finish as the other makers, and they are rather yellow in colour. A great change comes over the scene when he becomes partner to Smith, and evidently Smith's recipe was used, as their spurs are generally perfect and very pure in colour.[1]

THOMAS GROVES is unfortunately a dark horse. I can discover nothing about him except that an advertisement of his appears in Heber's *List of Horse-matches and Cock-matches for* 1743. He advertised that he made silver spurs, and it is presumed that he marked them T.G., but I have never seen a spur with this mark, nor do I know anyone who has.

Of the four G's, it is supposed that Gregory lived early in the seventeens, Green a bit later, and Gatesfield and Groves about the middle of that century.

SAMUEL TOULMIN lived about the middle of the eighteenth century and was a very great maker of silver cock-weapons.

He must have made an enormous number, and of all sizes and shapes. Some are very curved and some are very straight, and all shades between, and they even vary a little in colour.

He made Groghams and drop-sockets, and his spurs are by far the most numerous that we find to-day. I do not think I am very far wrong in saying that there are as many Toulmin's about as all the other makers put together. Some people maintain that this proves him the best maker of

[1] Harry Gum, the setter, often marked the spurs he used H.G., and they must not be confused with Green's or Gatesfield's.

them all, as his spurs have stood whilst others have broken. I do not think that this is quite just to the older makers, for we must remember that he was the last of the great makers, and therefore his spurs have had less time to break. Also, to judge by his business cards and the number of them about (the business cards of other makers are as rare as dodos), he must have been an acute business man, and I have no doubt that he manufactured on a larger scale than all the rest. This does not alter the fact that some of his spurs are perfect masterpieces, and when in his best style are excelled by none.

He marked his spurs T.S., and there is a certain amount of uncertainty as to why he did this. Some people say it was merely reversing his initials, but I can see no object in so doing, and I think it is far more likely that, as he claimed to be the successor of Smith & Gatesfield, he added the well-known name of Smith to his own, and as a matter of fact, his spurs are generally known as Toulmin & Smith's.

This is borne out by his business card, in which he describes himself as "Samuel Toulmin, silver cock-spur maker, successor to Smith & Gatesfield, at the Dial and Crown, near Hungerford Market, in the Strand, London."

Then he makes a special note that Mr. Gatesfield was a friend and successor to the late Mr. Smith mentioned in Mr. Hallam's ingenious poem, etc. Then he quotes from the poem, and puts Smith's name in special type where it occurs. This would appear to show that Smith was the name he wished to associate himself with, and he felt no doubt that his succeeding him entitled him to use his name on his spurs.

What is more likely than that the young Toulmin should have gone to Gatesfield, then an old man, with his partner dead, and bought from him Smith's famous recipe and the right to call himself the successor of the well-known firm? And this is apparently what he did. Smith being far more famous than Gatesfield, he drops that name and associates

his own with Smith's. It must have been round about 1750 that he succeeded the celebrated partners.

One can argue from this that Toulmin was not a great maker until he got Smith's recipe, or he may have been of a diffident disposition and felt that his own name alone would be insufficient to sell his goods. Be this as it may, he proved himself a good business man and a good maker.

By the way, Toulmin also made watches and clocks.

Some say that Toulmin made spurs before he succeeded Smith & Gatesfield, and that he marked them S.T. I believe this to be a mistake, and the mark taken for S.T. is really the T.S. of Thomas Smith. Let me explain. The mark has been shown me, and it certainly, at first glance, looks like S.T., and it is always, as far as I know, on the side of the socket. Now, as I have stated before, Smith marked some of his spurs at the side of the socket and the reverse way to the usual one. He also had a very decided foot-piece to his T.; and with the cross of the T obliterated, or nearly so by time, and looked at the usual way—that is with the blade of the spur pointing upwards—it makes an excellent S.T.; but a close examination of several pairs has assured me that it is Thomas Smith's mark, not Sam Toulmin's.

Anybody can verify this if he has several pairs to examine and a magnifying glass. I may note here that all the marks shown are enlarged. Of course, Toulmin may have marked spurs S.T., but, if so, I have not seen them.

As already stated, Toulmin used T.S. as his mark, and he stamped it in various ways, generally in the usual place at the base of the blade, by far the most frequently lengthwise with the T nearest the point of the blade, but occasionally the other way about—that is, with the T nearest the leather He also sometimes stamped his mark in the same place, but crosswise, and more rarely still at the side of the socket, and when here, on the right-hand side and rather far forward.

It is possible to confuse Toulmin's T.S. with that of

Thomas Smith, but with a magnifying glass you can easily see the difference (see page 103).

Both the T and the S are different, and Smith's mark is larger and more distinct.

Toulmin made a number of long silver, three inches. They were in great favour in mains some eighty years ago, and are reputed to have been special favourites with the celebrated Dr. Bellyse.

To finish up, we must say that Toulmin was a great maker, and at his best his spurs are perfect models, as good as are to be found, and if at times one meets with a pair that does not quite come up to our standard, well, he made a great many, and one cannot always be at the top of one's form.

H. VINCENT was, I believe, the last maker of silver. He made some good spurs, but, in spite of his being one of the latest makers, they are not often seen.

He marked them H.V., usually at the base of the blade and crosswise to it, but occasionally at the side of the socket.

He was a London maker, and evidently carried on a considerable business, as I have read that he was keeping in his employment a dozen workmen at the time of his death in 1797 I am told that his widow continued the business with three men until about 1810.

Undoubtedly there were many makers of silver of whom we know nothing, and one frequently comes across silver spurs unmarked ; but the vast majority have one or other of the marks described in this article.

Steel spurs also afford an interesting study, though, as they can be made to-day, they have not the same interest or value as silver.

The making of steel spurs is not a lost art ; in fact, many people consider that they are made better to-day than formerly, especially in America, and certainly they make some very fine specimens in that now dry country,

beautifully set so that you have only to tie them on the cock's leg, and there you are.

It is to be noted that the modern sockets are generally higher and larger than the old. This really makes the spur longer, and it means that you can leave a longer stub of the natural heel, and by well padding the leg under the spur, and with your high socket, you can add from a quarter to half an inch on to your heel, but of course it does not alter the penetrating depth.

The old price of steel spurs was said to be from 50s. to 60s. per dozen pairs, but I came across in an old diary of that celebrated cocker, Sir Francis Boynton, that he paid for five pairs of steel 7s. 6d., which makes them very much cheaper.

It may be interesting to note the price of other cocking requisites in those days—about 1796—namely :

	s.	d.
1 pair of scissors	1	6
1 saw	2	0
1 cock bag	1	0
2 double pens & 4 troughs	14	0

Steel spurs were also plated with silver, and as the plating in those days was mechanical and not electro, it was difficult to distinguish them from silver spurs, if made in the same shape. The plating was always thickest at the base of the blade and thinnest at the point, the business end. Many old plated spurs give themselves away by the plating having worn away at the point. I am told that the plating of cock-spurs first gave the idea for the making of the well-known Sheffield plate.

Of course, this plating of steel spurs could only have been done with the object of getting an advantage ; in others words, it was unfair ; you were supposed to be fighting in silver and really you were using steel. For this reason, I suppose, as they were foul, you never find

a maker's mark on a pair of plated spurs—at least, I have never seen one.

The late Robert Daubeny had a pair of steel spurs with very fine silver sheaths, said to have been used at a Cheltenham cock-fight at the end of the eighteenth century. The match was arranged for silver spurs, and the sheaths were slipped off at the last minute. This was very refined swindling. I wonder where these spurs are now? They must be most interesting.

The West Country cockers seem to have been a hot lot, for I have heard that the only thing the celebrated Bailey of Bristol could teach the then young Charlie Faultless was the use of plated spurs instead of silver; but it is hard to believe that they were so innocent in the Black Country.

The information I can collect of the old makers of steel is even more meagre than that of the silver makers, but a few facts are known.

SINGLETON, of Dublin, has the reputation of having made the best steel spurs, and I think he deserves it.

As the natives of Ould Ireland have always been devoted to the sod, it is a pleasure to record that one of her sons stands pre-eminent in something connected with this grand old sport.

He lived about the middle of the eighteenth century, and his spurs were great works of art, wonderfully fine and strong, and their temper has always been regarded as excelling all others.

He marked them with an S. at the base of the blade, but I have seen one or two odd spurs with this mark at the top of the socket which have every appearance of a Singleton, but it is an unusual place for a maker's mark. You still find examples, but good pairs are scarce. See page 103 for the difference in the S used by Singleton and that used by Thomas Smith on his steel spurs.

DUKE was a pupil of Singleton's and a good maker. He must have flourished towards the end of the eighteenth or beginning of the nineteenth century. He marked his spurs with a D. at the base of the blade, but I have not seen many examples of his craft.

JOHN WATLING, of Exeter, was second to none in the making of cock-weapons, and in the West Country his name stood above all others. He marked his spurs I. W. on the side of the socket. As before remarked, in his day the printed I and J were the same, but it has led to people calling him Isaac Watling. I fortunately have come across an old brass of his, showing on one side two cocks fighting, and with his name on the reverse side printed thus: IOHN WATLING.

He made very beautiful spurs, and I have seen a pair of drop-sockets by him, and, strange to say, they are marked with a distinct J: thus, J. W. 3. What the 3 stands for I do not know, and it is the only pair of his that I have seen marked with the more modern J.

Watling has always been considered a steel spur maker. By the way, one authority says his spurs are made of tempered iron, but he also made silver, and extra good silver, too. I know of several pairs by him, all long ones, and I can say that I know of none better, very light and strong and beautifully finished, with the edge of the socket next to the cock's leg, rolled back, so as to make an easy fitting. All I have seen have also been wired to the leathers instead of the usual thread. Another point that shows an extra refinement of care and finish is that on his right spur he puts his initials on the right side of the socket, and on the left side for his left spur. I know of no other maker who goes to this trouble.

He flourished, I believe, early last century, and I think we can say that no better spur maker lived than John Watling.

KENDRICK, of Redditch, was one of the best steel makers, and made some very first-class spurs, excellent in every respect. He marked them with a K. at the side of the socket. He is said to have also made silver heels; but I know of none with his mark.

ROSS, of Bloxwich, has the reputation of a good steel spur maker, but I know nothing of his spurs. I note H. A. says he was connected with Tepin.

WILLIAM TEPIN, of Bloxwich, was one of the best known of the steel spur makers, and his son followed in his father's footsteps. They were both cradle makers by trade, as well as spur makers, and they must have made an enormous number of spurs during their long lives.

The elder Tepin undoubtedly made the best weapons, and, as far as I know, unlike any other maker with the exception of Whitehouse, he stamped his name, W. Tepin, on the blade of his spurs. I have seen one pair stamped the same way by his son, J. Tepin, but it is the only pair I know of, and it seems probable that the large number of spurs we see that resemble Tepin's closely, but with no mark on them, were made by the younger Tepin, but they have not quite the same finish as the father's. One point I have noticed about these spurs is that the blade is generally a little lower than the socket.

Tepin started about 1785, and his son, who worked in Sheffield, was making spurs as late as about 1880, but he was a very old man at the time. The elder Tepin, too, lived to a great age. It is another example of the length of life enjoyed by most cockers.

Whitehouse I know very little of, except that he made some good spurs and stamped his name along the blade. They have very solid sockets and only four holes for sewing on the leathers, and as the sockets are quite plain they are somewhat difficult to leather securely. They are, however, excellent weapons.

Besides these better-known makers there must have been a host of others, and the majority of old steel have no marks on them at all. There are also many with marks that we cannot trace, and whom they stand for we do not know.

I have come across several pairs of most beautifully made heels marked O. P., and though he was not generally known as a spur maker, I believe them to have been the work of Owen Probyn, who was very famous as a setter-to some hundred years ago. But whoever made them, they are as good as any I know, and much better than most.

In America to-day they make top-hole steel spurs, and Gregory of Wilmington, Ohio, has deservedly a great reputation. Sturzel, of 768 West Belmont Avenue, Chicago, makes most killing weapons, and H. B. Gleezen makes spurs and everything else of the best quality.

I have come to the end of my knowledge of spurs, and I must thank the many kind friends who have helped me to collect these few facts. So farewell to the spurs! but may you long be an object of interest, and may many generations to come still find some use for you.

The Marking of Cock-Spurs.

The Elder Clay	I.C & ‡C
The Next Clay	C
Harry Green	H G
Henry Gatesfield	H G
Thomas Smith	T S
Samuel Toulmin	T S
Singleton	S
Thomas Smith (Steel Spurs)	S

FAMOUS COCKS

And Praises pierce the Skies from the vast Throng
Who shout the Victor as he Rides along.

THE game-cock has not the advantage of other fighting animals in that he may become the hero of a hundred fights. He is armed with deadly weapons, and his first fight is generally his last. Also one cock does not fight for his master's honour and glory, also his cash—he is one of many. One superlatively good cock is of no use to win a main ; you must have many good cocks. For this reason it is the strain that becomes famous, not the bird.

Further, a cock, even though victorious, may easily receive an injury in his battle that renders the further chance of victories remote, and the worst of it is that he may show no sign of it, and be to all appearances in perfect health. For this reason the old cockers seldom fought a bird twice, and also deprecated breeding from a foughten cock.

Nevertheless, occasionally a cock has put up a wonderful record and won many battles, though there is always the suspicion that he must have met inferior opponents. At the same time, there is no reason why an exceptionally good-heeled cock should not win many victories, with luck. The greatest number of victories credited to one cock that I have ever heard of is twenty-seven, and this wonderful record was put up by a Red Dun belonging to Mr. Elwes ; but the greatest performance I have ever read of is that of a hen cock, who, in a main of twenty-one cocks at Dublin, won nine battles in succession and the main. It is truly remarkable for three reasons : firstly, winning nine battles on the same day, and only short intervals between them ; secondly,

all the cocks must have been picked birds ; and thirdly, he must have given a lot of weight away towards the end. It is such a wonderful performance that one almost doubts the truth of it.

Another great perfomance I have read of is that of an American cock who, on account of a deformity, was styled the Hump. He fought for three years without being beaten, when he was matched to fight for one thousand dollars, and backed by a foreign sportsman, who must have been foreign to the game as well, for the spurs were put on upside down, it being a trick to win Crapeau's bank roll ; but he won in spite of this, and the shearer was shorn.

I once saw a cock win with no spurs. The leathering was rotten, and both heels burst from the leathers and hung useless after the first few flies ; yet he won from a spurred cock after a long battle.

A wonderful bird of later years was known as the Bone Crusher. In one evening he killed three birds, in about one minute of actual fighting. I am told that in the first battle he broke both wings of his opponent ; in the second, a wing and a thigh ; and in the third, both wings and both thighs. Truly he deserved his name. He won later a fourth battle and was put on a walk to end his days in peace and comfort, and, sad to relate, met his death at the heels of a stag, his own son.

I think the greatest performance I have ever seen personally was that of a little Grey cock bred by dear old Geordie Downey, who won a Welch main and a battle royal the same day ; and to make it even more remarkable, he was the smallest bird in both events. He survived and was taken home and bred from, and I heard of some descendants of his only the other day.

I owned a bird myself, whom I nearly consigned to the pot on account of cramp, who won five battles in one afternoon, and seven in all. I did not want him, and was anxious to see him die an honourable death, but he defeated me.

Strange to say, he uncoupled all his opponents, met them in mid-air and shot them down as though he had got a gun. After this I fancied him, and the next time he fought backed him heavily. This time he lost.

Another great cock belonging to an old friend of mine was known as the Fox hunter, and he earned his name, for he was seen chasing a fox that was carrying off one of his hens. Perhaps it was lucky that he did not catch Reynard. He was never beaten, and fought year after year with unvarying success, till he piled up I don't know how many victories. He even beat his own master, for some friends took him off his walk and beat a choice cock of his owner's with him for a large stake, and his owner never recognised him till the battle was over, and he had paid up.

He never ate anything in the pens, but he always won.

He had left many descendants when he died of old age ; in fact, every good cock my friend had was always descended from the Fox-hunter ; and no conversation on cocks was complete without that magic name.

Another old friend of mine, A. L. P., had some wonderful cocks. He would put six or eight in a hamper and travel across England with them, often leave them in their hamper all night, bring them out in the morning, fight them all, and generally take them all home again. He would repeat this performance several times during the season. I remember someone seeking the secret feed that enabled him to do this, but was disappointed on learning that they had only had a little pollard. Two grand cocks stood out above the rest, Scalp-head and Grey Eye. Scalp-head was a Black Red, about a quarter Asil, I think, and he started his career by winning a Welch main. He then won three or four more battles, and got a wing broken. This did not stop him, and he continued on his victorious career for many years. As my old friend wrote me : " He accompanied me to most of the meetings I have attended for the past five or six years." At last, at nine years of age, he met his match ; he had lost

some of his dash, my friend said. He must have won more than a dozen battles, besides killing five or six cocks on his walks, and a cock turkey. What a record, eh? Old Grey Eye, if he did not win so many battles, it was only because he did not have so many opportunities; but he accompanied Scalp-head and his master on most of their journeys. As my dear old friend told me, he could not always take them; he had to give the young birds a chance. Grey Eye died of old age and full of honours; and Scalp-head lives on canvas, painted by the master hand of Herbert Atkinson.

The same good sportsman had yet a third cock which even excelled the other two—"Slasher" by name and nature. Like his predecessors, he accompanied his master on all his journeys, and, killing on an average about ten cocks a year, piled up an extraordinary total. I don't like to write it, but he must have killed nearly forty cocks. I saw him myself, and he was a wicked fighter. One day, after disposing of three cocks one after the other in jig time, an acute sportsman present said: "I say, to make it fair that cock should fight with only one spur. If you will put on one only, I will fight a cock against him, of course with two." "All right," said my friend, "but the old boy has done enough for to-day. I will fight you to-morrow morning." And so it was fixed.

My innocent friend happened to have a pair of slashers with him, and next morning, fixing one of these fearsome weapons on his champion, brought him to the pit. His adversary had been kidding himself that he had a soft thing on, but when he saw the one spur, he protested strongly, and claimed the match was off. However, a self-appointed committee of spectators decided that the terms of the agreement had been fulfilled and that the match must go on. Old Slasher went on and with one punch placed his foe *hors-de-combat* and won his name.

The different strains of fighting-cocks are better known, and no one will ever forget the Derby Reds and their noble

owner. He bred them to a state of perfection that has never been surpassed, and fought them to an extent and with a success that has never been equalled. They were Black-breasted light reds, and cut out with a white hackle; had white legs and beak and daw eyes, and came to a feather. They were noted for their shifty wariness in the early part of the battle, and then going in with furious fighting for the finish.

The Dalston Black Reds were real black reds—that is, they were black and red, with black legs, beak, and eyes and gipsy faces—and for long they were equal to any.

The Cheshire Pyles are famous wherever cocking is known. They had yellow legs and beak, and the bloodiest of heels; it is peculiar what good heels Pyles generally possess. If only their other qualities corresponded. The Cheshire Pyles combined all, and I cannot praise them higher than quoting what Sketchly says:

The well-known Cheshire Pyles have always been favourites with the gentlemen of the Sod, and for reasons most urgent, for you have in them everything that constitutes good fighters. They are lofty, well-shaped, good game, uncommon breeders, and perhaps their feather as little objectionable, taking them in the whole as any Pyles in the kingdom. The breeder of these birds has continually, and I may say invariably, for many years, pursued a steady and uniform conduct in keeping them to themselves. Even the light Pyles have been kept separate from the dark, and by judiciously putting them together he has established the well-known reputation of these cocks. Mr. Rilands has not split upon the rock which many breeders have, and there are but few instances where a set of cocks have been so regularly kept and continued as these, and probably few have fought with more general eclat and success.

High praise from a high authority.

Dr. Bellyse's Brown Reds were unequalled in their time, and were very seldom beaten. He obtained them by crossing the Cheshire Pyles and the Dalston Black Reds, and having established his strain he crossed no more.

Cobden's Brown Reds of later years were almost equally famous, and probably came from the sporting doctor's blood, but other authorities state that they originated from Lord Germaine's. Perhaps Germaine got his from Bellyse. Both these strains were typical Brown Reds and came to a feather.

The Red Duns of Sir Francis Boynton were famous a hundred years ago and carried all before them in the old York Pit and were noted for their fast fighting and bloody heels. Nor must we forget the Hen Cocks of Cornwall and Wales, noted for their terrific dash and rapid fighting; and it is recorded that, finding it impossible to get matches nearer home, the gentlemen of Pembrokeshire once challenged all England with their Black Hennies for some years without getting a reply.

In later times the Gornall Greys were the pride of the Black Country. They had a silver hackle, back, and saddle, with a black breast streaked with grey, tail black, with the first two sycle feathers nearly always white, white legs and beak, and daw eyes.

The Gilman Greys were the most famous strain of not many years ago. They were dark greys, silver and black, dark legs, face, and eyes, but the soles of the feet were always yellow. They came to a feather, but some had yellower legs and lighter faces. They were grand birds, and in the hands of their breeder were practically unbeatable; and towards the end it was difficult to find anyone who would take them on. Joe Gilman fought originally Brown Reds and Pyles. The Brown Reds were Varndall's. Varndall succeeded Cobden, and Gilman bought the whole of the stock on Varndall's death.

The Pyles were Jenning's Pyles, and he crossed a Pyle cock on the Brown Red hens and had some wonderful Blood-wing Pyles which were extraordinarily good.

Then he crossed a grey cock of the Gornall Grey blood on his Varndall hens, and got Greys and Brown Reds. He

crossed again with a grey cock from Bill Gilliver and got his famous Dark Greys. He always bred in-and-in afterwards, and established the strain that made him famous, and they practically always came beautiful dark greys, and to a feather.

At the present time we frequently have to depend on America for our blood, and the birds that went over there years ago are coming back. As a rule our old strains have well held their own, but the greatest cocks of late years have been the Red Horses from America. They are beautiful brown reds, rather lightly than strongly built, but fast as lightning, great game and good heels, and they never let up till dead or victorious.

They were bred originally by the Eslin family of Washington, and they swept America with them. They bred the Red Horses and the Red Quills, very similar in blood; they crossed the two strains together, till to-day the blood is practically the same, but often a cock will hark back in appearance to the Quills. As is the case with all famous strains, there are thousands of Red Horses and Red Quills in America; but the real birds are hard to procure.

All these famous strains, and many more it would take a volume to record, were kept at their perfection by in-breeding. Everything must have a beginning, and many —I suppose all—originated from crosses at some time or another; but once the strain was established, rigid in-and-in methods were followed, and this is the only way you can hope for continued success in cocking.

THE CELEBRATED BILL GILLIVER (ON THE RIGHT)
SETTING WHEN NEARING HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

FAMOUS COCKERS

Heaven-born boys, that in Cocking delight,
Are ever true-hearted and constant in Fight.

To mention even the names of the famous cockers of England would require a book to itself, and as I have already tried the patience of my readers far enough, I will only victimise them to the extent of a few of the most famous, as no work on cocking, however modest, seems complete without the mention of some of the great names of the past.

I fear that I have little new to tell, but thanks to the kindness of my great friend, G. A. M., I can give you some anecdotes from the life of old Bill Gilliver, written by himself, so they at least should be true; and I take comfort from the thought that anything connected with the sport will be of interest to my readers.

No name can better head a roll of cockers than that of Lord Derby, that one-time Lord of Knowsley and prince of sportsmen. To the twelfth Earl of Derby belongs the honour of being perhaps the greatest cocker that ever lived.

He bred on a scale that has had no parallel, and he is said to have had three thousand cocks at walk on his estates at one time. In those good old days the leases of his farms contained a clause that the tenant should walk cocks and puppies for the landlord.

He fought mains all over the country, but perhaps his favourite spot was Preston, where he had built at his own expense the best appointed and most commodious cock-pit in the kingdom. I hear that it is now a temperance

hall. This is bad enough, but other cock-pits have had even a sadder fate, they have become chapels.

Lord Derby, it is said, reserved his best cocks for the Preston mains, and that the main-bag here was of silk and gold. Five shillings was the price of admission when the Derby mains were being fought, and one hundred guineas a battle and five hundred guineas the main the usual stakes.

He seems to have fought, too, practically all the year round, for I have read of mains of his in September.

His cocks, famous all over the world as the Derby Reds, were in their time well-nigh invincible, and even Sketchly, that difficult critic, finds a word of praise for them, in that they were more regular and undeviating than most.

This great sportsman lived to the ripe age of eighty-two. He died in October, 1834, one year after cocking was prohibited within five miles of Temple Bar, but he was spared the indignity of seeing the prohibition of his favourite sport extended to the provinces.

A famous picture, entitled "Game to the Last," depicting an old man dying on his bed, and watching two cocks fighting, was, I believe, inspired by him, and Lord Derby, like his cocks, died "game to the last."

Amongst other noble cockers may be mentioned the Dukes of Cleveland, Hamilton, and Northumberland; Lords Sefton, Thomond, Grandison, Mexborough, and Vere. Great names, too, are those of Sir Francis Boynton, Sir Harry Vane, Sir Charles Sedley, Sir Harry Bold Houghton, Colonel Mellish, and Hugo Meynell—in short, the pick of England's sportsmen.

Dr. Bellyse, of Audlem, Cheshire, deserves more than a passing mention, for no greater lover of the sod ever lived. A remarkable man in all respects was this worthy doctor; he was eminent in his own profession, renowned all over the country-side for his skill, and as a sportsman never excelled.

Like another doctor that I know, the man of medicine and the man of sport were two different beings, and equally great as both.

No keener follower of racing and coursing ever lived, and he was a walking encyclopædia of racing pedigrees, but it was as a cocker that he was famous.

The ties of his profession prevented him from going far afield for his sport, and it is said that he never saw a Derby or St. Ledger run, and I believe that he never fought his cocks except at Chester; but nothing could induce him to forgo his annual week there.

Patients, however important, had to give up all hope of seeing the doctor that week. As regularly as the seasons he turned up at the Hop Pole Inn, with his yellow gig and his brown cob Tommy, at two in the afternoon the Saturday before the races, and the first business was a visit to the pens, a close inspection of his Brown Red Champions, and a long audience with his feeder.

The doctor started cocking before he was well out of his teens, and he bred on an extensive scale, often having as many as one thousand cocks at walk.

He originally fought the Cheshire Pyles. These were the birds that the Cholmondeleys, the Egertons, the Warburtons, the Cottons, and the Rylances had fought in all the great county mains, chiefly against the Mexborough and Meynell families; but, good as they were, their constitution did not suit our doctor, and by carefully crossing with the famous Dalston Black Reds he produced his Brown Reds, that carried as deadly a spur, and would stand the most punishing preparation. Then the closest in-breeding and six pullets to one cock was, he said, the secret of his success.

Phillips and Joe Gilliver both fed for him at different times, and, considering their large choice, and the doctor's well-known skill as a breeder, it is not surprising that he was generally successful in the pit.

He died suddenly, at the age of seventy, in 1829, regretted by all who knew him.

Sir Francis Boynton, of Burton Agnes, Yorkshire, was famous for his wonderful Red Duns. They were noted for their bloody heel and good game, were wonderfully fast and clever cocks, and carried all before them in the old York Pit.

The family of Boynton is of ancient origin, and boasted large possessions in Yorkshire before the Conquest. Sir Francis was a great sportsman, and loved pugilism almost as well as he loved cocking. He backed Tom Crib in both his fights with Molineux, to his pecuniary advantage, and, like so many other cockers, was a devotee of coursing. He always had his dogs in wonderful condition, and was once offered £100 for the secret of what he fed them on. He refused the offer, but it is preserved in the family that he fed them solely on stock.

I have his recipe for cock-bread. If anyone likes to give me £100 for that they can have it.

He died childless and was succeeded by his brother Henry, who was also a good cocker, and was lucky to have a wife as good a sportsman as himself, who thought nothing of riding forty miles on a pillion behind her husband to assist at a cock-match.

Vauxhall Clark, who was a celebrity in his day, was another great cocker, and the greatest betting man of his time, and from what I can gather liked to make his bets as certain as possible.

He had a strain of Brown Reds which came so much alike that it is said that even his feeder could not tell them apart. Some were exceptionally good, whilst others were remarkably bad. I have heard that Mr. Clark took full advantage of these possibilities and won bulky sums, backing or laying them.

His grey cock Phenomenon has perpetuated his and his master's name, and prints of this great bird are still

to be met with, to show the present generation what a fighting-cock should be.

In later years Richard Gurney, the Quaker banker of Norwich, had a great strain of "Pies," and, despite their colour, they were as good as any.

Hugh Cobden, of Sussex, a yeoman of the old school, was famous for his Brown Reds, and no better cocks ever lived.

Cobden was a great and painstaking breeder, and he bred his birds to a state of perfection that has had its influence on the sport, as many breeds to-day boast of their Cobden blood.

Great as he was as a breeder, he was not great as a feeder, and in this respect resembled his successor, Charles Varndall, who was an under-feeder of his and took over the Brown Reds on Cobden's death.

Varndall well maintained the reputation of the birds and bred them as carefully and successfully as Cobden himself. He lived, ate, and almost slept with his birds, and had no thoughts but for them.

A tale is told of him, that two friends came down to see him and the cocks. All morning they went round the pens and talked Brown Red, all lunch they discussed cocks, and all afternoon promised to be the same. One friend, getting a bit fed up, and hoping to change the subject, asked Varndall his opinion of Charles Bradlaugh, then the most talked-of man in England. "Bradlaugh?" said Varndall. "I don't know him. Does he breed Black Reds or Pyles?"

I remember another enthusiast fighting a small main. He had shown several good cocks, and another was in the pit doing well. A friend asked him: "I say, is that cock any relation to the others?" "Yes, yes," hurriedly replied our sportsman, "brother-in-law."

I was once discussing with an old pal the sad fate of one of our friends who had married a wife, and the wife had

insisted on his giving up cocking on their marriage. "What a shame," I said, "to marry a woman like that!" My dear old friend looked at me seriously. "Yes," he said, "I think I should have chosen one from another strain."

A great cocker was Joe Gillman, of Birmingham, and a better sport never lived. Marvellous company, with a fund of anecdote, he graced many a festive table. His trotting ponies were the best in England, and the fighting-men he backed did not often lose; but it was as a cocker that he was supreme.

His judgment was seldom at fault, and his pocket was always open. Boxing in his native town owed much to him, and in his day some great fighters came from Brum. Great little Billy Plimmer was one of his discoveries, and dear old Anthony Diamond was only a light-weight when he won the heavy-weight amateur championship.

His Grey cocks were unbeatable in their day, and their success was largely due to his care and discrimination. Gillman never fought a bird twice; and in this, I think, gave another proof of his judgment.

In the old days the feeders of game-cocks were very important personages, and at one time were more famed and better known than the trainers of racehorses are to-day. Amongst the great feeders were Howell Morgan for King George, Ouldred for Lord Mexborough, Jonathan Redferne for Sir Charles Sedley, Merchant Bailey for Hugo Meynell, Woodcock for Sir Harry Bold Houghton, Weightman for Sir Harry Goodricke, Davis for Lord Sefton, John Beastall for Sketchly, Tommy Burns—better known as Tommy the Sweep—of whom it is recorded that when taking a coach-load of cocks to feed for an important main, had men walking all the way before the horses, to remove loose stones from the road to save the birds from being jolted; and, if my memory serves me right, the journey was from the Midlands to Devonshire.

Nash was the feeder at the Westminster Pit, and Fleming,

who was his constant opponent, had his pens on Saffron Hill. Potter fed for Lord Derby and survived his master. When the great Earl died he went to keep a public house at Hartlebury, and lived to the good old age of ninety. But perhaps the best-known name of all is that of Gilliver; the boast of this family is that they have been cockers for over three hundred years.

Joseph Gilliver of that ilk has the reputation of being the greatest feeder of all time. His nephew, Bill Gilliver, had an almost equal reputation in later years, and the latter's son still carries on the great game.

I do not think I can do better than give you a little sketch of the great Joseph by the hand of his own nephew:

> My great-uncle, Joseph Gilliver, a native of the small village of Polesworth, near Tamworth, Warwickshire, was the most celebrated cock-feeder, or what some call trainer, England ever produced, and was remarkable for his strict integrity and honesty—qualities most essential for one of his profession.
>
> The first main of cocks he fought in public were at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, and the last in Preston, in Lancashire, in 1830, against the Earl of Derby.
>
> During his life he fed principally for Lord Mexborough, Squire Featherstone, Captain White, General Yates, Mr. Sitwell, and others too numerous to mention.
>
> His chief opponent was Potter, feeder for the great Earl of Derby, whose attachment for the sod continued unwearied, and up to the last was seen at Liverpool Races enjoying his favourite amusement with all the zest of a young man.
>
> The largest sum of money for which Gilliver ever fought, and we believe the largest sum ever fought for in England, was a main of only seven battles for a thousand guineas a battle, and five thousand guineas the main. This was fought at Lincoln about 1815—so my old father told me—and won by Gilliver, who was fortunate to win five out of the seven battles.
>
> At Lichfield, London, Chester, Manchester, Birmingham, Newton, Oxford, Melton Mowbray, and Preston he fought great mains and mostly successful. The next biggest main for money was against old John Weightman, of Ashover, near Chesterfield. They fought a three-days' main for one thousand six hundred guineas the main and one hundred guineas a battle, and my uncle won the main by one

battle, so old John Weightman told me. Another great main he fought at Birmingham for a thousand guineas the main, and a hundred guineas the battle, three-days' main, and won by thirteen a head against Nash of London. My uncle had a hundred and twenty-two cocks up to choose from, my old father told me. My father died at the good old age of ninety-six years and two months, and a dear lover of cocking, like I am.

This, unfortunately, is all I can find in William Gilliver's notes about his uncle, but he has left more copious extracts of his own career, which was a noted one in many ways. He was a man of fine appearance and even aristocratic cast of countenance, and, despite his lack of education, was at home in any society, which he kept amused by his fund of anecdotes. Unfortunately the only stories of his which I can remember are hardly suitable for publication —which is my fault, not his.

He was born at Polesworth, Warwickshire, in 1826, and was perhaps the greatest feeder England has produced since Joseph Gilliver, as he says he was a descendant of the celebrated Joseph Gilliver, whose family have been great cock-fighters for generations back. Let me continue his history in his own words :

> The first main of cocks I fought when eighteen years of age were at Birmingham against a noted feeder, the name of Tom Stringer, of Wrenbury, in Shropshire, whose father were a noted feeder in 1800 and later, and each party gave in the weights of fifteen cocks each side, from 4.10 to 5.10, for £50 a side and £5 a battle. thirteen catched in the main. I, W. Gilliver, won nine out of thirteen.
>
> The next main I fought were against Tom Howard, of Birmingham, in the year 1846, for £100 the main and £5 a battle, thirteen a side catch in the main out of seventeen from 4.10 to 5.12. I won ten out of thirteen. The next main were against Harry Booth, of Ashton-under-Lyne, in Lancashire, the best setter of a game-cock in England; also the best I ever see to set mains. Thirteen main battles catched out of seventeen, Gilliver winning ten out of thirteen for £100 a side, and £5 a battle.
>
> The next main for £100 the main and £5 a battle were against a noted feeder name Jim Hadley of Wednesfield, Staffordshire, thirteen main battles. Gilliver won eight out of thirteen.

The next main were against Preece, of Worcester, for £50 a side and £5 a battle, Gilliver winning eight out of thirteen.

All these mains were fought in Birmingham.

The next big main I fought for £100 against William Paget, of London, near London, winning eight out of thirteen.

I then fought a main of nine battles, for £200 the main, against the Earl of Berkeley, and £10 a battle, in Lord Fitzharding's Park, where some noble sporting gents attended it, and, curious to relate, I won the first battle, the Earl the second, I won the third, the Earl the fourth, I won the fifth, the Earl the sixth, I won the seventh, the Earl the eighth; last battle, the ninth, to decide the main—a very hard battle to decide it. Both fought a desperate battle, and the long law got in, and, beak to beak, neither fought up to the eighth count in the law. I made my bird peck the ninth count, the Earl's refused ten times, and I just won the main by one peck.

The Earl said, "You are a clever young man, as good as your old uncle, Joe Gilliver." I were then twenty-one years old, and he gave me £5 for beating him. The Earl and his gamekeeper fed the cocks against me, and the Earl set himself. He brought some excellent Grey cocks, walked at the Isle of Wight, a good and noted place for good walks.

Sixty years ago I assisted in feeding a main of two days' fighting at Lichfield against an old man name Thomas Burns, *alias* Tommy the Sweep, and Jack Martin, of Cheltenham, two noted feeders and cockers in the olden days.

Weightman won by four ahead in the main, and I wrote marks and colours of the cocks. They weighed-in three days before fighting.

Weightman learnt me a good deal about cock-feeding.

The next big main I fought were against the noted Hugh Cobden, of Sussex, and Charles Faultless, of London, his underfeeder, a two days' main for £200 the main and £10 a battle. Each party weighed in twenty-two cocks. Twenty cocks catched in the main from 4.8 to 5.4. I won seven out of ten the first day, and five out of ten the second day, and one by-battle for £10 a cock. This by I won first fly.

The celebrated Harry Booth set the main for me at the Golden Lion, Newmarket, fifty-five years ago; and a noted sharp, name Jack Arber, that was stakeholder, bought a bad roupy cock and put him in the pens they provided for me, and caused every cock I had to fall in the roup. I took forty-three cocks to select my twenty-two. Jack Arber bet a deal of money against my main, also his party, besides making Harry Booth, my setter, drunk, till he fell over the last main cock and nearly on to him, but the Boy, me,

beat the sharping lot. I set the last by-cock myself that won in a moment, and after this always fed and set my own cocks.

I also fought a main of fifteen cocks for £500 against a celebrated feeder, name William Yearsley, a Cheshire feeder. I fed for Gilbert Winter Moss, a banker in Liverpool, and his brother, William Moss. I won ten out of fifteen in the main, and two turn-out cocks, for £20 a battle.

This were thirty-five years from now, and I also fought Yearsley a main for a big stake since—nine main battles—winning five out of nine; and another main since for £300, winning eleven out of fourteen; also ten or twelve mains after, winning nearly all up to the old man's death several years ago.

He was one of the quietest and civilist men I ever fought against, a good feeder, but never set his mains, being too heavy—a stout man, twenty stone weight or more. I set eleven mains for him, and he won all of them.

I also fought a noted feeder name James Whitehead, of Sedgley, near Wolverhampton, for £100 the main, near to Redditch, in Worcestershire, winning eight out of thirteen. He were backed by Wilson, of Redditch, and Captain Holyoake. This were forty or more years ago.

I also fought a main against W. Yearsley for £200 at a gent's name Cock Robinson, a magistrate, and cotton mill-owner in Lancashire. I won ten out of fifteen.

Yearsley was backed by a gent name Richard Gorton, of Tottington Hall, Lancashire, a dear lover of cocking who died last year, 1904. I also fought a main of seven battles for £100 a side against Harry Booth, of Ashton-under-Lyne, winning six out of seven and the poundage with one of my cocks. This were over forty years ago. He was backed by Jimmy Warren, a china manufacturer and backer of fighting-men and horses, cocks and dogs.

Warren was brought up, from a boy, in the street—used to play at pitch-and-toss for halfpence. He then got his living by hawking pots, and from that started in the manufacturing of china, and died a rich man with over £50,000, besides large china works.

He backed the Tipton Slasher against our celebrated Tom Sayers. The Slasher were stones the heaviest man; Sayers beat him very easy.

The greatest feat I ever did in one day's main and by-battles were a main of thirteen, for £100 the main, against a feeder name Andrew Belfield, of Burslem, Staffordshire Potteries, whose father were a noted cocker in the old, good days when cocking were legal and supported by our noble game-kings, George III. and IV.

This main against Andrew Belfield we fought at the Rising Sun, near Nantwich, in Cheshire, at dear old Robert Ashley's, a noted cocker and breeder, and friend of the noted Dr. Bellyse, a great breeder of excellent dark-eyed Brown Reds. I won twelve out of thirteen in the main. He said it were taking his cocks the twenty-five miles journey out of his pens that lost him the main. I said, "Andrew, have you any more in your pens?" He said, "Plenty." We then returned back and matched five more by-battles, and I won all the five. It were close to where he fed his birds. I fed one mile from him. Another friend of his had a turn-out cock, what we call a shake-bag, and I beat that. It made eighteen out of nineteen I won in one day.

The next largest feat I ever did were against Tom Woodcock, a noted family of feeders in Bold Houghton's days from eighty years ago.

I fought him a main of thirteen for £100 a side at Ridge Hill, one mile from Staleybridge, in Lancashire, house kept by the great American runner, George Seward.

Woodcock said before starting the main he would make me remember cock-fighting as long as I lived. He said he had all Lord Derby's white-legged Black Reds. I said, "Tommy, I will show you some good Brown Reds," and I won twelve out of thirteen. He said mine were the best cocks he ever see in his life, so I made him remember.

I also fought Jack Dennis, of Newton Abbott, Devonshire, six mains; five for £100 a side and one for £150 a side. I won five out of the six. One main I won six out of nine, the other mains eight and nine out of thirteen. The last main I won six out of nine. Just as it were over, and I put my dead cocks in a bag, and the live ones in a large basket, a policeman made his appearance down the front garden. An old lady at the farm, eighty years of age, lay in bed in the parlour opposite to where I had my cocks. Directly I see the police, I ran with the three dead cocks into the old lady's room and gave her half a sovereign and said, "Let me put the three dead cocks under the bed." The old lady were up to the game, and says, "Put them at my back next to the wall, the police won't look there." I turn the clothes down according to the old lady's orders; there I left the three dead cocks at her back. She says, "I will take care he don't see them." In comes the bobby as ten or twelve cockers bolted out. He says to the daughter (forty years old), "Where are the two fighting-men that's been fighting a pitch-battle?" She says, "I don't know; I expect upstairs." He said, "Knocked to pieces?" and she says, "Go and look, if you like," and while he were looking about I quickly bolted and left two strong, game Irish

gents to take care of the basket of cocks, and would not let the bobby see in it, and got safe away.

The next Newmarket Races our dear and greatly respected owner of many racehorses, the great Sir John Astley, called me to him amongst several sporting gents, and asked me if it were true I put the dead cocks in the old lady's bed. I said, "Quite true, Sir John." "How many were they, Bill?" I says, "Three, Sir John." He says, "The old lady never had so many birds in her bed before in her life." It caused a roar of laughter.

Another great main I fought were against Jim Hadley, of Staffordshire, for £200 a side, and £10 a battle at Manchester years ago. I won eight out of thirteen. Also a great number of other mains I have fought and not lost many.

I also beat Charles Varndall, of Midhurst, Sussex, for £100 a side. Varndall were at one time an under-feeder for the great Hugh Cobden, of Sussex, and bred as good cocks as any in England, mostly Brown Reds and Birchen Greys, and a few Black Reds, and had the best walks in England, and when he died he wished any old friends —cockers—to attend his funeral. I went to it at Midhurst, a hundred and forty miles from here. There I met my old friend and dear lover of cocking, Charles Faultless, of London, George Langham, cousin of the celebrated Nat Langham, that beat Tom Sayers in a prize-fight with the bare knuckles. Me and C. Faultless were the two oldest cockers there, and walked together, and at the graveside, when the parson was reading the funeral prayers over him, Faultless says, "Bill, he is telling the long law and counting him out; our turn comes next, Bill." I says, "Not yet, I hope, Charles." But dear old Charles has gone first—a few years ago, age about eighty years—and I am sorry to say I am close on it, but, thank God, hearty and well at the present time, and hope to live a few more years yet. My dear old father, a great lover of cocking, died at the age of ninety-six years, and I have heard him talk of his great-grandfather being a cocker. How old he were I don't know, and for generations back, up to the present time, our family have been all fond of the royal and noble sport of cocking and breeding game-cocks; and I hope to do till I die, as no animal looks better than the noble game-cock, and no man can back an animal that will try to win more than a game-cock. A great many think it cruelty to fight them, but it is their nature to fight and do their best, and not the tenth part the cruelty of fox-hunting, where they run a fox to death, tear him to pieces, and eat him. I once were out hunting on my racing pony, Game Hen, the best in England, that won thirty-one races in one year. Me and Admiral Curzon, the late Earl Howe's

brother, were first up at the death of the fox, five miles from here, near Kingsbury Wood, a noted place for foxes. As the fox ran along a deep ditch one hound were close to him, and as the fox sprang up the bank, the hound snapped him by the soft of his belly and tore it out, and began eating it as he ran, fifty or sixty yards further, and the hounds killed him. I said, "Admiral, that's worse than cock-fighting." "Hush, Gilliver," he says, "they will soon catch him and eat him."

And many more sports are much crueller than cocking—when they ride horses to death; kill horses and men—but it's a gentleman's sport, and no laws against the rich, and lots of laws to persecute and fine the poor hard-working man. I am not running any kind of sport down, as I am a lover of it all, but we have a lot of preaching hypocrites at the present time that wants to put down all kind of sports that both rich and poor enjoys, and tries to make idiots believe they can pray them to heaven, which they know nothing about.

I think the best place for all these preaching hypocrites and faddists ought to be the Japanese and Russian War, and not come out alive to tell false lies; or else be in an earthquake and swallowed up, like the one that has just taken place in India.

If these faddists would mind their own business and not interfere with the rights of tens of thousands, and trying to deprive them of an honest living, the population of England would be much better pleased, and think better of them, but these faddist wretches like to deprive everyone of their sport. To make their own good they would like all classes to work, and give their wages to them end of week, instead of sporting a few shillings on sport.

Here, unfortunately, endeth the narrative of Bill Gilliver. I cannot hold myself responsible for all he says, and I fear he gets a bit confused at times. I have not tried to arrange his tale in any consecutive form, but simply copied what he has written. The two strong game Irish gents he left to guard his basket when he bolted from the bobby is, I think, very rich, and that he was a man of ideas is proved by his use of the old lady's bed. I wish he had given us a few of his defeats, but perhaps he could not remember them.

Tom Woodcock was a truer prophet than he thought when he said he would make Gilliver remember. He

remembered right enough, but perhaps it would have been the other way about if Tom had defeated him.

He was a great old man and had a most successful career, though he did spend every penny he made backing horses ; it would have been better for him had he stuck to his cocks.

He married his wife because he said he knew she could handle a cock well, but she took second place to the cocks, I am quite sure. He lived well into the long law, and was not counted out till the ninth count—he died at eighty-four years of age. *Requiescat in pace.*

Has it ever struck you, the longevity of cockers ?

Our hero eighty-four, his uncle Joe seventy-four, his father over ninety-six, Potter ninety, Davis seventy-two, Tommy the Sweep, Weightman, Nash, all very old men ; in later years Paget, Harris, Faultless, all over eighty.

There must be something health-giving in the grand old sport.

William Gilliver was not the last of the feeders, and Brough in the north, and Bailey in the west were each considered *it* in their own country ; but I think that few will dispute that in the last years of the sod, Charles Faultless had a place to himself. Dear old Charlie and his cellar are still remembered by a few.

John Harris, of Cornwall, one of the old school, was a great authority on cocking in his day. His life has been written by my old friend, Herbert Atkinson. *The Life and Letters of John Harris, the Cornish Cocker*, should be read by all interested in the sport. Dear old Geordie Downie and Casson, quaint, lovable characters and great feeders, often fought their own birds, and for lots of money. For many years they met a noble Earl with more perseverance than success, and when I say one was a miner and the other a blacksmith, it shows how a sport like cocking brings all together, and one class learns respect and admiration for the other.

It is a pity our legislators cannot appreciate the value

of sport, instead of, by their insane class legislation, driving the classes wider and wider apart, to everybody's loss.

Setting was a different art to feeding, and although a good many feeders have set their own cocks, it was preferable to have them distinct, for it is too much to both feed and set in a long main.

Amongst the men that stand out in this art, Owen Probyn, of Birmingham, who was described as an asthmatic, death-like man, with a long thumb and nail which he could so deftly use that he was esteemed three battles in the main better than any of his compeers, Harry Gum, Harry Booth, whom Gilliver praises as the best he ever saw, Young Nash, and Tom Davis, Hinds and Minor were the greatest exponents.

Nor must we forget that Bonnie Scotland has produced a setter-to who stands unrivalled at the present day. So good is he that most people stipulate on making a main that he is not to set against them. Graham Stool stands on a little pedestal of his own.

Now, reader, may I congratulate you, for with the opinion of a great gentleman and gallant sailor, I will conclude my task.

SIR,—A motion in the House of Commons to increase the punishment to Her Majesty's subjects who indulge in the most ancient and royal amusement of cock-fighting induces me to trespass on your columns. It has been argued that it is a wise policy to forbid this sport, owing to its cruelty. On this principle why not make pigeon-shooting illegal, when fat Herods standing over the traps slay the innocents? Why not legislate against hunting, coursing, fishing? In the latter amusement what can be more brutal than impaling worms on hooks or trolling with live bait to catch pike? Playing with a fine salmon on your hook is a pleasant pastime, although the victim differs in opinion; neither is there much to be said in favour of grand battues, where hundreds of birds and ground game escape mutilated, to live a miserable life, or to be eaten by rats.

All these amusements must of necessity be cruel, but they are sanctioned by the upper classes, and the cruelty is ignored.

With respect to the champions of the cock-pit, is it a greater boon

for a young cock to be well fed and reared to fight a battle; if victorious to be petted for the remainder of his life, with half a dozen little hens for his comfort, or to cut his throat early in life to satisfy the appetite of a carnivorous man; and this man, who daily is an accessory to the murder of youth in the shape of veal, lamb, and spring chickens, prides himself on his amiability, and in the House of Commons expatiates on the cruelty of allowing pugnacious birds to contend in fair fight, to the admiration of thousands of good, honest men who delight in such specimens of first-rate pluck and courage. A vegetarian may indulge in such romance, or a fakir who declines to wash or comb his hair for fear of disturbing a happy family. It must be clear to every man in this country there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; the snob sticks to the former, but the thoroughbred gentleman stands by the poor man.

In ancient times the game-cock was considered an emblem of divinity by the Syrians and Greeks. When Themistocles besieged Dalmatia he commanded that two cocks should be fought in the open view of his army, and exhorted them to behave as these stout-hearted creatures fought. Pomponeus Mela proves that Severus was not able to conquer Britain until he had rendered his principal officers passionately emulous of glory by exhibiting a main of cocks every day before them.

The soothsayers warned Mark Antony to take heed of Cæsar because his cocks were always beaten by him. The great Gustavus told the King of Denmark he had no cause to fear the Imperialists, since they had given up cocking and were devoted to drinking and dancing.

Christian, King of Denmark, said: "Were I to lead an army against the great infidel of Constantinople I would choose none but cockers for my commanders, and none but lovers of the sport for soldiers."

Our Henry VIII. built a stately pit in Whitehall, where he often disported himself among his most noble and loving subjects. The dying speech of Sir T. Urquhart, who was wounded at the Battle of Naseby, was: "My king and a good cock I have ever loved, and like a good cock in my sovereign's service I gladly now expire.

A Mr. Wilson, in the last century, advises all men who take delight in this delicious and pleasant pastime never to forsake or alienate themselves from it, so long as it shall please the Almighty to bless and prosper them; and he adds that we are bound to encourage cock-fighting among ourselves and to discourage it among all foreign nations.

If cocking, formerly a grand sport with the great nobles of this kingdom, be now a sin, I am an old and hardened sinner. In 1827, in command of the *Rainbow*, I brought ten English-bred cocks from

Sydney to Malacca, and fought ten battles with a Chinese merchant who had defeated all the Malays. We won every battle, and I would go two hundred miles to see a main between the Cheshire Pyles and the Lancashire Black Reds if there was no legal prohibition.

Any amusement which creates alliances and augments friendly acquaintance adds to the strength of the Empire, for united we stand ; and the monotony of human life is relieved by any salutary diversion.

I finish by a quotation by an ancient writer : " We in our short-sighted wisdom deem ourselves superior to our progenitors, and ridicule their pastimes and pursuits, forgetting that in a few years another generation will hustle us off the stage, and will revenge our treatment of our ancestors by treating us with similar indignity."

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

H. T. Rous, *Admiral*

13 Berkeley Square,
June 17th.

Copy of a letter in the *Times*, June 18th, 1875, from Admiral H T. Rous, the Father of the Turf.

DOG-FIGHTING

A DOG-FIGHT AT THE WESTMINSTER PIT.
OWEN SWIFT'S WHITE DOG "BILLIE" V. DIXON'S "JOE BITER."
SECONDS: TOM COLLINS AND BILLY GREEN.

PLATE IX

DOG-FIGHTING

CHAPTER ONE

Bravest of all, with heart that ne'er said no!
Fearless! To death unfalteringly they go.

THE fighting-dog is the gamest thing in the world—not even the game-cock is as game. He fights under the severest rules known, for in his turn he must cross the pit and fight, or he loses. No other animal is asked to do this. Also, he will fight anything, and when I say anything, I mean anything—a piece of wood or a man, a gnat or an elephant; and nothing stops him but death.

His courage is abnormal, and I do not think it can be explained mechanically. Courage is of the brain or mind, not of the body. As to whether this state arises out of the brain processes, or as to whether from outside it has a higher origin, is a matter of opinion. In humans it is more or less a state of mind, an ideal, an idea—seeing courage begets courage. The body is the servant that carries out the effect. With Plato and other philosophers courage was one of the cardinal virtues—the victory of soul, spirit, or mind over matter.

Heredity is inextricably mixed up with it, but whether pre-ordained in the protoplasm, or absorbed from some source of mentality from without, is uncertain; but it is certain that you cannot coerce an animal into fighting when the courage is not there.

In all animals the will is the important factor. An animal, whether man or lower animal that has no perception of

nobility, generosity, or courage, may be aptly described as cur-bred.

In philosophical theories of transmigration, the soul of a human being can be reincarnated into a lower animal not yet endowed with a soul; if this be so, and the fighting-dog has not already a soul of his own, then only our very bravest and best can have entered into the form of this glorious animal.

Some, again, maintain that courage depends on the bodily health. It must be admitted that all animals are more ready to fight when in perfect health, and there are a few examples that give this theory a specious air of truth. Men have been known to disgrace themselves with cowardice on one occasion, and subsequently to perform deeds of great heroism.

This is also seen in game-fowl; a cock in moult (i.e., in bad health) has been known to run, when previously, or subsequently, he has covered himself with glory. In any case, no self-respecting man would fight fowls during the moulting season. These cases are extraordinary, but I believe it to be disease of the mind, not of the body.

Here again we get the superlative courage of the fighting-dog—whether sick or sound, whether it is well or ill with him, he is always game to the death. Men also—many a sick man has fought gallantly for his honour's sake.

No, we must look further than the body for true courage; the heart or mind that will never own defeat, it is the gift of God, and the truest virtue we can possess.

Dog-fighting is not generally practised, and for the reason that the dog is such a faithful, loving friend that one hates to see him hurt. The reason is rotten, and worse than rotten; one does not let a brave animal fight to save one's own feelings. The dog loves a fight, but, as usual, we think only of ourselves.

Dog-fighting is not cruel; no well-matched fight can be cruel—certainly far less cruel than plucking and trimming

dogs for show, leaving out of the question altogether that most dogs would prefer to fight than be stuck for days at a time on a show bench. Nor must we confuse an equal fight with the baiting of animals, such as bulls, bears, badgers, etc., which have no option of retreat ; and it appears to me that the spectacle of birds or animals equally matched, and voluntarily contending together, induces a finer lesson of high courage and unyielding determination to succeed than the spectacles often shown at the picture palaces to-day, of robbery, murder, and other crimes, which must have a demoralising effect on the spectators.

Now "dog" has been a term of insult and contempt for ages, and when one thinks of these gallant creatures one wonders how it could have originated. But the explanation is simple : there were no fighting-dogs in the days when the term first came into use, and it fits well enough with other dogs.

Unless you have owned a fighting-dog you do not know what a dog is. The poor brute that is plucked and posed for show is of no earthly use for anything but to look at and make money out of ; the timid slave that assists us in our sports may claim our regard ; the dangerous pest that runs and yaps at horses' heels is not fit to live ; but the fighting-dog, with his rarely given silent love, and deathless courage, claims both our love and respect. You may tire of your friends, but never of your dog ; there are times when anyone will jar, and only your dog is always welcome.

This is the reason why dog-fighting at times goes against the grain.

CHAPTER TWO

The fighting-dog was derived by crossing the bull-dog with a terrier. The terrier is not known, but it was probably the old English terrier, a white dog, and I believe the breed is now extinct.

The gameness comes from the bull-dog, which has always stood as the emblem of British courage. When I say bull-dog, I do not refer to the modern monstrosity of that name, which the show-bench has transformed into a useless cur, but the old bull-dog who was kept for use, and was a very different animal from its present namesake. He was used to catch and hold bulls for the butcher, and also for bull-baiting.

Useful as he was for these purposes, the bull-dog was too slow for fighting, although originally used for this sport. His bulky body and short face were excellent for seizing a large object and hanging on, but he could not get a mouth on quickly. Again, you must not confuse him with the modern creation, for man has so improved the short nose that these poor brutes can now hardly pick up their own food.

The bull-dog, then, was too slow and too short in the face for quick work, and some genius crossed him with a terrier, which made the produce lighter in the body and longer in the head—in short a quicker dog—and he retained the courage of the bull-dog. By selection in breeding he even overdid his ancestors in this requisite, and became the gamest thing in the world.

This cross was originally called the bull-and-terrier, which has become shortened to bull-terrier.

Again the showman has stepped in and made a breed of his own, also useless, and called it the bull-terrier. The show-ring is the death-knell of usefulness for all animals; I

AN OLD TYPE OF FIGHTING DOG.

To face page 175

need only mention the show hunter, the carrier-pigeon, and the show greyhound.

The original bull-and-terrier, had, roughly, a bull-dog's head on a terrier's body, but the head was rather longer than the bull-dog's ; still, he was a short-faced dog. As the breed became a distinct one, the head gradually got longer and more punishing, and the dog favoured the terrier more and more, till to-day you get very long-faced fighting-dogs ; but the more you resemble the terrier, the closer you get to his courage, or rather lack of it, and you can take it as a golden rule that the more you resemble the bull-dog, or, in other words, the shorter your head, and the more under-hung your jaw, the gamer the dog. To go to the other extremity—the tail : the bull-dog's tail is short and carried low ; the fighting-dog's tail should be straight and thin, and also carried rather low. If he is a cock-tailed beggar, it's ten to one he is a coward. This may be a crank of mine, but you can generally judge a fighting-dog by his tail.

Perhaps I had better explain what a dog-fighter means by a coward or cur. A dog may fight four or five hours, but if, even after this time, he refuses to scratch, that is, cross the pit and resume the battle, he is a cur ; in short, all dogs are cowards who will not willingly take their death. It follows, then, that to the dog-fighter all dogs are curs, except game fighting-dogs.

You will notice that I always speak of fighting-dogs and not bull-terriers ; the reason is that, as I have said before, the showman has appropriated this name.

The show bull-terrier was bred from the bull-and-terrier, or fighting-dog, and it is a fine example of what breeding by selection can do. From a chubby-faced dog of all colours they have produced an animal with a face a yard long, and practically always pure white, but they have lost the courage.

The fighting-dog, or business dog, as he is sometimes called, comes all colours, red, brindle, blue, and white, and all these

colours intermixed, and all sizes ; 40lbs. is a big dog, and I once had a little terror of 8lbs. that would fight anything.

The crab about dog-fighting is the time it takes one game dog to kill another—two hours is an average fight, and often it lasts much longer ; I have known fights last nearly six hours. Nothing is more exciting or enthralling than the first half-hour or so of a good battle, and some dogs are as clever as men—they will throw each other with great cleverness. One dog I knew would take a hold, put his shoulder under the other dog, and throw him as pretty a cross-buttock as ever you saw. Many dogs have their own style of fighting ; some are front of the face fighters, others fight for the legs—the forelegs generally—but one little dog I knew always went for the stifle at every opportunity, and a very dangerous place it is, too. Others favour the ears and side of the face, and one old dog of mine invariably fought for the shoulder. He would give his head like a man ; often for twenty or thirty minutes he would never get a hold—he would drop his head and let the other dog worry his neck ; and all the time he would be boring in for the point of the shoulder, and when he got it, it generally spelt finis for the other dog. He would get him down, and then jump into the throat. Now many people think that when a fighting dog has got his hold, he never lets go ; this is not so—he lets go as soon as he thinks he can get a better one, and sooner or later it is always the throat-hold that finishes a fight. I once heard of a dog that could get a throat-hold standing, and they say he killed his dogs on their feet. There is rather a good tale told of him. Some fanciers discovered a retriever that could fight, and they won a lot of fights and money by backing him against fighting-dogs. The opponents naturally thought they had got a soft thing, but this dog had a trick of fighting for the forelegs, and breaking them with his powerful jaws, and thereby beating many a good dog, as they were unable to scratch to him. Of course, the retriever was three or four times

as big as his opponents, and the fights did not last long. But our friend of the throat-hold was matched against him. Aided by his opponent's size he propped him in the throat in the first minute; in the next few minutes the retriever was howling blue murder, managed to break loose, fled the pit, and was never seen again, so that was the end of him as a fighting-dog.

Many dogs will fight gaily enough as long as they are winning, but, believe me, they know a fighting-dog, and as soon as they realise that he is not going to quit, they do.

This is how the Japanese took Port Arthur. They had no business to; the Russians had plenty of food, guns, men, etc., but they were sick of killing Japanese. They said to themselves, "These fellows are not going to quit; we must chuck it," and they did.

The business-dog is also used for rat-killing Terriers can kill rats, but they can seldom kill against a fighting-dog; moreover, very few terriers will face thirty or forty rats in a pit. Rat-killing is an art in itself, and, of course does not require a game dog; but it requires quickness. The good killer bites once and drops his rat; the dog that wastes time in shaking would never win a competition.

The terrier shakes a rat to prevent it from biting him; the fighting-dog is indifferent as to whether it does so or not; but the good killer takes the rat by the head or shoulders so that it is incapable of biting, as that kills instantly.

A rat-killing handicap is quite amusing. Each dog usually kills as many rats as he weighs pounds, and a time-keeper and referee are appointed. The handler of the dog is allowed a small cane to help his dog. The pit should be small and circular, and made of wire. The rats are put in, and the handler picks up his dog and puts him in the pit; he generally selects his rat and puts his dog straight on it. Directly the dog touches a rat, or the bottom of the pit, the timekeeper starts his watch; as soon as the

dog has the last rat in his mouth the handler snatches him up, and the time is stopped. If there is any question as to whether all the rats are dead, the referee places the suspected rat in a small circle about the size of a plate, in the middle of the pit, and gives him three smart blows on the tail with a stick. If the rat wriggles out of the circle he is deemed to be alive, and the dog is either put down again to kill it and the time added on to his previous time, or he is disqualified, whichever is arranged beforehand. Of course the dog that kills his rats in the shortest time wins.

Five seconds a rat is good work, but I once saw a 15lbs. dog kill five rats in fifteen seconds. Some really wonderful performances have been put up by rat-killing dogs. A dog of the name of Billy, owned by Charles Dew, killed twenty rats in 1 min. 40 secs. ; but his greatest performance was killing a hundred rats in 5 mins. 30 secs. It is almost incredible. Perhaps the most wonderful feat of all was that of Tiny the Wonder, who killed a hundred rats in under the hour. I am writing from memory, but I think Tiny weighed 7lbs., and was owned by Jimmy Shaw.

In the old days I have seen men killing rats with their teeth against dogs. The man had his hands tied behind his back and killed like a dog. It was remarkable how quick some men were at this drawing-room sport, but of course they could not kill against a good dog.

Some fighting-dogs will not kill rats, I don't know why ; it may be they think them beneath them, but more probably it is just a peculiarity, and I well remember seeing a game dog looking up at his master and smiling, as dogs will, with a rat hanging on to his lip, but he would not kill them. I once knew a dog that could kill cats as fast as most dogs could kill rats. It was quite a show performance ; he would be put in a pit, wired over the top, with half a dozen cats, and he would kill them all in a minute or so.

Badger-drawing, of course, is a favourite sport with some ; but the fighting-dog will generally stay in the barrel and fight the badger there, instead of drawing him out. Of course, all fighting-dogs will fight a badger as long as you like, but the badger bites extremely hard, and is very difficult to kill. It is generally a safe bet that the dog won't kill him in an hour, and I have known a badger kill a dog—that is, the dog died after the fight.

There was once a man who owned a dog and a badger, and he won a good many bets by backing his dog to draw the badger a hundred times in the hour. Of course, it was a trick ; the dog and the badger knew each other very well. The badger was put in a short box, and he would drop his old head and let the dog draw him out by the scruff of his neck. The dog let go as soon as the badger appeared ; back went the badger, in went the dog again, and the thing went on like clock-work. Well, if your dog is too game for badger-drawing you can have much more fun by letting them have a dust-up in the open.

I have not given you the points of a fighting-dog, because there are no points really, except courage and strength.

For breeding you must be certain there is no taint on either side, or you won't breed game dogs ; in other words, your blood *must be pure*, and, of course, both your parents healthy.

Remember, if you breed fighting-dogs you are not breeding toys. The puppies will snarl and scrap like other puppies, but with very little encouragement they will start fighting in dead earnest. I have seen two puppies, three months old, fight for twenty minutes—until I separated them, in fact—and with all the deadly silence of old dogs ; at the same age I have known them kill cats.

The fighting-dog usually fights with the silence of the grave—maybe a savage growl or two, and then silence—but with the tendency to run to the terrier, which modern

breeders unfortunately show; they may be a little mouthy to start with. I knew an extraordinary instance. She was a bitch, and I went to see her fight for the championship of England. When she started she cried like a child. My first thought was that the man who had backed her must have gone mad; then I noticed that, though she whined, she never left off fighting. Presently she left off whining and killed the other dog. It was excitement and the terrier blood. She was a little red dog, and her name was Rachael, and a better, braver little dog never lived. Her end was sad, as I will tell you.

She had an extraordinary career. Her first owner never fought her, and she bred him three or four litters of puppies. He then fell on evil days and was tempted to sell her. She was six years old, and the man who bought her, after trying her, matched her straight away with a champion dog. She won the championship in her first fight. She won a few more fights, and was then matched at a lower weight than she had ever fought at before, and two days before the fight, whilst her trainer was out of the room, she scratched down a pair of socks, which brought down some leather leads. She ate half the socks, a lead or two, and actually swallowed two buckles (they were found inside her afterwards). She was physicked, etc., and came into the pit as weak as a robin. She never had a chance, and after two hours it was her turn to scratch. She started across the pit and fell on her side, unable to stand—she had lost. Her second went to pick her up. She looked up at him with her brave eyes, then looked at the corner where the other dog was, wagged her tail, as much as to say, "I would go if I could," and died.

This is what breaks your heart for dog-fighting. You say, What a brute her owner must have been to fight her! No! I think he was only ignorant and over-confident, and he hardly knew the extent of the mischief until she was dead. A dog-fighter glories in the courage of his

dogs ; perhaps you may call him a cur with safety ; but his dog never.

All dog-fighters are very fond, or at least, very proud, of their dogs ; but often they forget their sympathy for the dog in the pride they feel at his fierceness and courage. Some fighting-dogs are too savage to be comfortable companions, but the majority are the best of friends, and that inestimable boon, a silent friend—they never worry you with senseless barking.

Many people think a dog will not fight a bitch ; they do not know. A fighting-dog would as soon fight a bitch as anything else ; so much so that you have to be very careful when you wish to breed—they are undecided between love or war, with a decided leaning towards war.

CHAPTER THREE

TRAINING a dog for battle is not easy—I would sooner train anything else. He must have a tremendous amount of work, very little to eat, practically nothing to drink, and you must fight him very fine.

Under these circumstances you can understand it is difficult to keep him in health and spirits.

You may have gathered from other parts of this book that I hate a starved, thin animal—in my opinion, nothing is at its best under these conditions—but a dog must be fought very fine, and the reason is that the organ he fights with is the same as he breathes and sweats through. The dog has no sweat-glands in his skin, and he sweats through his mouth and a little through the pads of his feet. A fat dog, after five minutes' hard exercise, cannot close his mouth.

It depends upon the condition of your dog whether he wants three, four, or six weeks, or even longer. Say your dog is in fair condition, four weeks should be sufficient. First of all a good purgative is required to clear the system thoroughly—most old trainers used to give an emetic as well, but this does not appear necessary to me—and gentle walking exercise must be given the first few days. In training the dog must always be led; this is generally necessary always, as often it is not safe to let a fighting-dog run. He should be blanketed and muzzled, so as to prevent him picking up anything in the street. Even when led your attention may wander and your dog pick up something. This happened to me once. I was leading my old dog one day, when a beautiful lady rushed up

to me, screaming and gesticulating. I was utterly flabbergasted, but, following her gestures, I looked down and saw my old dog was walking along with her little pet dog in his mouth.

A fighting-dog will nearly always strain on the lead, so they get a lot of work out of a walk, and if it is a big dog, so do you. Gradually increase your walks till you do eight or ten miles a day ; it is a good way of getting yourself fit as well.

His feed for the first fortnight should be calves'-foot jelly. Make it this way : get calves'-feet, or sheep's-heads will do, and boil them in an equal quantity of water till you can shake the bones out of them, then take about a quarter of the quantity of oatmeal and mix it thoroughly with the broth. Stir well till it is cold, or all the oatmeal will settle at the bottom. This will set in a jelly, and feed it cold.

The last fortnight he must have the best rump-steak, about half a pound for a biggish dog, just warmed through —broiled very rare, as the old books say—mixed with a little dry toast, and all chopped up very fine.

Do not give him much more than a cupful of water each day ; you will find him dreadfully thirsty at first, but as he gets fit he will not want it.

Only feed once a day—about two hours after work—and water half an hour or an hour after feed.

Now for his real work. You will not get him fit and fine by walking only. There are many ways of working a dog, but I think this is the best. First get a nice fire in your room, fix a strong staple in the wall, attach a strong cord to it, with a strong piece of rubber in the middle, tie the other end of the cord to your dog's collar, and let it be sufficiently long to bring him in front of the fire. Sit down yourself at the other side of the fire, but out of his reach, with a rat in a trap, or a kitten, or any old thing. Show him the trap. He will spring at it, and

the rubber draws him back, and he will keep on dashing at you till exhausted. He will perhaps fling himself down, panting, as far from the fire as he can get, but say, "Here, boy!" and show him the rat, and he will try again, and the gallant fellow will keep on trying as long as he can stand. Don't overdo it—say ten minutes the first day, and gradually increase it. One hour's hard work is enough for any dog; if he works good for one hour he will fight six.

Most dog-trainers just tie the cord to the collar, but I think it advantageous to have some breast harness made for him. Always be careful in handling a fighting-dog when he is excited; he wants to fight something, and he may be satisfied with you.

When he has finished his work, rub him down from his nose to his tail with a rough towel, and finish off with your hands; nothing beats hand-rubbing, and give him plenty of it. Massage him well; there is nothing like it.

Another good way of working a dog is to suspend a piece of soft leather from the ceiling, with a cord and piece of rubber. He will fight the leather, and the rubber keeps pulling it away from him. He will keep on for as long as you like. Of course you can only work dogs these ways; a cur would soon chuck it.

If he does not lose flesh fast enough for you, give him less food. A dog should not be taken down too fast—one pound a day to start with, if he is fat, and less as you come near fighting.

Weigh your dog before and after work, so as to know exactly how he gets along, and, as I have said before, you must get him very fine; in my opinion, he is the only animal at his best when very fine drawn.

In the ordinary way feed your dog once, or perhaps twice, a day, and always let him have clean water by him so that he can drink when he wants to. I think that if you keep your dog outside, one good meal in the evening is the best thing; if he lives in the house with you, give him

two smaller meals a day. Never feed a dog every time you feed yourself; his stomach cannot stand it. Let him understand that he is not going to have anything, and he will never worry you. It is very pleasant for you to have the pleasure of throwing him scraps, but it is not good for him. One reason why I feed a dog in the house twice a day is that he can have two meals with you.

The best food for dogs, as the usual feed, is paunch—that is, bullock's or sheep's stomachs—well boiled and mixed with bread and the gravy from the boiling. If you clean the paunches thoroughly they will not smell much when you cook them. It is a cheap and nourishing food, easily digested.

If you feed your dog on biscuits—of course a dog can't work on biscuits—the best plan is to put a dish of them down, broken up, and let him help himself. He dislikes them so much that he will never overeat himself.

Some people have a curious idea that meat is bad for a a dog, and that it makes him smell. It only shows their lack of knowledge. It is his natural food. Of course, if a dog overeats himself—and he will with meat if he gets the chance—he becomes diseased, and smells. The advantage of biscuits for a pet dog is that he will never eat too much of them.

Never give your dog bones. The ignorant believe that bones are the right food for dogs. Now, how the dickens can a dog live on bones? Not only are they no good, but they are absolutely harmful. This applies especially to small bones; a big bone only blunts their teeth, but a small bone that they can crunch up and swallow is really dangerous. I have known many cases of perforation or stoppage of the bowels through bones, and pieces in the throat are common. There is no nourishment in bones, and they don't sharpen the teeth, they blunt them. If a puppy wants something to bite, there are many better things to give him.

LF

Now there is only one dog in the world for me; but don't think I am advising anyone to keep fighting-dogs. For one thing very few are worthy of them; and unless you are prepared to devote a certain amount of time and care to him, leave him alone. A fighting-dog must usually be kept under restraint, and you must exercise him under restraint; if this is too much trouble it is cruelty to keep him. He is not everyone's dog.

Don't try and treat your dog if he is ill, take him to a veterinary surgeon; but as the veterinarian may not like handling your fighting-dog, may I give you a few hints on simple diseases.

Distemper should not trouble you, as it is mainly a disease of large kennels—in other words, overcrowding. If you look after him, your puppy should not get distemper, but if he does, nurse him and feed him, and he will generally get well. Fortunately it is not common in fighting-dogs. Keep him warm, but not hot, and in an equal temperature; don't let him lie in front of a hot fire one moment and run out into the cold the next. Feed him on minced raw meat and a little toast, and give him milk if he will drink it. If very bad and will not eat, drench him with a teaspoonful of port wine and a raw egg mixed together or a teaspoonful of meat essence every two or three hours. Nourishment is the thing, not medicine. If he will eat he will live.

Gastritis is terribly fatal. Feed in very small quantities as above—often a teaspoonful of castor-oil is the best thing to start with, then get some medicine from a veterinary surgeon; carbonate of bismuth is as good as anything. The chief sympton of gastritis is vomiting, from the inability of keeping anything in the stomach.

Of course dogs are often sick, but if you find he vomits constantly, don't neglect him. Stop his food and give his stomach a rest. A small dose of castor-oil, if he can keep it down, and then very small feeds three or four times

a day, and he may get right, but don't think it is nothing and neglect him, or he may go too far. I believe gastritis kills more adult dogs than anything else. If very bad, stop all solids and feed him on Valentine's meat extract, or a teaspoonful of Brand's meat essence every two hours. Dogs in this condition are generally abnormally thirsty. Don't let him fill his stomach with water—it is very bad—but let him have a little ice-water, or let him lick the ice. No trouble or expense should be too much for your pal.

Worms often cause trouble. Remember that all dogs probably have a few worms, but it is just as well to get rid of them. In young puppies they are sometimes very fatal, and the round-worm is more dangerous than the tape-worm. Never neglect worms in puppies.

There are many remedies for worms; I prefer Tenalin in most cases, but the kind of worm makes a difference. Whatever drug you use, the main thing is to give it on an empty stomach. Fast your dog twelve hours and then give your medicine, and generally a purgative is required two hours afterwards.

If you don't get satisfactory results, take expert advice.

Wounds naturally are common with fighting-dogs; all you want to do with an ordinary wound is to keep it clean and it will heal itself. A little antiseptic dry dressing dusted on the wound, and a little antiseptic in the water you cleanse the wound with, aids this process.

Remember, dogs lick their wounds when possible, so don't plaster them with noxious drugs for them to lick off.

After a fight always foment your dog's head well with hot water—it cleanses and reduces swelling—and little weak disinfectant in the water is good, but remember his eyes and that he will lick what parts he can, so perhaps it is better to rely on the hot water alone.

Keep the wounds clean—that is the main thing.

Fighting-dogs will often make the pads of their feet very sore from straining on the leash on hard ground, and it will make them very lame. Just stand him in a bath of good strong alum and water; it will soon put him right.

These are the ordinary ailments of a fighting-dog; if you get anything beyond you, don't wait till it is too late before you get expert advice.

RULES OF DOG-FIGHTING

1. To be a fair scratch-in-turn fight.
2. Both dogs to be tasted before and after fighting, if required.
3. Both dogs to be shown a fair head at the scratch.
4. Both seconds to deliver the dogs fair from the corner, either second throwing or pushing his dog across the pit to be deemed foul, and not to leave their corners until the dogs commence fighting.
5. A timekeeper to be chosen in the pit; half-minute time to be allowed between every fair go-away; twenty-five seconds allowed for sponging; and, at the expiration of that time, the timekeeper shall call, "Make ready," and as soon as the half-minute is expired shall call, "Let go," naming dog whose turn it is to go in, and if he refuses, or stops on the way, he is the loser.
6. To constitute a fair go-away or pick-up, both dogs to be free of each other, and the head and forefeet of one, or both, to be turned from the other. The second of either dog to watch minutely, to pick his dog up when he moves away as above. If while picking up either dog should catch hold of the other, the second to put his dog down again, and fairly wait for a fair go-away and pick-up.

The dog that makes the first fault—that is, that goes away first—to be the first to scratch, or go in, provided that he is picked up at the time of his first fault or go-away; then each dog to scratch in turn alternately, no matter which makes the fault or go-away.

7. Neither second to touch either dog in the pit except as above provided. Should either second pick his dog up by mistake, he shall put it down immediately, or the money to be forfeited.
8. Should anything pernicious be found on either dog, before or after fighting in the pit, the backers of the dog so found to forfeit, and the person or persons holding the battle-money to give it up immediately when called upon to do so.
9. Two umpires and a referee to be chosen in the pit before fighting. In case the umpires should not agree, the decision of the referee to be final.

10. Either dog exceeding the stipulated weight, on the day of weighing, to forfeit the money deposited, and the dogs to be weighed at the place of fighting.

11. Both dogs to be washed or sponged from the same tub, so as to prevent either party introducing deleterious drugs or poisons in the water.

12. The dog whose turn it is to scratch has to go to the other dog and show fight; if not, he loses.

It is the custom always to wash the dogs before they fight, to prevent the rubbing or peppering or pickling of them, and each second tastes—that is, licks—his dog before fighting to show that he is clean, and the opposing parties have the privilege of tasting the other dog.

No other fighting animal fights with his mouth, so these precautions are not necessary in other sports.

CHAPTER FOUR

By the rules of dog-fighting a dead dog can win—one dog is dead ; it is the other's turn to scratch ; if he is unable or unwilling to do so, he loses. It puts a premium on gameness. This sometimes happens, and I remember a remarkable case. A new dog had been brought up from the country—in those days most of the best dogs came from the Black Country or the north—and he was matched with a London dog. He killed him in an hour, and for five hours he fought a dead dog. Think of it, fighting a dead thing for five hours! Can anything equal such determination and ferocity? At the end of that time he turned away, and his second picked him up. Of course, it was his turn to scratch; he stood swaying in his corner and could not move; the dead dog had won! This same dog fought and won many battles afterwards, and many thought him the best dog they ever saw. I have a tooth of his, and a great tooth it is, too; but do not run away with the idea that long, sharp teeth are necessary for a fighting-dog—it is the strength of the jaw that counts. As a matter of fact, most good dogs have small teeth. Here again they resemble the bull-dog—it is the terrier blood that produces the swords that some dogs carry in their mouths, useful, no doubt, *if* you get strength of jaw and gameness with it.

I knew of one old dog who won numberless battles, and, in fact, claimed the championship, who had only one tooth in his head. This is not referring to his molars, which are not so often used in a fight. Strange tales are told of him. One is that he was always a little bit tiddley when he fought; after the weighing his master used to give him sponge cake soaked in sherry wine till he staggered into the pit

They said he fought better like that. Fighting-dogs are very human, and I knew of another that used to spend his days outside a pub on a country road. Habitués knew him and his little failing, and different people used to treat him all day to cakes and biscuits soaked in ale, whiskey, or anything. In the evening his master used to come down, and, when he was full up, used to upbraid his old dog, and both would stagger home together up the lane.

Perhaps the most terrible fighting-dog that ever lived was a bitch named Bridget; she was unapproachable by man or beast, but a terrific fighter. They tell me she smashed a dog's skull in with her teeth. Her master, who went by the name of Billy the Barman, was a great sport —coursing, ratting, pigeon-shooting, boxing, dog-fighting were all one to him.

As you may guess by his name, he kept a pub, and, although it was in the heart of London, he had a duck-pond on his roof and a rabbit-warren in his cellar. When he was a little merry he would take two or three greyhounds and some ferrets down to his warren, and course the rabbits as they dashed about the cellar.

He acquired Bridget in an unusual way. He and some friends were on a picnic in the country, and, I fear, a little blotto. It was not unnatural that they should call on a sporting friend, who also kept a pub. This sportsman owned Bridget; she was kept tied up in a barn, and her food pushed to her at the end of a long stick. Being ready for a little fun, the owner offered to give Bridget to anyone who would unloose her. Billy—I fear he did not quite know what he was doing—walked straight up to her, patted her head, and let her loose. To everyone's surprise she did not eat him; probably Bridget was as surprised as anybody else. They took to each other, and he took her home, and they remained pals to her death.

It was sad, but he could never breed from Bridget. She had several litters of pups by good dogs, but after a day

or two she would chop them up and eat them. Now comes the irony of fate ; she had one litter by mistake, by a little black and tan cur dog, and these were the only puppies she never ate. As they were Bridget's puppies, in spite of the cur blood, Billy bred from them, and some people say that this is how the black and tan colour came into the breed, and that it nearly ruined the fighting-dogs of London. It is a fact that most black and tan dogs are cowards, and they were fairly numerous some years ago.

I remember Jem Smith had one ; it was not a great dog, but, thank goodness, it won the only time I ever saw it fight. I could tell quite a lot of good tales about that fight, but I fear the censor would not pass them.

Another great sport I knew in those days was great in more ways than one, for he weighed twenty-nine stone ; there was just room for him in a hansom-cab.

One night at my place he ate five shillings' worth of sausage-rolls. I think this is the greatest feat I ever saw.

The same evening another dreadful thing happened. I was young then, and it was the reprehensible practice of my dear old brother and myself to invite some of the toughest nuts in London to our place after our people had gone to bed. Each brought his dog, and what with three or four turns-up of twenty minutes or so, our pet badger, and a few dozen rats, we had some pleasant little evenings. The scene of action was the kitchen—this is where the sausage-rolls disappeared—and what we called our study, of which the most prominent article of furniture was the pit. There were double doors leading out to the garden, and when one was closed there was not a lot of room.

On the night in question our old trainer had gone out for something, and whilst we were thoroughly, if illegally, enjoying ourselves, he returned, and we did not hear his knock. Being impatient, he thundered at the door in a quite unwarrantable manner. Someone said "Police!" Immediately there was a rush for the garden ; a few escaped,

but our big friend stuck in the door, and the frantic efforts of the prisoners to push him one way or the other was one of the drollest things imaginable. Seeing our retreat was cut off, I went to brave the police, opened the door, and there was old Deaffy. I returned and reassured the multitude, but found some of the party were missing. Now the garden terminated in a 9ft. wall, with a mews at the back of it, and how they fled this wall causes me wonder to this day.

Unfortunately they happened to be some friends of ours who had dined with us earlier and stayed to see the fun. I had to round them up ; and gentlemen strolling aimlessly about the streets in evening dress, with no hats or coats on, on a bitter cold night, caused a lot of speculation on the part of my friend, the bobby, on the corner.

He came up to me quite anxiously and asked me if there was a burglary, or what was the matter? I told him my friends were demons for fresh air ; but we thought it wiser to wait till five o'clock in the morning, when the beats were changed—my old trainer was wise in the ways of coppers—then we floured the white dogs and sooted the dark ones and sent them home.

My brother and self had a big white dog then that was champion of London—we always said England ; he made us quite famous, and we were known down East as "them young fellers what belongs to the big white dog."

He got loose one day whilst we were away, and, of course, set about the first dog he saw, who was naturally tied up. A maid we had then saw them and rushed out and pulled him off ; true, she pulled the other dog's ear off as well, but I admire her to this day. I assure you few people would have gone near him at all. Afterwards he did nearly kill two people, and the wretches I gave him to had him shot.

He was a dear old dog and as game as a pebble—one of

the old sort. I have trod on his toe, and wondered what I was treading on till I looked down and saw him ; he never said anything.

The first night I had him I tied him up in my study. I was reading a book after having admired him for some time, and, not thinking, moved my foot suddenly ; he claimed my boot in a moment. I was never so frightened in my life. I broke loose and seized an iron bar which happened to be handy, and we settled the question of superiority there and then. It wasn't fair, for he was tied up ; but we never fell out again. Dear old chap, I am often sorry I hit him with that iron bar.

I had a little bitch at the same time who was quite different ; she was as kind as a Christian. What a silly expression ! She was far kinder than any Christian. She would turn away from a dog in the street and never look at a cat ; but take her collar off and pick her up and she would have gone through hell to get at either. When our little shows were on she would know, though I used to tie her up at the top of the house. She would cry all night if she was left out ; but if I fetched her she would give one little growl, and tremble with joy in my arms till I loosed her in the pit.

What dogs they were ! They are dead and I am alive ; the least worthy. I do not think they breed them now, but in my declining years I had a little fighting-dog who was the light of my eyes. Thinking only of myself, I never let her fight if I could help it ; but she fought when she could, anything she could get her mouth on, and she was so small she seldom met anything near her size. At a few months old she killed a fox-hound, and amongst her trophies were a pony and a pig. Horses were not too big for her, and that her leg was broken by one did not stop her. She never fought an elephant, but that was because she never had the opportunity ; the utter hopelessness of it would have been as nothing to her dauntless heart ;

A MODERN FIGHTING DOG.

[*To face page* 155

and, once she started, you might have called on the west wind to stop with as much hope of success.

For eleven years she was my pride and joy ; for eleven years she slept at my feet. Even now the tears rise to my eyes. She was braver than any living thing, she was wiser than any man, and more faithful than a woman.

She is dead ; but her memory lives for ever in my heart.

Nancy the Brave, the heart that knew no fear;
Courage too rich for use, for earth too dear.

BULL-FIGHTING

I.

ANTONIO FUENTES.

[*To face page* 139

BULL-FIGHTING

"OHLE LOS TOROS"

HERE'S to the bulls, and here's to the men that fight them, worthy successors of the gladiators of old! Bulls and men fought together when the world was young, but bull-fighting, as now practised in Spain, is a comparatively modern sport.

The modern *lidia* is a refinement of the old games, and depends largely for its popularity on its spectacular effects, and the artistry displayed by its exponents, who at the same time require skill and courage far above the ordinary. With these characteristics it is no wonder that it is popular, and the reason why in alien countries bull-fighting is so often condemned is that most foreigners are unable to appreciate these peculiar qualities.

It is undoubtedly the fashion in our country to decry bull-fighting as brutal, and this is due, I fear, mainly to our national trait of intolerance and ignorance where others are concerned. The mental hardihood of some people is almost past belief; they themselves may slaughter harmless birds and beasts in stone-cold safety, and then insult a man who literally takes his life in his hands, and faces a savage animal ten times his size, armed only with a slender sword.

It is further the common fallacy in this country to suppose that the bull is goaded into fighting. I can assure you that the Spanish fighting-bull requires no goading. Racehorses frequently require goading to win a race, but the fighting-bull requires no incentive to make him fight.

I need not labour the point, for I do not want to convert anyone to bull-fighting, but wish merely to suggest that there are more points of view than one, and that it is written "Judge not, that ye be not judged." I hope that some will find this very imperfect little sketch of bull-fighting nteresting, if not instructive, for in its different phases it is a very ancient fighting sport, and, like all fighting sports, of use and benefit to its country.

I am indebted to a very interesting French book, *Les Animaux des Sports*, for some of the following facts.

In very early times there is reason to believe that the Assyrians fought bulls. There are records of bull-fighting at ancient Memphis, and undoubtedly in ancient Greece and Rome the sport flourished. In those days the men of Thessaly were the masters of the art, and it is curious to think how the bull-fighter is localised. To-day Andalucia is the spot from whence the *toreros* come, and it is the proud boast of the Spaniard that Spain alone can produce bull-fighters.

Men of other countries have attempted the art with no success, but it is interesting to note that the negro, once the only foreigner, if we bar the Jews, that rivalled the Briton in pugilism, is the only alien that has attained to even a modicum of skill in this difficult and dangerous sport.

For many years the bull was always fought on horse-back, and the Thessalians galloped beside the bull until it was tired ; then, dismounting and seizing him by the horns, overthrew him by a dexterous twist.

There is a tale of a Thessalian slave who captured a Royal lady for his bride by performing this feat on a bull that had escaped the sacrificial knife at the celebration of her nuptials. The lady was so inflamed with love at this act of bravery that she refused her intended husband, and took the slave instead.

Pliny, in describing the same sport says, "The Thes-

salians gallop by the side of the bull, then, seizing it by the horns and twisting the neck, they kill it." Good old Pliny!

Cæsar is credited with introducing these sports into Rome, and it is possible that from Rome bull-fighting passed into Spain.

Carthage, however, was always famous for the fighting of savage animals, and it is more likely that the Carthaginians introduced bull-fighting into Spain long before the Romans. Indeed, it is most probable that the Spaniards owe to Carthage their taste for this sport.

Others maintain that it was the Moors who were the originators of bull-fighting. It is now impossible to say for certain, but it is more probable that the Moors learnt the art in Spain, rather than that they introduced it into that country; for certainly, as far as we know, no other Muslim race has any traditions of bull-fighting. We do know, however, that about the middle of the eleventh century Muslimeen and Christians rivalled one another in the arena in feats of valour and hardihood against the bulls.

It is said that Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar, renowned the world over as "The Cid," was the first Christian to fight alone with the bulls in the arena.

We may well believe it, for "El Cid" would have fought anything. There is a somewhat astonishing tale told of how this hero won his bride. At the sacking of a town he killed her father and three brothers before her eyes, and was dragging her off by her hair when he was smitten by her beauty. His love was returned, they were married, and lived happily ever afterwards. "El Cid" was one of the greatest fighters the world has known. Whole armies are said to have fled before him, and he it was who saved Spain from the Moors. He died on the eve of a great battle, and the Spaniards were in despair; they saw nothing but defeat and disaster before them, now their great captain was dead.

But they took their last chance: in the morning they dressed his dead body in his armour, placed his weapons in his hands, men marched beside him holding him on to his horse, and the Spaniards advanced to battle shouting "El Cid," "El Cid."

When the Moors saw the dread hero coming up against them, the whole army turned and fled, and Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar won his last victory by the terror of his name alone.

In those brave old days bull-fighting was not confined to Spain. Pepin, the first King of France, is said to have killed a lion and a bull, and the Rome of the Popes was the scene of many bull-fights; and here also the nobles and princes entered the lists, and the fêtes were noted for their magnificence. The famous Cæsar Borgia himself fought against the bulls. By the way, the Borgias were Spaniards by descent; and there is a tale told of him, remarkable if true. The occasion was the fête given in celebration of the marriage of his sister Lucrezia, the most beautiful woman of her day, with Alphonso D'Este, Duke of Ferrara.

The Duke was in the arena, mounted, of course; the bull was pursuing him, and in danger of overtaking him. Cæsar sprang into the ring armed only with a sword, and, as the bull rushed past, with one blow he severed the head from the body. The bull rushed on, and fell headless at the feet of Ferrara.

Bull-fighting may be divided into two epochs. In the first the matadors[1] were the kings, princes, and nobles—the great names of Spain. They fought on horseback, armed with a lance, and killed the bull as they pleased with no fixed rules. Sometimes the bull killed them.

In the second epoch the noble was replaced by the commoner, the amateur by the professional. Instead of

[1] Matador simply means killer, *matador de toros* = killer of bulls, and is as much a profession as, say, barrister = killer of reputations.

horse and lance the matador was on foot, and armed with a sword. Fixed and precise rules were instituted, and the sport became a delicate art. It was no longer a sport or game, but became a spectacle and a profession. The fighters were paid, and became a class apart, and a very fine class, too.

About the middle of the eighteenth century commenced the Classical Period. Different schools gradually evolved, and were associated with the names of the great fighters who founded them, but were named after the towns in which they were first practised, as Ronda and Seville. To Francisco Romero of Ronda belongs the honour of founding the first school, fixing the rules, and making bull-fighting what it is to-day.

He increased the interest in the sport by the introduction of the *muleta*, and was the first exponent of those delicate, dangerous passes that prepare the bull for the death-stroke. He was the first *torero* who faced the bull on foot armed with a sword, and no means of defence other than a little red flag.

He was the originator of the famous *suerte de recibir*, which is killing the bull in the act of charging. The matador stands in front of the bull with the sword-arm raised and the sword pointing. He incites the bull to attack, and receives it on his sword, the bull practically transfixing itself. It is easy to understand the danger run by the man, and the stroke is not often seen nowadays, from its extreme difficulty and danger.

The school of Seville gradually superseded that of Ronda, and introduced the *suerte de volapie*, which is running in on the bull to kill it. It has this advantage over the *recibir*—that with this stroke you can kill any bull; the first requires a generous bull that will always charge. Jose Candido was the first to practise the *suerte de volapie* with success.

A good thrust requires the matador to throw himself

fairly on the bull, between the horns, and drive the sword home. It is obligatory that the stroke be rightly placed—that is, between the shoulder-blades at the base of the neck. A thrust well placed is always applauded by a Spanish audience, whether it kills the bull or not, whereas a badly placed thrust that kills a bull immediately is always hissed.

The school of Ronda was distinguished by its steady and dignified fighting; but that of Seville, by its lightness and mobility, attracted the public, and soon took first place in its estimation. Now I suppose Seville is practically the only school, but I dare say Jose Candido would not recognise it.

ESPATERO KILLING.

"LOS TOREROS"

TORERO, or toreador, means a bull-fighter, and includes all grades. At the top stands the *espada*, or matador. Each matador has his own *cuadrilla*, or Troupe, which usually consists of three *banderilleros*, two *picadors*, and several minor stars, including the *punctillero*, who destroys by pithing any horses unable to continue, and the bull itself if not quite dead.

The whole of the *cuadrilla* is paid by the matador, and is under his orders. The laws of the bull-ring require that they obey him in everything, and the etiquette and discipline is strict.

The *banderilleros* are the men who plant the *banderillas*, or coloured darts, in the bull. It is a business that requires nerve and judgment as well as great skill and quickness, for they must be placed in the right place, about the withers of the bull. A badly planted pair of *banderillas* always receives a hostile demonstration, whilst a well-placed pair only provokes but mild applause.

The *picadors* are the horsemen, who, armed with a lance with a ball at the end of it, and only a small tip of steel, so that it cannot penetrate, and mounted on sorry steeds, receive the charge of the bull. They also must strike the bull only in one place, just behind the neck.

The *picador* is armoured on one leg as a protection from the horns, and when down is unable to rise without assistance, and his only protection, when in this unpleasant position, is to lie flat and hope the bull will miss him with his horns, till the cape men can draw it away with their capes.

The tosses these gallant fellows take are shocking. Sent

flying through the air like stones from a catapult, with horses falling on top of them, and bulls trampling them, it is not surprising that they are often injured, and sometimes killed.

It occasionally happens that by a badly placed thrust a *picador* may kill or injure a bull. When this happens the indignant crowd express a strong desire to injure him.

Space prevents me from describing fully these men, who all play with death for a living, and get very little for it. I must confine myself to the matador. He is the hero; he faces and kills the bull alone, and to him belongs most of the danger and all the glory.

Matadors are born, not made. From earliest childhood they play at bulls in the streets; they spread their jackets, in lieu of capes, before the calves and cows in the slaughter-house, and get many a cruel trampling. When old enough they learn the cape-play with young bulls at the village *capeas*, or bull-runs, and later they journey many miles, sleeping under the hedges at night, and living how they can, to attend a bull-play at some village fair, or *ganaderia*, and sometimes the boy who does best would be taken in to dine with the master of the farm, who would pay his fare back by rail, the rest sleeping in the stables and getting back as best they could.

One can understand that this life, these long tramps, living on a few stolen grapes or figs, or a crust of bread begged from a cottager, tends to give the strength and hardihood necessary to the bull-fighter.

Then, if fortune is propitious, and merit deserves it, they enter the troupe of some matador and serve an apprenticeship, generally as *banderillero*; and as they improve become *novilleros* or novices, and kill young bulls (*novillos*) at small fêtes, and, when considered worthy, are given the *alternativa* at Madrid by a famous matador, when they take their place amongst the heroes of Spain.

As the matadors kill alternately, the master surrenders

his turn to the novice, who henceforth has the right of the alternative with the masters.

Strength and skill, endurance and agility, but, above all, courage, are necessary for a matador, and when he stands alone in front of the bull he sees death lightly pass him by with every wave of the *muleta* as it passes over the bull's horns.

Many are killed, and all are wounded at some time or other of their career. One can understand the pride of the Spaniard who said, "God has given us these men; Spain alone of all the countries of the earth can produce them. These others, they may have greatness, they may have money, but they have no bulls and no men like these."

The feats they perform are marvellous. They will drop a handkerchief in the arena, and, standing on it, take the charge of the bull, and, by swaying the body, make the bull miss his charge, put in the *banderillas* as he passes, and never move their feet from the handkerchief.

I have seen them sit on a chair before a charging bull, at the last moment spring from the chair, plant the *banderillas*, and the bull carries the chair away on his horns. Mistimed by the fraction of a second, and the man would be carried away instead of the chair. In fact, so dangerous is this feat that it is no longer allowed.

I saw Reverte kneel in front of a wounded bull. The bull charged and caught him. It only looked as if the man was turning a catherine-wheel, but his thigh was laid open to the bone from groin to knee, and Reverte was never the same again.

I was once fortunate enough to see an extraordinary *corrida*. A show of fighting-bulls was first held near Seville, and the six finest beasts were chosen for the fight. Fuentes, Bombita, and El Algabeño, then the three greatest matadors in Spain, were to kill them. The ordinary bull-fight is six bulls and two matadors. As a special occasion all three matadors came out to the second bull, and each tried to

excel the other in his cape-play. Fuentes, as the oldest *diestro*, came first, and, with the grace and skill for which he was famous, performed some dazzling passes. Facing and back to the bull he took the charges, the bull's horns grazing the tassels of his dress. At last the bewildered beast stopped, and Fuentes, dropping his cape to the ground under the bull's nose, walked quietly away a few feet from the horns, trailing the cape behind him. The bull lowered his head to within a few inches of the cape, and trotted after the man like a dog. I don't think I ever saw a more marvellous thing.

Bombita, after making his passes with the cape, walked up and actually seized hold of one of the horns, but Algabeño perhaps exceeded them both in daring, for, after dazzling the bull with his cape-play, he walked up to the face of the bull, and, crooking his elbow, rested it on the bull's poll and leaned his head on his arm as a man does at a table, and stayed there some seconds, which seemed an eternity to the spell-bound spectators.

I have seen men take off a shoe and slap the bull in the face with it, or take off their caps and place them between the horns. Such things seem impossible, but they are true.

A daring feat, introduced by one Don Tancredo, deserves mention as a novelty, though not, strictly speaking, bull-fighting. He appeared in the arena standing on a pedestal, robed in white and face and hands chalked over. Presumably the human smell was destroyed, and the bull mistook him for a statue; at any rate as long as he stood motionless he was safe. Imagine the nerve to stand before a charging fighting-bull! It was curious to see the bull, in full charge at this new object, suddenly stop and raise his head within a few feet of the man, and trot up and examine him, and if no movement was made he would turn away and leave him; but if he so much as blinked an eyelid, it was a certain toss, and probable death. In

fact, he was killed eventually. He had numerous imitators, and many of them were killed, so the authorities stopped it.

I once saw a very amusing incident connected with this feat. It was in Portugal, where the bull's horns are sheathed and padded and nothing is killed, and a lady was to perform the trick. The bull charged from across the arena, stopped and trotted up to her, then put his muzzle up and smelt her ; she stood it splendidly, but as the bull was turning away you could just see her shrink. Quick as a flash, back turned the bull, and touched her with one horn, as much as to say " What's this ? " Of course, off the pedestal she went. The bull was on her like a terrier on a rat, and lifted her by her robes on his padded horns. The dress tore, and she fell to the ground. Men had rushed to her help, and the bull was drawn off with the capes. Up jumped the lady, but I told you her dress was torn ; it fell around her ankles and impeded her movements. She endeavoured to retrieve the situation, but failed ; and in the condition in which she was born, from the waist downwards, she waddled to the barrier amid the yells of 20,000 people. I never heard such a roar of laughter in my life, and to this day I regret, that, being with some ladies, my natural modesty prevented me from really enjoying myself.

Altogether it was an amusing afternoon, for there were two shows, amateur and professional, and somehow they mixed the bulls, and the amateurs, including the lady, got big fighting-bulls instead of calves, and the professionals little two-year-olds. It was very slow watching the professionals smothering the young bulls, but when the amateurs and the big bulls came on it paid for everything. The way the bulls treated those poor amateurs was a shame ; but for the padded horns the arena must have resembled a battlefield.

After all, they only play at bull-fighting in Portugal.

To get back to the real thing, let me try to describe the kill, the last act of the drama, when the man and the bull stand face to face, the man dressed as for a ball, and with only a frail sword. The bull, fatigued from the charging of the horses, the blows of the lances, the pricking of the darts, the useless charging of the capes, standing there with the coloured *banderillas* hanging down his sides, a very emblem of strength and courage, still fresh and dangerous, awaiting what may come; the matador, now his moment has arrived, ready, too, for the age-old struggle; the skill and courage of the man against the strength and courage of the brute, and both with death standing beside them for a companion.

Let me tell you what I can remember of a description of one of Espatero's triumphs.

The fighter approached the barrier, and took the sword and folded *muleta* from the hands of an attendant. Drawing the thin blade, he handed the scabbard back to the man, and with short firm steps, the inimitable walk of the *torero*, went and stood before the presidential chair. All gazed on him as on something divine, as, with his cap in one hand, and with the sword and *muleta* in the other, his head thrown back, he spoke the *brindis*.[1] Few could hear the words, but the roar that greeted them was as though a god had spoken. Then, throwing his cap over his shoulder behind him to the ground, he turned bare-headed to meet the bull.

The fighter advanced deliberately towards the bull, which stood as though awaiting him in the middle of the *plaza*, the *muleta* held folded across his body, the sword swinging from his hand.

All was silent as slowly he spread the *muleta*, almost on

[1] *Brindis* = the dedication. The matador dedicates the first bull to someone present, and it is usual to present him with a souvenir, often a piece of jewellery, in return for the honour of the dedication. "I dedicate this bull to ——. Either I will kill him or he will kill me," is the ancient form which is always used.

the horns. The bull stood watching, uncertain what to do. Almost it seemed awed by the boldness of the man. The fighter stamped on the ground, insulting the bull, till suddenly it rushed, bellowing, upon him. The man seemed scarcely to move, but the *muleta* passed over the horns. Again and again the bull charged; it seemed a miracle that the man was still there, but it was always the little red flag that passed over those pointed horns.

The crowd roared its admiration of these passes of the *muleta*, so close that there was never more than a finger's breadth between the man and death. Suddenly the charges ceased, and the bull stopped, bewildered by the red cloth and the emptiness of his efforts, and gazed his distrust and defiance of the man.

The moment had come. The matador, lowering the *muleta*, raised the sword to the level of his eyes, and again stamped insultingly on the sand. The brave beast answered the challenge, and rushed once more upon his foe, and for one moment man and bull seemed one, the matador between the very horns. Then they separated, the man empty-handed, staggering sideways from the shock; but the bull rushed on, the sword buried to the hilt between the shoulder-blades. It might have been unhurt, the small red handle of the sword scarcely visible on that broad neck; but suddenly it rolled in its gait, and, stopping, very calmly folded its forelegs and laid down as if to rest, but the rest was eternal.

Then the storm broke loose; the very walls seemed to rock to the thunder of the sound. All rose, shouting, shrieking, waving their arms; fans, handkerchiefs, fluttered like doves in the air, or as if a snow-storm had suddenly fallen. "But one man could thrust like that"—and again they roared their unbounded admiration.

Then, as the matador moved round the barriers, the people seemed to go mad with enthusiasm; hats, coats, cigars, flew into the ring, men behind him with deft hands

throwing back the hats and coats to their owners with practised skill.

When the fighter arrived before the President he threw wide his arms in the old Roman salute, and standing there, a figure of gold and glory, the ovation redoubled: "The bull's ear!" "The bull's ear!" He must be given the crowning honour—never could it be better deserved—and when, at a sign from the President, an attendant handed to him the bloody trophy, the enthusiasm crashed out greater than before, and thundered over the sand, till the tinkling mules dragged out the brave bull, and all sank back, exhausted, to their seats.

ESPATERO KILLING.

"LOS TOROS"

THE bulls! Gentlemen, take off your hats to the bulls, for to them the first place must be given. Without brave bulls, bull-fighting is nothing. When he rushes out into the noise and sunshine, it is for the last time. Foredoomed to die, who would grudge him his death of glory?

Very occasionally, for special valour, the crowd may demand that his life be spared, and sometimes it is granted; more rarely still a matador is unable to kill his bull in the time allowed, and he is then returned to the corral; but these occasions are so rare that they hardly count. When he leaves the ring, it is at the heels of the mules.

Now make no comparisons with the tame, cumbersome beast of this country; the Spanish fighting-bull is as different as is a racehorse from a carthorse. He is in no sense a domestic animal, but a wild one; great and fierce, bold and powerful, a formidable beast of combat, and always brave.

The breeding of these brave bulls is an expensive luxury, and by no means a profitable occupation. Certain *ganaderias* doubtless pay, for the prices obtained for good bulls are high—£80 or even £100—but the time, care, pasturage, special enclosures, and food, not to mention the experience required for their rearing, leaves but little profit.

Their breeding is an art, and requires the same care and judgment as breeding racehorses; and vast tracts of land are necessary, where they can roam at liberty, away from everything else, for they are dangerous neighbours.

Yet the savage animals know the hand that cares for them, and their *vacqueros*, or herdsmen, can move about them with comparative safety. Bulls have even been known that would come to the master's call, and protect

him, so that he could walk amongst the herd, when venturing alone would have meant death.

The well-bred Spanish bull is big and powerful, so that the ground shakes beneath his tread, yet agile as a goat. Sometimes when they rush out on to the sand of the arena they will skip and jump, like a lamb at play; then they see a horse. Down go those terrible horns, the earth trembles beneath the rushing feet, the lance can no more stop him than a reed, and horse and man fly in different directions as though a whirlwind had struck them.

It is a grand sight—the charge of a Spanish fighting-bull. "*C'est le moment d'émotion et de danger,*" as a French friend put it.

He has a coat of satin, fine and shining like a well-groomed horse. The eyes are bold and fierce, their glorious heads are proudly carried, their legs are short and clean, their tails long and fine. Their horns, curving forward, are deadly weapons, and they can use them with such precision that they can pierce in the air a floating rag; they are sharp as daggers and shine like polished steel. Their hoofs are small and round, and hard as iron. Every animal is entered in a stud-book, and their pedigrees are as long as the land.

Each year the young bulls must be tried, to see if their courage is what is necessary for the *plaza*. There are many ways of doing this, but I must content myself with a brief description of the most picturesque; the *tentativa*, or trial of the young bulls on the Andalucian plain.

The owner of the herd invites his friends, and it is a gala day. They ride out in the early morning armed with lances with a small steel point, which only inflict a superficial wound, to where the herd is collected together. Two of the horsemen ride up close to the herd, and by shouting and waving their lances incite a young bull to leave the rest. Off he goes, and the two riders gallop after him. It is a race as to who gets there first. The first up strikes the

bull on the croup with his lance, and the impetus of the galloping horse overthrows the bull. If he rises and turns away he is no good, but if he charges the horse he is good; the man receives him with his lance; and if, after the first prick, he charges again, he is very good, and if he charges a third time, of the very best. He is then turned out to liberty and luxury, till the day arrives when he goes to the arena, to die with honour on the sand.

The fighting-bulls of Spain have fought against lions, tigers, and bears, and have invariably proved victorious. I have heard of one matched against an elephant. The bull charged seven times, and wounded the elephant, but what the finish was I do not know. Doubtless it ended in a drawn battle, for not even a bull of Spain could lift an elephant on his horns.

Another bull was pitted against a lion and a tiger, and they proved easy for him. The lion was let in first, and the bull, not suspecting mischief, was looking into other matters, when the lion, being in an unusually courageous mood, sprang upon the bull and commenced rending him with his teeth and claws. The bull, mad with rage, bounded round the cage and eventually dislodged the lion, and, turning on him before he had time to recover, lifted him on one horn and tossed him like a shuttlecock in the air, caught him again before he reached the ground, and flung him in a corner, and left him lying crumpled up like a drowned cat. When the tiger was loosed the bull was looking for trouble, and, in spite of the tiger's evident aversion to mix matters, was on him with startling promptitude. Picking him up on one horn, he threw him high in the air, caught him on the other, and, shaking him like a doll, tossed him in the corner on the top of the dead lion, looking round for fresh foes to conquer.

The king of beasts and the tiger of the jungle were very small potatoes to the bull of Spain, and yet some people affect to despise the men who fight them.

The bulls are bred all over Spain, but those of the south are most justly renowned, and the black bulls of Andalucia excel all others. Here were bred those terrible Miura bulls, who have killed more *toreros* than all the others put together. No wonder the crowds gather, and the fighters demand double pay, when these bulls are on the match-bills.

No bull is bred from over eight years of age, and sometimes the sire is a famous bull that has fought and been given his life, but this is very rare, and in some fifty years I have only heard of eleven bulls that have been granted this grace.

The fighting age is four years. They are not full grown, but they are quicker and more dangerous at that age. They are occasionally fought at five and even six, when the horses have a poor time, for they are then enormously powerful; and, though slower, are difficult to kill, from their great size.

The commonest colour is black; but some are red and others white, and in many the colours are mixed.

It seems impossible that these fierce animals could be brought to the different arenas, and so it would be were it not for the tame bulls, or rather oxen. The *cabestros*, or tame oxen, are beasts of great intelligence, and wonderfully trained and obedient. Large bells are hung round their necks, and the bulls are accustomed to them on the pastures. Then, when the day arrives, they are used to surround the bulls destined for the pit. They prevent them from straying or fighting, and if one should break away, several of them give chase to the fugitive, get round him, and bring him back. It is curious, but the bulls never strike the *cabestros*, and in the end always obey them.

The troupe formed, in the old days they marched by road, travelling by night, to their destination; now the train takes them, and they are got into their boxes by the help of the tame bulls.

However, at Seville the old custom is still followed, the bulls being bred near that beautiful city. They are brought to the corrals at Tablada, close to Seville, and from there the night before the fight, about two in the morning, the bulls are brought to the *plaza* by the road that runs along the banks of the Guadalquivir. It is an interesting experience. Many times have I lost my beauty-sleep to see the bulls go by. The side roads are barricaded and the windows boarded up in case of accidents, and the Sevillaños go out to see the fighters of to-morrow pass.

At midnight the road is as lively as a fair ; the windows are lighted up, and beams of light stream from the little taverns on the road. Wine, women, and song are holding their own. The guitars tinkle, and the little glasses go round. It is an insult not to drink, and almost instantly they are swept away and another lot appears ; and so it goes on. It is fortunate that the glasses are very small and the Manzanilla very pure. The waiter, a good friend rather than a servant, juggles with the bottles and glasses, the wine is poured out in a continuous stream, but it never misses the glass, and not a drop is spilt. For amusement he will take a glass in his hand and twirl it round and round, and throw the whole contents in the air and catch it again without spilling a drop. Savoury little slices of ham and delicious olives refresh the thirst ; all is good cheer and good fellowship. All night long you enjoy yourself, and in the morning find you have only spent a few shillings.

About one in the morning a herdsman rides down the road and stops at the houses and taverns to warn every-body that the bulls are coming, and that all lights must be put out. It is a tribute to the popularity of the nationai sport that everyone does this most willingly. After all the gaiety it is a little wearisome waiting in the silence and darkness the coming of the bulls ; but at last there is a stir of expectancy, and a faint tinkling is heard in the

distance—it is the bells of the tame bulls. The bells clang louder and louder, almost drowning the thunder of the galloping hoofs; there is a turmoil of dust and noise; and the bulls have passed.

The last part of the journey through the town is done at a gallop, and the earth shakes as the fierce herd rushes by. First comes a single rider at full gallop, with a lance over his shoulder, then the bulls surrounded by the bell-oxen; and, bringing up the rear, three or four men also with lances over their shoulders.

It is all over in a moment. You cannot see the bulls, they have gone past in a shadowy mass filled with leaping, snorting bodies and clanging bells.

When they arrive near the arena, the gates of which are flung wide, the foremost rider turns on one side, letting the bulls pass into the passage that leads to the arena gates; the bell-oxen push on, taking the bulls with them, and they are easily herded into the narrow pens, where they await in semi-darkness the morrow's blaze of sunshine, which shall be their last.

CONCLUSION

Spain has its cranks, like other countries, who oppose bull-fighting and pretend to think it a disgrace to their country. Fortunately they are in the minority—the masses love bull-fighting as their national sport, and still the crowds gather. It is easy to understand the fascination of the bull-fight. To the uninstructed it may seem a confused and aimless struggle between bulls and horses and men; but to the instructed it is an artistic entertainment of skill and courage, a skill and courage peculiar to Spain, and as a spectacle the finest in the world.

From the moment when the *cuadrillas* appear, tricked out for death, all glittering gold and blazing colour, and march across the sand to the stirring strains of music; when the

bull rushes in, stands mazed a moment by the glare and tumult; to the moment when he is dragged out by the tinkling team of death; there is no moment that does not give its thrill, of interest, admiration, or fear.

The interest of the amateurs lies in an appreciation of the degree of skill and courage displayed by the *toreros*—the cape affords wonderful opportunities for skill and elegance; the *banderillas*, the correct planting of which requires an extraordinarily delicate combination of nerve and judgment; and the final *suerte* with the sword and *muleta*, when the man and bull stand face to face, the bull with two terrible horns, sharp as daggers, enormous strength, and the fierceness of the brute that knows no fear; the man with his sword and his heart.

Everything done to the bull, from the moment he enters the ring, has the definite object of preparing his death, from the charging of the horses, the planting of the *banderillas*, to the final work with the *muleta*.

Bull-fighting is not a sport in our sense of the word—it is a national spectacle and entertainment, and is always associated with the name of Spain.

A great Frenchman has said: "Bull-fighting has contributed much to maintain the valour of the Spanish people. Happy people who know how to preserve their traditions, and, even in a century of novelties, maintain the colour of the past! No spectacle is more beautiful, none more emotional; add that no school is better for energy and courage."

Long live the bulls! Long live Spain!

DIVERS FIGHTING SPORTS

Plate X

BEAR-BAITING AT THE WESTMINSTER PIT.

DIVERS FIGHTING SPORTS

CHAPTER ONE

MANY fighting sports exist, and many fighting animals live, that are little dreamt of by the majority of people. The more widely known sports I have dealt with at some length, and I hope that a few words on the lesser known ones may not come amiss. Birds, beasts, insects, even fish, all contribute their fighting representatives.

In China a special fish is bred for fighting purposes, and I am told that he somewhat resembles a stickleback, though considerably larger than the denizen of our puddles. When two of these little warriors are introduced into the same glass bowl or aquarium they will fight with great fury, shaking and worrying each other like two bull-dogs, the combat often ending fatally for one. At the other end of the scale the sperm whale is some fighter, and with his cavernous jaws and ponderous flukes only his own species can stand before him; anyway, he is lord of the oceans in which he swims. Travellers tell tales of fights between these leviathans and giant octopuses, and a sailor once described to me a battle he had seen between a sperm whale and an octopus with a body, as he said, of thirty feet or more and tentacles of, say, another fifty. The waters seethed and boiled like a devil's cauldron, the grasping tentacles waved in the air or wrapped round the huge body of the whale, the whole a writhing mass of loathsomeness. But the squid had no chance against those mighty jaws, which sheared through the foul body,

cutting out chunks the size of a table, snapping off stray tentacles like straws, and strewing the sea with great masses of viscous flesh. The fight did not last long and terminated with the squid being cut to pieces, when the whale promptly disappeared, probably on sensing the ship.

Unfortunately these fights, however diverting they may be, can hardly be presented in a glass bowl on the breakfast table.

Insects are often terribly formidable opponents for their size. I am not here referring to *pulex irritans*, and some are even kept for fighting purposes; as, for example, crickets in Japan, and the mantis in other climes, I must own to knowing little or nothing of these sports, except that the mantis is rather a ferocious customer, despite his delicate appearance. Armed with two long fore-limbs, he does not require much incentive to fight, and when two are placed together they readily get at it, striking fiercely at each other with their long sabre-like arms, and will often maintain a desperate battle, until one of them succumbs. The ant, too, will give you plenty of fun on your garden path. They are of those wonderful insects who live in their own communities and have their warrior class; two fighting ants of different tribes put up a great battle, and with their powerful nippers make short work of one another once they get to holds. I have watched ants engage in regular battles, but could never make out why, when one of the fighters had disposed of his adversary, he would generally rush away, as though he had pressing business elsewhere. I could never discover what it was, but some authorities aver that he runs off to tell the workers to come and clear away the débris, and then he probably returns and rejoins the mêlée. I have seen ants fighting a young centipede, but I fancy this was to procure a dinner. Dozens of little ants would seize a leg apiece and drag at their victim towards their nest. Others would run in,

bite a chunk out of the poor centipede, and rush off again and in the end a badly damaged centipede would be dragged into the ancestral home.

Ants will tackle almost anything in reason that you place near their domicile.

A bee and a grasshopper will fight valiantly if you place them together in a small space—an overturned wine glass makes a good battle-ground. The grasshopper's weapons of offence are his powerful hind legs, and he will endeavour to stamp on the bee, and, if successful, will stamp the life out of him, like a buck rabbit stamping on a ferret. The bee is generally loth to use his sting, but when he succeeds in landing on a tender spot it is U.P. with the grasshopper, though occasionally both heroes die in the pit.

The South African tarantula is a very worthy opponent for anything near its own size. I have seen large specimens kill young scorpions, and I shall never forget a terrible battle between one and a centipede about the size of a lead pencil. It was a hard and doubtful contest, the tarantula for long endeavouring to get a death-hold on his horny antagonist, and, strange to say, seemed to be particularly wary of the centipede's tail, though it appeared to me the danger lay in the nipping claws. At last he wore the many-legged one down, and, putting in some good work at close quarters, stretched out his opponent a gruesome corpse. Two evenly matched tarantulas put up a pretty fight. Planting themselves firmly on the majority of their legs, they throw the body slightly back, and raise the two front ones almost like a man sparring. This is mainly a defensive measure and only adopted against a formidable antagonist. The fight commences with sweeping blows from these limbs as they endeavour to beat down their opponent's guard and force an opening for their terrible jaws. Once these get to work the going is very hot and soon one strides triumphantly over the dead body of his foe.

I had a fine specimen once and I kept him as a pet for some time. He was the hero of a hundred fights, killing everything I put before him, and as for great big horny beetles, he could chop them up like pork. As he made a habit of eating his opponents—and he had many—he grew to an enormous size, and lost some of his lissome grace. In fact, I fear that towards the end of his career he presented rather a gross appearance. His fame had spread far and wide, and Tommies, wishing to improve their minds, would buy my servant a drink for the privilege of having a peep at the champion. But pride ever cometh before the fall, and wantonly I matched him against a large scorpion. His chances were not rosy, and I think he knew it, but, flushed with his many victories, he did not decline the combat. His great heart would not suffer him to refuse the call of honour. Raising his forelegs, he advanced to the battle and strove with mighty blows to shake the scorpion and make an opening for his conquering jaws. The loathly scorp. clung to the earth, utterly immobile, till his chance arrived, and then: whip! came his tail, and my poor tarantula had received his death-blow. He staggered from the fray and laid down his life, a victim to his master's overweening pride. Many foes he met and conquered—but I may not write for ever on the feeding and training of tarantulas for the pit.

The fighting of guinea-pigs is not a sport that is universally recognised, yet these little warriors are very hardy fighters. Specially bred, fed, and trained, two males will fight with the utmost fury, chewing at each other with their sharp teeth in a fearsome manner, and death is usually the fate of one.

Ferrets I have always held to be ideal fighting animals, and I believe, with care and attention, could be bred to fight at sight. I have, however, never put this theory to the test, but I owned a large white ferret once, Charlie by name, who was a holy terror in his way. I would put

him in a pit with half a dozen rats and he would kill them like a dog. Cats also were easy for him. Many a time I have watched him weave about in front of one, taking care to miss the dabs made at him with the forepaws, till the cat got dizzy or its attention relaxed ; then in would go Charlie, swift as light, and fasten on to puss's ear or side of the face. Over would roll the cat, trying to make use of her hind claws, which Charlie would skilfully avoid. Round and round they would go, till Charlie got his chance, then he would jump in to the throat, and it was soon all over.

Cats are not fighting animals, and their abominable cruelty to mice and birds places them outside the pale of sportsmanship, but I shall always remember a Homeric battle between two dauntless Toms, who fought on a garden lawn in the early hours of a summer's morn, when, in my misspent youth, I was returning from a night of jollity. They did not hear my approach, which speaks well for my sobriety, and I watched them for twenty minutes at least. It was a coward's battle. They would roll and fight like demons for a minute or two, and then break away without being called upon to do so by the referee, eye each other steadily for some time, and in the drollest manner possible try and scrape the fur out of their mouths with their paws. Then one would endeavour to retreat. The moment he turned his back the other would be on him like a knife, and so it went on till the heavy footfall of a constable (they did not wear rubber soles in those days) frightened all the fight that was left out of them.

I have been told in confidence that naughty boys sometimes tie two cats together by their tails, when they will fight very merrily.

I once won the useful sum of £5 by backing a rat against a cat. I had a large rat in captivity, and he showed unmistakable signs of disapproving of it. I suggested to a

friend that it would take a good cat to tackle this fellow. My friend, who had a touching faith in the ability of all cats to kill rats, ridiculed the idea, so I offered to bet him a fiver his cat could not kill my rat in a tub. He gleefully accepted the bet, thinking my money was already in his pocket, and dashed off to find his cat.

I was not ignorant of the fact that cats seldom perform willingly in public, and considered my money fairly safe We popped them both in a tub, with a bit of wire netting over the top. The old rat backed away as far as he could, squeaking nervously ; but the cat, to my relief, also showed unmistakably that it would sooner have been anywhere else. The rat soon tumbled to it, and sprang on puss's neck, biting her savagely about the head, and even drawing blood. The cat resigned herself to her fate and only hoped that the earth would open up and swallow her. After the rat had enjoyed himself for a little while my friend paid up, and I let the rat go, thinking he had earned his freedom.

The snake and the mongoose are hereditary foes, and it is a common thing with Indian jugglers to exhibit a fight between these two. Unfortunately, I have never seen them compete in their native jungle, when doubtless the snake puts up some sort of a show. I had a pet mongoose at one time, and I used to give him a snake whenever I could get one. I suppose my snakes were not exactly in the condition of "thumbs-up," but the fights were very small beer. My mongoose would jump on the snake like a dog on a rat, grab him by the neck, and soon bite the life out of him. I must confess to disappointment ; there was no fight in it.

Bull-baiting and bear-baiting were among the old sports of England, and were an institution in their way, no holiday being complete without its baitings. In the seventeenth century bull-baiting was obligatory—that is, a butcher was obliged by law to bait a bull before killing it, the

idea being that it improved the flesh. This idea is still held by many people, who prefer a coursed hare to a shot one. When it was no longer obligatory it was continued as a sport. The bull was attached to a stout stake and the dogs were loosed on him in turn, seizing the bull about the head, and the one who retained his hold longest received a prize, or won a sweepstake for his master.

It required courage for this game, as the dogs were not only facing an animal ten times their size, but took terrible tosses, and were often gored and trampled. The favourite holds were the nose, dewlap, or ears, the bull, if unsuccessful in goring or trampling the dog, flinging his head in all directions to rid himself of his tenacious opponent. In the end the dog was generally flung high in the air, to fall with a sickening thud, unless his owner was lucky enough to catch him in his arms. Sometimes the seconds of the dog provided themselves with long poles, which they tried to get under him as he fell, so that he slid down the pole and so broke the fall. However, they frequently hit the ground first and, shattered and shaken as they were, in their turn, were expected to return to the bull. As an old man I knew put it: "Even if they was a bit groggy, we allays expected them to scratch in their turn to the bull's 'ead."

Wonderful stories are told of the courage and tenacity of the English bull-dog, and one man is said to have made a wager that his dog would never loose his hold, even if cut limb from limb, and it is said that he had actually amputated two limbs before the dog relaxed his hold through loss of blood and died. We must hope this tale is not true, but they certainly put their dogs to very high tests in those days.

Not so very many years ago a few patriotic butchers used to occasionally still obey good King James's ordinance in private, and try their dogs against a bull before they slaughtered it.

Bear-baiting was a similar sport, only a bear was baited instead of a bull; also the bear faced his antagonists in a room or pit, whereas bull-baiting was always in the open.

The bear was attached to the wall with a strong collar and chain, and I fancy the claws were generally clipped to save the dogs somewhat, but do not think that this was always done. The bear was also further controlled by a rope in the hands of a man and fastened to the collar. In this way the man could render some assistance to the dogs if they got into very awkward situations. These brave creatures would fly to the bear and fasten on to the nearest part, the bear generally rising up, and endeavouring to hug the dog or to claw him off with his forepaws. Sometimes a dog was killed, for a bear's hug is proverbial; but this is where the man with the rope came in. By a smart pull he could bring Bruin to the ground, forcing him to put out his paws and relax his hold. I have heard that a clever dog would run in between the forepaws from behind, seize the bear by the nose or lower jaw, and by pulling the head between the legs throw him a complete somersault and hold him helpless at the extremity of the chain.

Badger-baiting was another form of sport, if we can honour it with this term, and must be distinguished from badger-drawing. In the first case the badger was tied to a stake driven in the ground and the dog was loosed on it, attacking and worrying it to the best of his ability, the badger chopping back with his powerful jaws, often inflicting severe injuries, until the dog retired, having had enough of it.

In the second case the badger was put in a short box, the dog being held outside by his master, the left hand seizing the dog by the scruff of the neck and the right grasping its tail. The man would loose the left hand, letting the dog into the box, and then draw it out by the

tail and the badger with it, if the dog retained its hold. Of course, only cur-dogs were necessary for these two forms of sport.

Dog and monkey fights were also a frequent entertainment, and they had a monkey at the Westminster Pit who was a stock performer and put up a great battle with an indifferent dog. The monkey was given a club to assist him, but no monkey, except the very large apes, has any chance with a fighting-dog; they have not the biting power in the jaws, and it does not take a good dog long to kill an ordinary monkey.

Dog and man fights have also taken place, and some sensation was caused a few years ago by a man fighting a bull-dog with his fists. Both combatants were attached to stakes by a chain, which enabled them to meet in the centre, but also allowed them to retire out of each other's reach.

The man used his excess of grey matter, and, only advancing a short distance, allowed the dog to meet him at the full length of its chain. By constantly retreating he wore the dog out, and in the end battered it senseless, though he was dreadfully mangled about the hands and arms. These were the sports of a rougher age. Now we have neither the dogs nor the men.

CHAPTER TWO

RAM-FIGHTING and buffalo-fighting still obtain in India, and I am indebted for most of the following notes to my friend Herbert Atkinson, who has had exceptional opportunities of studying sport in the East, and, what is rarer still, has the intelligence to appreciate it.

Ram-fighting is quite extensively practised in some parts of India, where great interest is taken in it, and heavy wagering usually takes place on the result. The shock of two rams meeting at full charge is terrific, and there is small doubt but that the idea of the ancient battering-ram was derived from witnessing these combats, these old weapons being frequently adorned with a ram's head, carved, at the business end.

Rams of certain breeds are chosen and trained for fighting, the young and vigorous males being carefully selected, and as an initial step a poultice of pea-flour is spread over the young horns, causing them to shed early, when a much finer head is then grown and developed, in a good specimen the horns meeting together in a horny shield across the forehead. The ram in training is carefully fed on a special diet, and massage plays an important part in his preparation. He is clipped, with certain tufts left for ornament, coloured with yellow and violet dyes, adorned with a necklace of shells or coloured beads and bells, and accompanies his owner or keeper out walking daily for exercise.

When led out by his owner, a Mohammedan dude, with little round gold-embroidered cap over his oiled and scented hair, his fine white muslin shirt topped by a bright-coloured satin or velvet waistcoat, adorned with gold or silver

BUFFALO-FIGHTING.

embroidery, his skin-tight drawers, coloured socks, and patent leather pumps, earrings, and two or three chains round his neck, rings on his fingers and a silk shawl round his shoulders, they offer a gorgeous sight often met with in India. The dignified air of the owner is, alas, often spoiled by his being pulled and pushed hither and thither by the angry butting sheep.

When matched to fight, each ram has two attendants or seconds. They are placed facing each other at about fifteen yards, and when loosed dash at each other with all their force, the crash of their heads resounding like the explosion of a Jack Johnson. Six or seven of these meetings generally take place, occasionally more, and then one of the combatants either comes more slowly, or at the last moment swerves to one side, when his adversary butts him in the ribs, knocking him over, or else sends him in full flight, following in hot pursuit, until they are secured by their attendants.

It is rare that one is killed outright, though instances are not unknown where dislocation of the vertebræ occurs through the force of the collision.

Buffalo-fighting is practised by the herdsmen in the vicinity of Bombay and other districts. They fight their bulls in the spring of the year, making it a kind of religious festival. Often the bulls are garlanded with flowers, and they consider it more as a test to inform themselves of the best bulls for breeding purposes, a strong, victorious animal being much prized for stock, which serves the useful purpose of propagating from the strongest.

In some cases, however, the buffalo-bull is kept entirely for fighting; then, with high feeding and being kept from the cows, they are rendered extremely savage. When two of these monsters are brought face to face they dash at one another furiously, as with snorting nostrils, glowing eyes, and frothing mouth they work themselves into a mighty rage, trampling and pawing the earth as they

strain together in a cloud of dust. The dashing of horn against horn, and the hoarse bellowings, as the pushing, straining, sweating giants strive to turn their adversary for a flank attack, is past description. At last the weaker has to give way, exposing his side, to be savagely butted by his conqueror as he turns to flee, fiercely pursued by the victor, until both are recaptured and brought again under the control of their keepers.

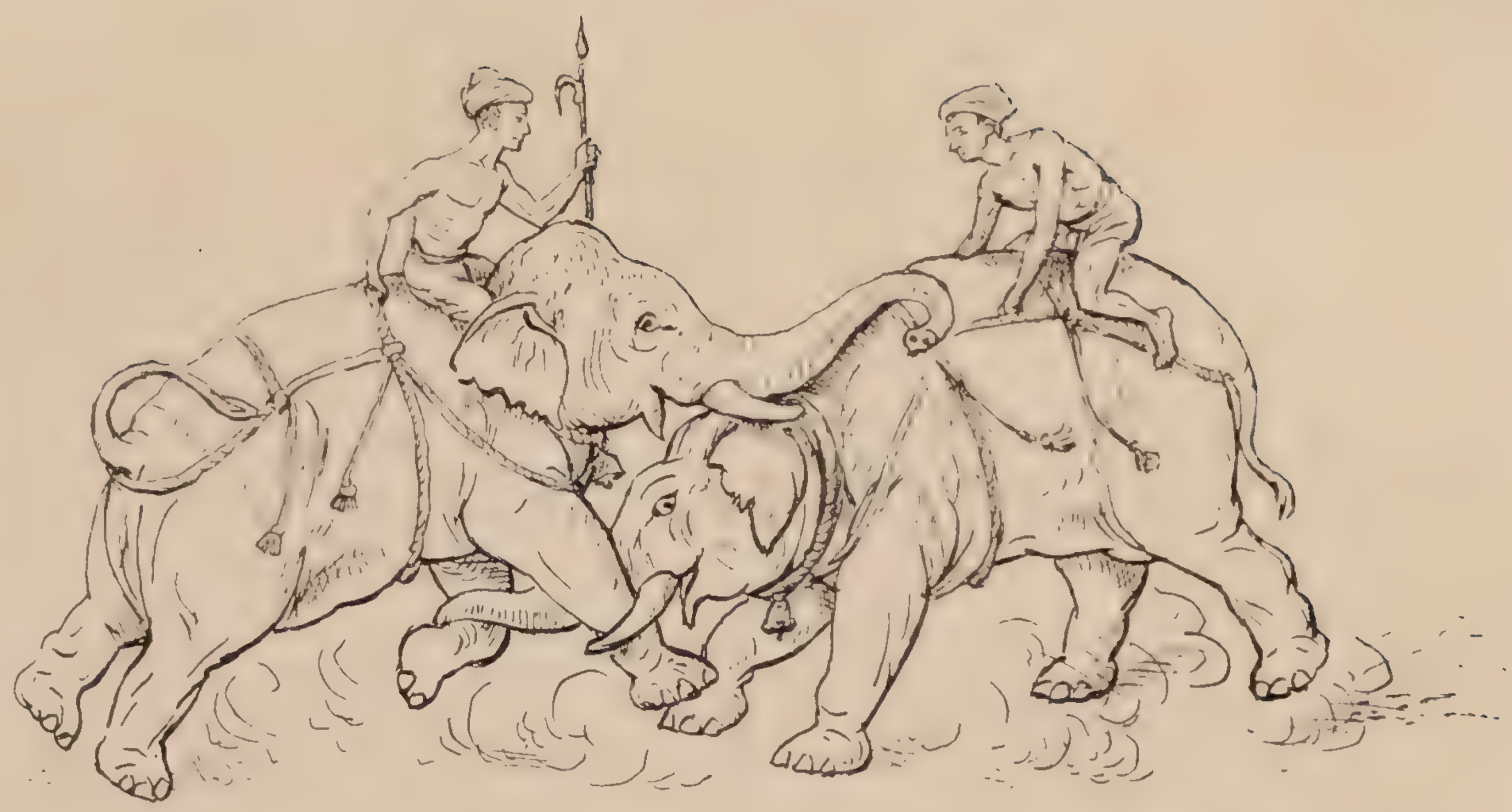
Elephant-fights were favourite spectacles in India at the old native courts, when in by-gone days the kings and rajahs kept state indeed.

These warriors were kept in confinement, fed on a hot spiced diet, and when "in must," a period during which all male elephants are more or less irritable and uncertain, were matched to fight. Their mahouts mounted them, and let them go the one against the other.

The elephants advanced to the battle, with trunks raised in the air, shrilly trumpeting their defiance, wrestling and belabouring each other with these weapons. Strange to say, with the sagacity peculiar to their species, each elephant tried to knock off the other's mahout, who was fiercely guarded by his own elephant. Often they succeeded, when the unfortunate man stood very little chance of escape, and the elephant without his guide generally turned tail and was driven from the field.

Even to-day elephant-fights are occasionally shown at some of the native courts, but they are milder affairs than formerly. The combatants will strike at and belabour each other with their trunks, but the fight is rendered innocuous by the contending beasts having a strong breast-high wall between them.

In no other country than India has such attention and thought been given to all the details of preparing and training beasts and birds for fighting. India is the country where all combats of animals have been practised from the very earliest times, and under the Moguls they reached



drawn by H. Atkinson from
picture by an Indian Artist

ELEPHANTS FIGHTING.

To face page 191

their zenith. One has only to read some of the accounts of how the Mogul Emperors took the field on their hunting and sporting expeditions to realise how every kind of man, beast and bird was used to add to amusement and sport.

These expeditions frequently had a double object—that of a royal progress and the means of cementing alliances with remote parts of the dominions. They could best be visited and amusements given to their distant subjects in this way.

Indeed, the last century saw nearly every form of combat in India that for countless ages has existed, with as much variety as with the Romans, though not on such an imposing scale as the displays of the Roman Emperors. Nothing, I suppose, has ever equalled, for pomp and vastness, the bloody games of the arena at Rome.

In India they had their man-fights. Wrestling was ever popular in that country, and in former days men were matched against each other naked, and their hands armed with horn claws, with which they scalped and tore each other's flesh and inflicted dreadful injuries. The claws, of horn or metal, were made to fix under the fingers, and curved like those of a tiger. It is easy to believe that these contests frequently ended fatally.

In the old native states the different kings and rajahs kept large menageries where wild beasts and those kept for fighting were confined, and these places were always a popular resort for the native population.

The fighting of wild animals were gala spectacles ; when male elephants, rhinoceroses, buffalo-bulls, and even camels were all pressed into the service. Tigers were set to fight with buffalo, and generally got the worst of it. In Europe tigers have been matched against the fighting-bulls of Spain, and a very poor show they have generally made. I think in every case the bull has been an easy

victor, for the bull is a brave animal and the tiger is not.

I saw a Spanish bull against a bear, in Spain. The bear was game, and tried to fight, and, rising on his hind limbs, struck savagely at the charging bull; but he had no chance against those horns and was soon a somewhat mangled corpse.

Boars and buffaloes and boars and tigers were sometimes matched together. The wild boar is a very terrible customer for anything to tackle, and his ripping tusks usually disposed of the tiger, but the buffalo, with his bulk to help him, generally came off the conqueror. A savage stallion and a tiger were not infrequently pitted together, and the odds by no means on the tiger. A man told me that he had actually seen one of these combats. The tiger, as usual, did not like his job, and slunk round the side of the enclosure; but the stallion ran at him, snorting fiercely, and, striking with his fore-legs, beat the snarling tiger to the ground, whipped round like a flash, and let fly a kick which, catching the tiger on the head or neck, effectually finished him. Whether this is true in every detail I cannot say, but stallions have undoubtedly defeated tigers, and it is on record that one performed this feat before the King of Oude.

Stallions were also fought together, and in many countries horses have been fought for amusement—it was a favourite sport amongst the Northmen; very formidable they are, too, with their teeth and hoofs.

I once saw two stallions fight in the desert, and it was a ferocious and rather nasty sight. Rearing up on their hind legs, they struck at each other with their fore-limbs, and buried their teeth in one another's necks and withers, worrying like dogs; then, whipping round, lashed out like flails, their hoofs beating a sickening tattoo on each other's ribs. At last a lucky kick broke a leg. The wounded stallion hobbled round to face his foe, but the other seemed

CAMELS FIGHTING AT BABEER'S DURBAR IN 1528.

To face page

to know, and charged him down, then kicked and savaged him on the ground, and I am sure would have killed him if he had not been driven off.

Some years ago a Poitu stallion ass was matched against a brown bear at Lille, and the ass beat Bruin easily.

Rhinoceroses were often kept and fought together, or against elephants, and I fancy the rhino was generally top dog. An African native told me that he had seen a rhinoceros kill an elephant. It is wonderful how quick and agile these ponderous beasts can be. They met like charging mountains, till the rhino getting underneath ripped up the elephant with his horn and buried his snout in the steaming entrails. A large specimen is almost as big as an elephant, and his horn is a more useful weapon than the tusks. In spite of these tremendous-looking weapons, an elephant seems to rely more on his bulk to trample or kneel on a foe to dispatch him.

Camels even were fought together, and a fierce and ungainly display are two male camels, writhing and biting each other with their terrible teeth.

In the time of the Emperor Akbar one camel named "Shah pasand" was never beaten. In the words of the ancient chronicler, he stooped down and drew himself up, and displayed all the arts of the wrestler.

Strange combats were sometimes staged—a crocodile and a tiger and huge serpents against a boar or some other opponent.

Antelopes, chiefly the pretty "Black Buck," were fought together, and trained bucks of this species were also taken out to fight and capture their wild brothers. They were provided with a net over their horns, in which the wild buck soon got his horns entangled, when the hunters stole up and secured him.

Even the gazelle, famed in story for his dove-like character, is a pretty pugnacious little chap, and they have

horns like needles. I am told that the Arabs occasionally keep them for fighting.

In India to-day, at a few of the native courts, animal fights are still held on great occasions ; but the more deadly and dangerous parts are left out, and, from the great expense, fewer beasts are kept.

CHAPTER THREE

THE game-cock is not the only fighting representative of the birds, though he stands above them all as an emblem of courage and fortitude.

Quail and partridges are fought in India, and the former in many countries. In Russia they have a breed of fighting geese, and the ganders are matched together in the pit. The little bulbul is fought in India, and I have been told of fighting canaries—in Brazil, if my memory serves me right—anyway, a man once gave me a very vivid account of these canary battles. I will confess that I did not believe him at the time, so did not press for details, but in the light of fuller knowledge I can quite believe that what he said was true. Whether they are bred specially I am not sure, but he said the male birds were perfect little savages, and would immediately set about your finger if you dared put it in their cage. When two champions are placed together they fight like furies, with beak, wings, and claws, and one generally kills the other.

The owners carry them about in little cages, and when matched, one is let into the other's cage, when they soon settle the question of superiority.

The pretty little bulbul (a small kind of starling) is caught and reclaimed, and trained to fight, and carried about tied to a little T-shaped perch, and fought against his rivals. If not too eager for the combat, a bit of plantain or other favourite food is put down between them, when they at once proceed to attack each other fiercely.

When the fighting season is over the little warrior is usually given his liberty again by his master, very little, if at all, the worse for his spell of captivity and battles.

Even the small avadavats are sometimes trained and fought in the same way.

Quail-fighting is a great pastime, and in many places is still extensively practised. The old Greeks and Romans fought quail, and such favourites were the conquerors that in one instance Augustus punished a prefect of Egypt with death for bringing to his table one of these birds which had acquired celebrity for its victories. In India it was a popular after-dinner sport at the King of Oude's court at Lucknow, and also at many European messes. The table was cleared, and the little warriors put up an excellent battle—in fact, they lend themselves very favourably to a little after-dinner recreation of this kind.

The quail are caught in large numbers every year by the Indian bird-catchers, and sold to be fatted and killed, but the lucky ones—that is, the best specimens—are selected to be trained for fighting. The same care and attention is bestowed upon them as upon their larger relatives by connoisseurs of the sport. They are carefully trained and fed on a certain diet, and matched with one another, when they will contend for the mastery with great determination. It is unusual for them, however, to fight to the death. In spite of this they are most pugnacious little birds and fight fiercely and stubbornly in their natural spurs; they are practically never armed with artificial ones. A good and successful bird is highly prized, and one that would, when freshly caught, be worth a few annas, easily fetches Rs100 or Rs160 at Hyderabad and other places where the sport is popular.

Quail are brought into the towns in large hampers, and if given time one will establish his mastery over the rest. The early birds pick up this cock of the walk—or rather, hamper—and I am told that the birds that have been under him in the basket will generally run if they meet him again. The moral is evident—be the early bird.

Partridges—that is, the grey partridge (Ortygornis pondicerianus)—is also a fighting-bird. The black partridge and the red-legged partridge (chikor) are also occasionally trained, but they are inferior fighters, and generally only kept as pets, being very handsome birds.

The grey fighting partridge cock is armed with sharp natural spurs, but occasionally they are fitted with tiny artificial ones for their battles. He is most carefully tamed and trained for the combat, and becomes under his master's care quite tame and fearless. He is carried about in a small cage or basket and let out to walk about, allowing himself to be easily caught again. One bird I heard of had won twenty-six battles, and Rs250 was refused for him These birds possess much intelligence and make very popular pets.

When preparing for the combat they are exercised, and fed on special foods and seeds. The artisan going out in the cool of the evening takes his cage in his hand, and in some quiet spot releases his bird, which follows his master with a pretty tripping run ; so the Indian lover pays a compliment to his loved one by telling her she runs like a partridge.

Good and game as all these birds may be, they pale like the stars at dawn before the game-cock. India was probably the country where cock-fighting originated, it being the home of the wild jungle fowl, and, without a doubt, cocks have been fought there long before its very ancient records mention it.

Long generations of the most careful breeding have produced their Asil fighting-cocks, that for endurance and deep courage surpass any known race of games in the world.

The attention and care given to breeding and training for the *dora dirza,* or tape fighting, is beyond anything practised elsewhere, and the ordeal of three or four days' combat such as no other breed of game-cocks could endure.

In their own style nothing could stand before them; in their natural heel they would beat most, but armed with the artificial spur they are too slow to compete successfully with our foremost strains. Nevertheless, for constancy and deep game they stand unrivalled, an emblem for all to follow.

RAM-FIGHTING.

[*To face page* 202

MAN-FIGHTING

MAN-FIGHTING

As Boxing is a manly game,
And Britons' recreation,
By Boxing we will raise our fame
'Bove any other nation.
For foreigners their pistols use;
Pop! pop! and they have done,
But Britons with their hands will bruise,
And scorn away to run.

MAN-FIGHTING as a sport is doubtless of very ancient origin, but it is not until the Roman period that we hear much about it, and then we find it in all its glory.

The Romans were a race that had little use for the milk of human kindness. The founders of Rome were suckled at the dugs of the she-wolf and the wolf's milk permeated the race. The gladiatorial games were a spectacle that appealed to all, and pity was a childishness that did not find favour with any.

The gladiators were a breed of fighting-men that looked death in the eyes every time they entered the ring, and men not only fought each other singly, with various weapons, but large numbers often participated in spectacular battles. Wild animals were also included, and fought with men. They must have been great fighters, these gladiators, for I read that only those of the second class fought with mere beasts, such as lions and tigers. These were deemed beneath the dignity of men of the first class.

Later on the gladiators were generally slaves, and were

forced to fight, and from here commenced the decline of Rome.

It is not my intention to attempt a description of these ancient games, but one form of single combat, that of the cæstus, was undoubtedly the origin of boxing. It was popular with the Greeks before the Romans, and men stood face to face and contended for victory with Nature's weapons. It is true they assisted Nature a little, as the cæstus was a formidable contrivance, consisting as it did of strips of hard leather, generally enfolding pieces of iron, lead, or other metal, and it is not surprising that these contests frequently ended fatally, and earned for the cæstus the poetical appellation of " the gloves of death." I must confine myself to the deeds of our gladiators, the old prize-fighters. I fear our modern glove artists are of a softer mould.

Prize-fighting is now unfortunately dead. I say unfortunately, for sport should be useful as well as affording recreation, and fighting with the fists gives hardihood, courage, and disregard for pain to the manhood of a nation, such as no other sport can give, without the danger to life of other modes of fighting.

If properly managed, it should give exhibitions of game and fortitude and the never-say-die spirit (can we say this of the modern glove contest?), of infinite value to the spectators, so that their pride of race should be fostered and they should learn to emulate what they have seen.

Prize-fighting was once the distinguishing mark of the Englishman; now the laurels are bound in crêpe, and the game is dead.

We shall have no more prize-fighting, but boxing with the gloves should take its place, were it not for the growing tendency to emasculate the sport. Boxing was never more popular than it is to-day, but let us have real boxing. In the Army now the sport is rightly encouraged, and it should be the natural school for fighters. Unfortunately,

the gentlemen in control of Army boxing, if they will excuse my saying so, appear to confuse the boxing-ring with the drill-ground, and in their craze for clean boxing they rather overdo things, and I fear somewhat cramp the fighting spirit; often when men start fighting they are sharply ordered to "Stop," sternly warned that holding is not allowed, and then ordered to "Box on."

This is somewhat disconcerting to the boxers, and certainly handicaps them when meeting a forceful exponent of the art, where these peculiarities of refereeing are less marked.

It is difficult to express oneself in writing without laying oneself open to misrepresentation; clean fighting is what we want, but the Army methods are too severe, especially with inexperienced referees. We want to see men fight, not hold, but so few referees, even outside the Army, seem to know the difference.

Boxing is, or should be, fighting with the gloves, and I think it is time we realised this fact. It makes me tired to hear experts talk about a man being a boxer, not a fighter, or vice versa. The sporting scribes are just as bad, and waste much ink in differentiating between boxing and fighting, but they have this excuse—they must write about something. I do not know, nor have I ever succeeded in getting anyone to explain satisfactorily, what they mean, but it appears to boil down to this: if a man wins matches by clever fighting he is a boxer, and if he wins by knocking men out he is a fighter.

Columns and columns were written extolling the beautiful boxing of Jim Driscoll—he was a great and clever fighter. The same thing happened to the one and only Jimmy Wilde; now that he knocks everybody out quickly, it is beginning to dawn on them that he is a fighter. Freddie Welsh was a very strong and clever fighter without a punch; the scribes were sorely puzzled what to call him.

Boxing and fighting with the gloves is the same thing,

and all champion boxers are fighters or they would not be champions. If you call it boxing for a man to dance about a ring and flap with his arms, you are wrong ; the man is not boxing, he is only making himself ridiculous.

This wretched confusion about boxing and fighting has done a lot of harm to the sport, and the fighting spirit has suffered through it. I have often seen willing boys stopped by the referee when they began fighting. I suppose he thought they were clinching ; goodness knows what else he could have imagined. Again this clinching business ; the eternal " break-away " from the referee used to be sickening, and in some cases is so still. No one wants to see two boys hug each other for twenty rounds, but it is difficult to fight without some clinching. I well remember the words of good old Bob Habbijam, himself a real fighting man : " Never mind the break-away ; let them get together." I am aware that many experts are complaining bitterly, and with some reason, of the slackness of referees in allowing men to hug and haul each other all over the ring. To my mind the root of the whole matter lies in the ignorance and, shall we say, disinclination to take risks, of the so-called boxers, and the lamentable lack of knowledge of what is fighting and what is not, of the referees. In a way, you can hardly blame the boxers ; at some places, if they start fighting they are screamed at to break away, the next moment they are sternly ordered to get to work ; in the end they just hang on to each other and are not reprimanded any oftener.

The referees started by not allowing in-fighting, and now the men won't fight at all. They prefer to hug and cuddle each other rather than stand up and swap punches, and risk their reputations by getting knocked out ; and as long as the public demand nothing else, they will get nothing else. To come down to bed-rock, if the public demanded game fighting-men and would countenance no others, we should soon get them. The same with the referees ; what are wanted

are efficient referees who know the difference between in-fighting and holding, and who are firm enough to disqualify men who refuse to accept a caution.

Gameness is not encouraged as it should be; how often do we see a man disgracefully chuck it because he is getting a little the worst of a fight. No one censures him; in fact the remarks you hear are: "Sensible fellow," "He would have been a fool to have gone on," etc., etc., and the next day you read in the papers of the plucky so-and-so. You even read complaints of men being too game, and severe strictures on the referee for not stopping a fight sooner. An old fighting-man once said to me, "I'd 'ang a man 'as 'eld out 'is 'and." Wouldn't the hangman be busy now? That spirit has gone; can it not be recalled?

These present-day methods have produced a delicate, lady-like breed of fighters, who come into the ring with long locks, carefully brushed back, that would do more credit to an actor. Sometimes these love-locks fall over their eyes and discommode them, but many have learnt the art of going through a twenty-rounds contest without mussing their hair. Naturally they go down when they meet a real fighter. Of late years our American cousins have come over and won victory after victory, until when an American meets an Englishman it is almost unnecessary to ask who has won. And why? Because they are fighters and our boys are not; and now the same remarks apply to Frenchmen.

Our boys were not allowed to be fighters; they were applauded for their cleverness, and a light tap counted as much as a real punch. The old fetish of the straight left was drilled into them, but a straight left is useless unless it has sufficient force in it to stop a man. Hit straight, but don't tap straight, and you will lick the swingers every time. We have the men in England with the capabilities; it is up to the referees, and after them the public, to see that

they are brought out. The war has shown that fighting is still required, and that courage and endurance are as necessary as ever they were. This is not the last war; there will be fighting again, and the fighting nations will win.

We owe a great debt to our prize-fighters in modelling the national character, and here let me state a fact that is too often forgotten: prize-fighting was not prohibited because of the prize-fighters themselves, or because of the actual fighting, but on account of the unruly crowds that attended prize-fights. Police protection was never given, and the mob often got out of hand and committed excesses, therefore it was made illegal. Withdraw police protection from the race-course and it would share the same fate.

Prize-fighting in the very early days had no known laws or regulations, and we know nothing about its professors, if there were any, until the time of Fig, and he was more of a cudgeller than a boxer. Now, please note that in these early days the sport was styled Boxing, and its exponents Boxers; later the terms Pugilism and Pugilists came into use, and it was not until much later that the words Prize-fighting and Prize-fighters were generally used. In the very early days fights were commonly referred to as boxing matches. Later on, it is true that the word "boxing" was used in connection with bouts with the gloves, but this was usually termed "sparring." We have now gone back to the word boxing, *but let us keep the original meaning, that is, fighting under rules.*

It was not until the time of Broughton that any rules were introduced to govern a fight. I suppose before his time it was very much go-as-you-please, with the strongest and most courageous man the winner. Broughton was the first to make boxing a science, and, as before stated, to frame a set of rules, and boxing owes a great deal to this really wonderful exponent of the art. In his day he stood quite alone at the top of the tree, and his defeat at last

appears to have been somewhat of a fluke. The rules of to-day are framed on Broughton's model. Now Broughton in his day was perhaps as famous for his sword-play as his boxing, and I rather think that the somewhat cramped and stiff position of the early fighters was modelled on the correct stance of the swordsman, and it is certain that the original method—parry a blow and return it—owed its origin to fencing.

Prize-fighting in the old days was a stern business, and only the most courageous could hope for success; it was stand up and blow for blow. Shiftiness was not admired; that is, the man who shifted to avoid a blow (we call it footwork now) was looked upon with a good deal of contempt.

Guard the blow if you could, but return it, that was the old-fashioned way. It is interesting to note that the left arm was used as the guard originally—guard with your left and hit with your right was the *modus operandi*—but when both hands began to be used as offensive weapons this was reversed, and the right arm became the natural guard. It was the mighty Jem Belcher who revolutionised boxing, and brought to perfection rapid two-handed work.

The first fighters, too, did not depend upon boxing solely for a living; they fought because they liked it, and not because there was money in the game. True they made a little pocket-money by it, and that satisfied them. Of course, some of the champions practically lived by their profession; but as a general rule a man had his trade, and fought for pleasure and what profit he could get.

This continued until quite recently, and in my young days many even of the champions followed a trade. The enormous sums that boxers get these times naturally renders it unnecessary for them to do any other work Good luck to them; let them get as much as they can; but unfortunately it has brought the commercial spirit

into, boxing and I fear, unless some check is put to it, that in time it will ruin the sport.

So much is at stake, and such vast interests are concerned, that it turns a man from a fighter into a commercial agent, frequently unnerves him, and renders many a fight a fiasco. The buying of a champion at his own terms is commerce, not sport, and I think for all concerned, including the boxers themselves, that some means should be found to limit the enormous sums given. One very simple way would be for the public to refuse to pay more than a certain sum, say one guinea, to see any fight. I am all for the boxers getting well paid for their work, but there is a limit to everything.

In the earliest times of which we have any records, men fought upon a wooden stage, and it was railed in, not roped in, and for many years most, if not all, the important battles were fought upon a stage, but ropes soon took the place of rails. Then the green turf found favour, and the stage was gradually abolished; in fact, the revised rules of the P.R., 1853, actually state that the ring shall be made on turf, and in the hide-and-seek days the ropes and stakes were carted about and fixed in the first suitable locality.

The seconding of a fighter was always an important consideration. Some men have risen to great eminence in this art, and many a battle has a good second won. In the earliest times it appears that one second was usual, but soon the bottle-holder came on the scene, and for many years two seconds for each man was the rule, then three, including the bottle-holder. Nowadays champions generally enter the ring with an army to assist them. It appears to have been the earliest custom for the seconds to be in the ring with the men, and to have followed them about during a fight. This is borne out by many old prints of ring-battles. Later, they were still allowed in the ring, but had to keep to their corners; then the 1853 rules ordered

them out of the ring altogether, and in modern times, of course, they are not allowed in the ring whilst the fight is in progress. There appears, however, to be some doubt if, even in the early days, the seconds were always in the ring with the fighters; and one of the greatest living authorities on boxing gives it as his opinion that if the referee allowed the seconds in the ring at the commencement of a fight they could stay in all the time, but if ordered out by the referee they could only enter it at the conclusion of a round. This was possibly the case in later times, but I am sure that in the beginning the seconds were always in the ring with the men. It is the right place for a second, if not abused, and is allowed in all other fighting sports. However, it is on record that seconds, in their enthusiasm, rather overdid things, and guarded blows meant for their man, pushed away and even struck their opponent, and did other things to assist their champion, so in the end they were ordered out of the ring altogether.

Broughton, in his rule No. 3, says: "That in every main battle no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds, etc." This speaks for itself. Moreover, as these rules show an intimate connection with cocking, it is a fair presumption that they follow the cocking custom and allow the second in the pit with his principal.

In this brief sketch of man-fighting I am not attempting the heavy task of a history of pugilism, but to write of the fighting-man without mentioning the champions of England, once the proudest title in the world, is like writing of war and forgetting Napoleon; nor can I forgo the pleasure of mentioning these proud names. James Fig, a native of Oxfordshire, is generally accepted as the first champion of England. Before his time (1719) there are no records of the names of fighters; probably no one stood out conspicuously above the rest, though boxing and cudgelling were carried on, especially at the celebrated

Southwark Fair. Smithfield and Moorfields also sported booths and rings, and doubtless many a hero has gone unknown to his grave, but Fig has found his chroniclers. He is portrayed in Hogarth's famous picture of Southwark Fair, standing in front of his booth and challenging any of the crowd to enter the lists with him for money, love, or a bellyful. That was the old spirit—a fight was the main thing, the money came in a bad second; now we reverse it. Fig was a powerful man, and was indebted to his strength and courage for his victories; he was more of a slaughterer than a clever pugilist. Unfortunately we have no records of his battles, but it was in his day that the first foreigner challenged the supremacy of the English fist. The bold invader was a Venetian gondolier, of Herculean frame and even greater reputation—jawbones were said to crack like glass beneath his ponderous fist, and his fellow citizens had paid him liberally to depart to other climes, such was the terror he inspired. Fig was approached as to the possibility of an Englishman being found to meet this ugly customer. "Found!" said he. "Aye, my Masters, plenty, but I don't know, d'ye see, as how that 'ere's truth about his breaking so many of his countrymen's jawbones with his fist. Howsomdever, that's no matter, he can't break Bob Whitaker's jawbone with a sledge hammer in his hand. And if Bob must knock under, why, before this 'ere outlandish waterman shall rule the roost, I'll give him a Fig to chaw that perhaps he'll find some difficulty in swallowing." After this luminous effort a match was made to come off at Fig's amphitheatre, and an elegant company assembled. The Gondolier was a prime favourite, and lavishly supported by his countrymen. He mounted the stage full of smiles and confidence amidst the plaudits of his partisans, and started the battle by rushing in before Whitaker was quite ready, and with a mighty lunge knocked his opponent clean out of the ring and off the stage. Poor Bob fell with

a terrible crash, and the foreigners betted freely that he would not come again, but Bob was not to be told out so quickly, and jumped back on the stage like a gamecock, and, ducking his head, dashed in and planted a terrible roaster in the stomach. This knocked all the fight out of the Gondolier, who was slogged from pillar to post till he turned it up, to the huge disgust of his friends. In the words of Captain Godfrey at the time, the blow in the stomach carried too much of the English rudeness for him to bear, and, finding himself so unmannerly used, he scorned to have any more doings with his slovenly fist.

To prove that we did not lack fighting-men in those days, let me add that after this battle Fig mounted the stage and delivered himself as follows: "Gentlemen, perhaps as how you may think that I have picked out the best man in London to beat this 'ere foreigner, but if you will come this day sennight I'll produce a man that shall beat Bob Whittaker by fair hitting in ten minutes."

Fig showed himself a business man as well as a prophet, as the splendid and polite company rolled up again, and Nat Peartree blinded Whitaker after six minutes' terrific milling. Poor Bob was in a distressing condition, and, after poking about for his man for awhile, gave it in with these words: "Damme, I'm not beat, but what signifies when I cannot see my man?" Fig, the first champion, was followed by a more distinguished artist, and the next real champion was Jack Broughton. Between these two, Pipes, Gretting, George Taylor, and Boswell were near the top. As an example of the literary skill of the early bruisers, I am copying two challenges, which are amusing if not modest:

April 26, 1742.

Whereas I, William Willis, commonly known by the name of the Fighting Quaker, have fought Mr. Smallwood about 12 months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than anyone he ever encountered, though I had the misfortune to be

beat by an accidental fall, the said Smallwood, flushed with the success blind fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for one hundred pounds, when I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross-buttocks.

WILLIAM WILLIS.

To which Mr. Smallwood replies:

I, Thomas Smallwood, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this puffing Quaker, and will show him that he is led by a false spirit, that means him no other good than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him the arm of the flesh.

THOMAS SMALLWOOD.

In justice to Smallwood we may add that he was noted for his intrepid manhood and bravery, and that he beat the puffing Quaker quite easily. Apologising for this diversion on the smaller fry, let us return to the champions.

JACK BROUGHTON (1732), the undoubted champion of England, and the Father of English Boxing. To him belongs the honour of making boxing a science and regulating it by rule. He is also credited with being the first to introduce the use of gloves in sparring. His methods were undoubtedly those of the fencer—stand firm on your feet, parry your adversary's blow, and return it. He was reputed so skilful that his opponents could seldom hit him, whilst he punished them dreadfully. For eighteen years he was pre-eminent, and when he finally fell it appears that over-confidence alone was the cause of his downfall. He was a powerful man, 5ft. 11ins. in height, and weighed about 14 stone. He beat, amongst others, Pipes and Gretting several times. Pipes was considered by some as champion. George Stevenson, the coachman, George Taylor, and Jack James all fell before his conquering arm.

JACK BROUGHTON AND JACK SLACK
IN THEIR HISTORIC BATTLE.

[I ... page 217

Stevenson is credited with giving him the hardest fight of his career, but it is said that Broughton was unwell at the time. His last contest was with Jack Slack. Broughton appears to have viewed this contest with fatal confidence, and, though he had not fought for a long time, did not consider it necessary to train. In fact, so afraid was he that Slack would not turn up at all, that the evening previous to the fight he made him a present of ten guineas not to break his engagement. It was the 11th April, 1750, when Broughton lost his title. For the first two minutes he was all over Slack, so that the betting rose to ten to one on him, then suddenly Slack jumped in with a tremendous blow full between the eyes, and completely closed them. For twelve minutes the blind Broughton stood before Slack before he was hammered to defeat. His patron, the Duke of Cumberland, lost thousands, and declared most unjustly that he had been sold. He turned his back on Broughton, and used his influence to have his amphitheatre closed. Broughton retired into private life, embittered by the unjust suspicions of his royal patron. It is, however, pleasant to record that he lived to an old age, and died a fairly wealthy man.

JACK SLACK (1750), though rather a lucky champion, was a thoroughbred fighting-man, and, if he did nothing else, was an ancestor of the great Belcher family, which raised pugilism high, and made yet more famous the famous Bristol school. Slack was a powerful bruiser some 5ft. 8½in. in height, and about 14 stone in weight; he trusted little to science, but put in his blows with dreadful force, and was a determined, rushing fighter. He retained the championship some ten years, and during his reign had to meet yet another foreign competitor—one Pettit, a Frenchman. The battle was a singular one, and the Frenchman started operations by seizing Slack by the throat and nearly strangling him, and when Slack at length succeeded

in freeing himself from this unpleasant position, he was beaten about the stage as a cook beats a raw steak. This lasted some ten minutes, till at length Slack succeeded in closing with Frenchy and giving him three desperate falls. This made monsieur rather shy, but he ran in again and canted Slack clean off the stage. At the end of eighteen minutes it was a guinea to a shilling against Slack, when at the commencement the odds were four to one in his favour.

Slack now changed his methods and, keeping close to Frenchy, milled him in a most shocking manner, the odds rapidly rising on his side; but Pettit succeeded once more in throwing Slack over the rails. However, in going over Slack managed to put in a terrific blow on the bread-basket, which decided Crapeau that he had had enough. Slack was not long in climbing back on the stage, but found that his opponent had gone. In the words of an old chronicler, "It was the opinion of the spectators that Pettit was full strong when he bolted."

Slack was beaten by George Taylor before he met Broughton, and during his championship he beat Harris and Morton amongst others, but in 1760 he was matched with Bill Stevens the Nailer, who, after a desperate battle, nailed the championship. There is an amusing story told of Slack, who, at a country fair, thinking it was funny, drank a mug of beer belonging to a countryman, who immediately fell upon him and was administering a good drubbing to the champion, when Slack, feeling that something was necessary, resorted to stratagem, and, striking his chest, he cried out: "What! a chaw-bacon attempt to beat Jack Slack!" This had the desired effect, and the unsuspecting countryman, groping for his coat, exclaimed, "Dang it! What, have I been fiten with that noted mon Slack? No, no, I won't have no more to do with he," and instantly gave up the contest, when in all probability he would have drubbed Slack most soundly.

After Slack it was some years before a real champion wore the laurels namely, Tom Johnson. For many years the championship was in a very unsettled state, passing from nob to nob, sometimes by fair means and sometimes by foul. Bill Stevens, who was a real slaughterer, only held it a short time, as he sold it to George Meggs, yet at one time his victories were so numerous that he is said to have sat down like the Great Alexander and wept that he had no more worlds to conquer. After Meggs, Milsom, Tom Juchau, Bill Darts, Lyons the Waterman, Peter Corcoran, Harry Sellars, and Fearns, all held the championship for various periods. Corcoran was perhaps the best man of the lot, but he undoubtedly sold it to Sellars, and it was not until 1783 that a worthy champion picked up and regarnished a somewhat battered crown.

TOM JOHNSON, whose real name was said to be Jackling, came from Yorkshire, and was a pugilist of distinguished merit. He had the strength of Hercules, and he aided it with art. He stood 5ft. 9in., and was over 14 stone in weight, a remarkably round man, with a magnificent torso and powerful loins. He was no showy fighter, and he had a peculiar way of working round his antagonist, but he was determination personified, and could hit like a kicking mule. He had a heart of gold, and many a kindly action he did in his life. His victories were too numerous to recount, but his two terrific battles with Ryan cannot be passed over. Both were exhibitions of unparalleled game and science. In the first he was really beaten, but, Ryan, consenting to continue, he won in the end, and in the second battle he won decisively. His battle with Isaac Perrins of Birmingham was Titanic. Perrins was one of the strongest men in the kingdom, and it is said could lift 8 cwt. with ease. He had won numerous battles, and few men stood before him for more than five minutes. He was 6ft. 2in., weighed 17 stone, and was extremely active, yet

Johnson beat him after a terrible and fluctuating battle of one hour and a quarter. Perrins was frightfully punished, yet he would not give out, and his friends literally forced him from the stage. It was the general opinion that he would have continued the contest till he died. Johnson at last met his Waterloo. Big Ben Brain beat him after a terrific and ferocious battle in which Johnson did not appear to be quite the man he once was. For some reason both pugilists laid aside all science, and the set-to was furious. Brain levelled Tom with a desperate blow to the face, which appeared to stupefy him. Then Johnson recovered and floored Ben. The blows given and received were dreadful in the extreme, the ferocity of both men astounded the spectators, and neither made any use of the science he undoubtedly possessed. At length Johnson fell from missing a blow and broke his middle finger on the stage, and after twenty minutes' furious fighting he lost the championship he had maintained unsullied for many years. His end was unfortunate. He is said never to have recovered from the effects of his fight with Brain, and he died in Ireland in dejection and want.

BENJAMIN BRAIN (1790), known as Big Ben, though why he was called big does not seem to be very apparent, as he was by no means a Colossus, standing about 5ft. 10in., and 14 stone or so in weight, he was the first champion of the Bristol school, afterwards to eclipse all others in the number and brilliance of its pugilists. He was a powerful fighter and a tremendous hitter, using both hands with equal facility and hitting remarkably straight. He beat many men on his native heath, and migrated to London about 1774. He continued his victorious career, and fought, amongst others, Corbally, Jacombs, and Hooper the Tinman. This last ended in a draw after three and a half hours, owing to Hooper being entirely outmatched and refusing to stand up to his man.

He then fought Johnson for the championship, and I cannot help thinking that he was thought lucky to win. Both pugilists appear to have thrown away all science and indulged in mere ferocity. It was a terrible battle, and has become proverbial; both men are said to have suffered from the effects of it for the rest of their lives. Ben died four years afterwards, and descended unbeaten to his grave.

DANIEL MENDOZA (1792) was the first and only Jewish champion of England, and he succeeded to the championship on Brain's death. Mendoza was a Jew of the Jews, proud of his race, and boasting the pure blood of the Jews of Spain. He was a most finished and excellent boxer, the most scientific man of his day, and a real champion. He excelled in clean, quick hitting and stopping, and depended on skill rather than force. He fought numerous battles, and his game was unquestioned. He will always be remembered for his battles with Humphreys, and the exhibitions they gave raised boxing to the highest pitch of fashion, and aroused the enthusiasm of the very highest in the land.

They met three times, Humphreys winning the first battle, but Mendoza decisively proved his superiority in the other two. He also fought and beat the well-known Will Warr on two occasions. Then came his memorable battle with John Jackson in which he lost the championship. His last fight was with Tom Owens when he was fifty-seven years of age, and it is not surprising that he was beaten. His boast that he had been successful in upwards of thirty pitched battles was a record at that time. He stood 5ft. 7in., and was well under 12 stone. He died September 3rd, 1836, at his house in Horseshoe Alley, Petticoat Lane, aged seventy-three years.

JOHN JACKSON (1795), one of the greatest of pugilists, not so much from the battles that he had won, but from the extraordinary position he held in the pugilistic world. Friend of princes and peers, no sporting event was complete

without him, and not only was he the unquestioned arbiter on all matters pugilistic, but his advice was often sought in other affairs of honour.

Gentleman Jackson he was called, and worthily he deserved the title. The best-made man in the kingdom, standing nearly 6ft, and weighing about 14 stone, the symmetry of his form was perfect, with an arm and leg that defied competition. Possessed of great strength, it is said he could write his name on the wall with an eighty-pound weight suspended from his little finger. That he only fought three battles was due to the lack of opponents and his formidable reputation.

It is true that he lost to George Ingleston the Brewer, but his defeat was due to an accident, as he slipped on the wet stage and broke a bone in his leg. Unable to stand, he offered to continue the battle tied to a chair if Ingleston would do the same. The brewer, perhaps not unnaturally, refused. He beat a very powerful fighter in Fewteral, and then won the championship by defeating Dan Mendoza. His methods in this battle were open to some criticism, as in the fifth round he seized Mendoza by the hair and, holding him in this manner with his left, served him out most dreadfully with his right, till he let him fall from exhaustion.

Of course, there is nothing in the rules of the prize-ring to prevent this, but I think he might have beaten him in a more manly way, which I am sure he was quite capable of doing. Some people have imagined that Mendoza's unfortunate experience with his long locks was the reason why prize-fighters took to a close crop, but long before his time the bullet heads of Fig and Broughton, and numerous others, show that this was not the reason.

This was Jackson's last fight. He challenged the world for three years and then retired, to hold the highest place in the sporting world ever held by a pugilist.

He opened an academy of boxing, and Jackson's rooms

were famous all over England. It was here that Captain Barclay usually displayed his prowess, and it was the gallant captain's custom to have them on with every new aspirant to fistic honours. It is said (let's hope without truth) that he had a special pair of gloves that contained a horseshoe, or something hard like that, for luck, which he used for any customer likely to prove troublesome, and when Molineux the Black turned up to be put through his paces he unluckily got there first, and happened to pick upon this very pair of gloves. Of course Barclay, for shame's sake, could say nothing, and it resulted in the gallant captain getting a couple of ribs broken. It is also asserted that this was one of the reasons why he was so anxious to see Molineux beat.

Jackson was a man of great common sense and adaptability. He amassed a comfortable fortune, and enjoyed the respect and friendship of the best in the land. He was ever ready to help a brother pugilist, and held a unique position as referee and organiser of matches until the gaunt scythe-bearer bore him with honour to the grave.

JAMES BELCHER OF BRISTOL (1800), champion of England, the Napoleon of the prize-ring, and, I think, the greatest fighter the world has known. He had everything—science, strength, hitting power, quickness, generalship, gameness, and all in a superlative degree. James Belcher or Henry Pearce—which was the greatest ever? For to one of these two the honour must belong. In their own day the matter was hotly disputed. That Pearce fought and beat Belcher did not blind anybody to the fact that when they met Jem had lost an eye, had had his constitution considerably impaired, and had laid idle for two years; to counterbalance this, the Game Chicken won fairly comfortably. One critic at the time declared that "had Jem been in possession of four eyes, he was never able to beat Pearce," but others were equally positive that

Pearce would have had no chance with Belcher at his best. Jem was more scientific, the better general and quicker hitter; Hen. was the heavier hitter and more powerful man; both were good wrestlers, and game to the death.

Both met really first-class men and beat them all, but Jem's record was the most brilliant—I speak of before he lost his eye. We have one line—both met that glutton Joe Berks. Both met him in impromptu, as well as ring battles, but in regular fights Jem beat him in twenty-five minutes, and Pearce in one hour and seventeen minutes. Taken all for all, I must plump for James Belcher as the greatest fighter.

Jem Belcher, Hen. Pearce, and Tom Sayers are the three greatest champions we have had. Some will dispute Sayers' claim, and say, What of Broughton and Crib and Mace? Well, Broughton, unique in his way, for eighteen years held the championship, with never a defeat. None have equalled this record. Great fighter as he was, he never had men to meet of the same class as in later days; he was the master, the rest were pupils, or mere slaughterers. I am sure any one of my three champions would have made a chopping-block of him. Tom Crib, worthy champion as he was, was never brilliant; as a bottom pugilist he was never excelled, but he was a bit ponderous and slow. Hen. Pearce, on seeing him fight, earnestly exclaimed, "I hope that I shall get well, so that I can teach Crib how to fight."

He was also a lucky pugilist; that he beat Belcher twice was due to Jem being far on the downward road. Nevertheless in his first fight with Belcher the betting rose to five to one on Jem, and he was knocked clean out of time, but was saved by a ruse of his seconds. The same thing happened in his first fight with Molineux, whilst in his battle with Bob Gregson both pugilists were so exhausted that neither could scratch, but Tom's seconds propped him up on the mark and claimed the battle, when, on receiving

the verdict, Crib dropped insensible to the ground, and remained without motion for twenty minutes.

These are immense tributes to his game and endurance, but not to his fighting power. He was also beaten by George Nichols, a practically unknown pugilist.

Jem Mace we can consider later, but his form was too in-and-out to rank with these old-time champions.

To return to our hero, he was born at Bristol in 1781, his mother being a daughter of the mighty Slack, and he inherited his fighting qualities from her. It is even said that some of the female branches of the Belcher family contended for victory in the field of glory, with considerable pugilistic science and effect, and that the proud name of Belcher has been in no degree whatever sullied in their attempts to preserve its fame. Jem as a boy early distinguished himself by his athletic feats, and his skill with the gloves was the talk of the town. The celebrated Lansdown Fair, on his native heath, brought down famous bruisers from London, and Jem, at seventeen was actually matched with a well-known pugilist, Britton, who afterwards fought Dutch Sam, a well-contested battle. The fight was sharp and severe, and, to the utter surprise of all, the boy of seventeen decisively whipped the seasoned fighter.

Dutch Sam was such a pugilistic marvel that, though not a champion of England, I must say a few words about him. It was only his want of size that prevented him from obtaining that proud title, for, excepting Jem Belcher, no one had greater claims to excellence. Only 5ft. 6½in. and weighing 9st. 4lbs., he beat everybody he met and won two out of three battles with great Tom Belcher, brother to Jem and a big middle-weight (who with the gloves used to knock Tom Crib all over the place), the third being drawn. A contemporary said of him: "As a hard hitter we except no pugilist whatever—Gulley never hit with more force, or Crib with greater ponderosity, than Sam,

whose blows are truly dreadful to encounter; and it has been the public-expressed opinion of one of the most experienced and scientific pugilists in England that he would be a complete match for the mighty Crib, provided they were only to strike blow for blow."

This marvel was as marvellous about his training as in everything else; training was of no use to him, and he felt that he might endanger his constitution if the coats of his stomach were not well diluted with copious draughts of gin. In fact, those that knew him best gave preference to matching him at a day's notice rather than a month's training; and no tricks that he played with his constitution —and they were many—seemed to impair it.

The following eulogy will show what was thought of Sam in his time:

The primest boxer on the list,
And hardest hitter with the fist,
The knowingest cove for a mill!
Stor'd with flash and stock'd with skill,
For stopping, hitting, down to fib
Not inferior to mighty Crib!
Bold and humane throughout the fight,
Judging his distances ever right;
A pugilist that's firm and tough,
Who ne'er cried out, Hold! Enough!

Returning to Jem, shortly afterwards he went to London, and on his first appearance there he was justly considered a pugilistic phenomenon. He revolutionised the art of fighting with his rapid two-handed hitting and agility; he could walk up to a man and hit him with such severity and speed as to render him incapable of either guard or return. He was 5ft. 11½in., something under 12 stone in weight, and his features bore a strong resemblance to the great Corsican conqueror. In his prime no one could stand before him.

On his arrival in London Jem reported himself to

old Will Warr, a fellow townsman, and Bill determined to test for himself the abilities of which he had heard so much. They set to in Warr's dining-room, and soon Jem had him staggering over a table. The veteran was astonished, and puffed out, "By God, Jem, you can go in with any man in the kingdom!" They sat down to a convivial glass, when young Jem quietly remarked: "I could have done a deal better, sir, but I was afraid I might hit you too hard, and you should be affronted." "Oh," cried the undaunted veteran, "I was never afraid of a crack, my lad, nor am I now. Come along, we will have another round, and you shall do your best." They set to again, and Jem quietly knocked him down several times, almost at his host's request. Warr was fully satisfied, and offered to back the young Bristolian against anything on the list. Tom Jones of Paddington was selected as the trial horse. In Jones, Belcher was meeting a man of no ordinary merit, the hero of a hundred fights, well versed in the science, and of unsurpassed bottom. It was one of Jem's severest fights, but he cut the brave Jones to ribbons and won in thirty-three minutes.

Jack Bartholomew was the next to test the Bristol wonder, and he made no secret of his confidence. He is described as a thoroughbred and sound pugilist; in fact, he was a fighter with a great reputation, and his friends were certain of success. It was a desperate battle, Belcher throwing all science on one side, and slogging him out in twenty minutes. The battle was considered as obstinate as any seen for some years. Bartholomew was not satisfied, and chanced his arm again, only to become an easy conquest in less time than before.

Andrew Gamble, the Irish champion, successful in eighteen battles and considered the best man in England, was now matched with Jem. The battle was disappointing, Jem making a monkey of him. The celebrated and scientific pugilist was completely nonplussed by Belcher's

brilliance, who seemed to frighten all the fight out of him and beat him in the absurdly short space of ten minutes. Twenty thousand pounds are said to have changed hands over this battle. The Paddys were ruined, and Jem was acclaimed champion of England when under twenty years of age. About this time a match was suggested with Mendoza, but the wise Jew decided that a battle might injure his position as a publican. The following little conversation occurred after the Gamble battle :

Belcher : " Dan Mendoza."

Mendoza : " Well, what do you want ? "

Belcher : " I say, these were the shoes I bought to give you a thrashing in Scotland."

Mendoza : " Well, the time may come."

Belcher : " I wish you would make it now."

The parties becoming irritated, an immediate set-to nearly came off ; but their friends intervened, and Jem never got his wish.

Belcher now had a by-battle with a man named Berks, a butcher who had behaved most improperly towards him. The butcher, though intoxicated, put up such a tremendous fight that it was thought he would have a chance if properly trained, and Lord Camelford took him under his wing and matched him for £100. It was a desperate fight, and in the opinion of the amateurs such a battle had not been seen since the days of Johnson and Big Ben. Belcher scorned to use his science, and appeared determined to prove that he could outslug the slugger. He did it in twenty-five minutes.

Berks was not yet satisfied, and a further trial was granted him, a Captain Fletcher backing him for fourteen hundred and fifty guineas. The combatants appeared upon the stage, and shook hands, Berks observing " that it would now be determined which was the best man." Belcher replied, " He was surprised he did not know that already." It was now observed that Berks had no second, and the men

could not set-to as Harry Lee, who was acting for Berks, had not mounted the stage. His name was called out and he answered it, but refused to have anything to do with the fight. It was the general impression that Lee's conduct could only have been occasioned by a previous understanding with Berks's friends, who now began to think of the large sums they had staked, and the little chance they had of winning them. Berks refused to accept any other second, and all hope of a contest vanished. Belcher offered to fight him a few rounds for love, but Berks would neither fight for love nor money, so the affair fizzled out, to everybody's disgust. These heroes meeting again after this fiasco, some words resulted which led to an impromptu, but their friends interfered, and they agreed to postpone the fight until next day, when they met for a purse of thirty guineas, Belcher winning with comparative ease in less time than before. Thus was Joe Berks disposed of at last; his face was so disfigured that scarcely any traces of a human being were left, whilst Jem bore hardly any marks of the contest. The sporting men were now satisfied, and the whole of the immense bets of the previous undecided contest were settled by the above set-to. Notwithstanding that Berks suffered so severely in this contest, his recovery surprised everyone, for three days afterwards, at a pugilistic dinner given by Mr. Fletcher Reid, Berks dined, and astonished all present by winning a hundred yards' sprint against the best runner there. He met Belcher, shook hands with him, and acknowledged Jem the best man. This Joe Berks was remarkable for his gluttony. He was a most powerful man, and a desperately determined fighter. He was most intemperate in his habits, and brought some discredit on the sport, but he made amends for all by enlisting and dying gloriously in the Peninsular with the rank of sergeant.

Jack Fearby, the young Ruffian who had acquired great fame as a pugilist, was now matched with Belcher. Fearby

was a fighter of real merit who had won many battles. His undesirable name reflected no discredit on his character, as he was an exceptionally well-behaved man, but was acquired from his resolute and determined manner of fighting, and from his having beaten Symonds, the old Ruffian. He stood 6ft. 1in., and weighed 16 stone, but he had no chance with Jem, who beat him easily in less than twenty minutes. Fearby appeared a different man, and all his former excellence vanished when in front of Jem. This should have been Jem Belcher's last fight, for shortly afterwards he had an eye knocked out while playing racquets with a Mr. Stuart. The loss of fame and fortune at one blow preyed heavily on his mind, and he became depressed and ill, and declined considerably in health. Later he took the Jolly Brewer in Wardour Street, and the wounded lion appeared reconciled to his fate. Unhappily, jealousy preying on a magnanimous disposition, affected by his appalling loss, caused him to challenge his friend and pupil, Henry Pearce. Pearce, who owed everything to Jem, was distressed beyond measure by this challenge from his friend, and only the call of honour caused him to accept, when he had done all he could to avoid it. The battle was truly desperate, and the display of science unprecedented. The Chicken showed the magnanimity of his soul by refusing to hit Belcher as he lay helpless on the ropes. Turning away, he exclaimed, " I'll take no advantage of thee, Jem ; I'll not hit thee, no, lest I hurt thine other eye " ; and twice in the fight it is believed Pearce could have killed his adversary, so exhausted and defenceless was he. Belcher at first fought in his usual style and planted his blows with his accustomed adroitness, but he soon lost his distance and fell a victim to his own incredulity. The loss of an eye, indifferent health, and two years' retirement, were no conditions in which to meet Henry Pearce. In the course of the fight his sight became so defective from the blows he received on his good eye that the hits he landed were purely

accidental; but with the most undaunted heroism he endeavoured to make up for the deficiency of sight by a display of courage and gaiety as astonishing as unequalled. He never faltered, and after all hope had gone he struggled on until Nature failed him. Unable to move, with his left arm useless, for the first time in his life he declared he could fight no more, and many a tear stole down an iron cheek at the departed greatness of their favourite hero. His two fights with Crib we need not go into. All that courage could do Jem did, and it has never been surpassed. That he would have beaten Pearce in his prime is more than probable; that he would have beaten Crib is a certainty. That he ever fought again after the loss of his eye was a calamity, two such men as Pearce and Crib a misfortune, and the most brilliant record in the world was spoilt. After these defeats he declined still further in health and his circumstances were considerably reduced; but in proof of the admiration in which the sporting world still held him, previous to his death Lord Camelford presented him with his famous dog Trusty, who had proved victorious in upwards of fifty battles, saying that the two conquerors ought to reside together. He died the 30th of July, 1811, aged thirty, and was the greatest fighter the world has ever seen.

HENRY PEARCE, the Game Chicken (1804), one of the very greatest champions of England, and the only one, with the exception of Ben Brain, who went unconquered to his grave. Whether he was the very greatest of them all we have discussed in Jem Belcher's record, but at any rate, as a pugilist and a man, he stood on an eminence by himself. He gained the sobriquet of the Game Chicken from the courage and magnanimity of his character, and it is an equal compliment to the man that he should have been named after these brave birds; as to the gallant birds themselves, that such a man should be named after them The Game Chicken was richly favoured by Nature.

To a fine athletic form she added courage and chivalry beyond her wont. His science was of the first order and supported with strength almost Herculean. His wind was so excellent that he was scarcely ever seen much distressed in any of his battles, his game and bottom were unrivalled, and his hitting powers terrific. He stood 5ft. 9in. and weighed something over 13 stone.

Like so many other pugilistic heroes, Pearce was a Bristol man, and on arriving in town went to his fellow townsman, Jem Belcher. Jem, then in retirement after the loss o his eye, took a great interest in this promising lad from Bristol, showing him much kindness and furthering his prospects in every way, and declared that Bristol would find a worthy champion to succeed him in his protégé. It was sad that jealousy should have spoilt this friendship and provided one of the most lamentable incidents in the annals of pugilism. As Belcher was considered to have retired from the ring, Pearce assumed the championship about 1804. His first fight in London was an impromptu affair soon after his arrival. A pugilistic dinner was being given, and the amateurs were discussing the new arrival from Bristol. Joe Berks, whose ferocity and inordinate gluttony were not satisfied with four desperate millings from the potent arm of the great Jem Belcher, was there, and was loud in his protestations of what he would do with the newcomer. Everything was ripe for sport, a purse was collected, and Pearce was sent for. Like a good boy he had gone to bed, but on being aroused made no objection, and declared his readiness to oblige the amateurs. The tables were cleared away, and the men set to at once. Berks was much inebriated, as usual, but alcoholically declared himself fit for anything; and, indeed, it seemed to make but little difference to him. He put up a gallant show, but was no match for the Chicken, who lost no time in fancy work, but put in his blows with such dreadful

force that even Berks was soon done with. He was levelled twice, and lay apparently dead. It was allowed by all present that these two blows were the most terrible that had ever been given. It was all over in twenty minutes, but the amateurs were so delighted with the show that it was agreed to give Berks another chance when sober. One hundred pounds were staked, and some five months later the men met again in regular style. It was a good fight at first, Berks displaying his usual resolution, and in the sixth round brought Pearce to his knees, but afterwards the Chicken's superiority became manifest, and Berks's passion getting uppermost, made him an easy conquest. He continued the battle for several rounds after all hope had gone, and, desperately punished, gave in after one hour and seventeen minutes.

The Game Chicken then defeated with ease Elias Spray the Coppersmith, and Cart of Birmingham, both huge men and powerful bruisers; and proved himself a true game cock; but he was now to meet a foeman worthy of his steel, John Gulley. The history of the match is romantic. Gulley was in the Fleet for debt, and Pearce, visiting the prison, saw his unfortunate townsman. How they all came from Bristol in those days! To cheer him up he suggested a bout with the gloves. Gulley readily agreed, and surprised Pearce with the skill and power he displayed. This gave Pearce an idea, who was ever ready to help a pal. "Look here, my lad," said he, "thou hast done so well, I'll get some friends to back thee against me. Of course thou'll get a damned good hiding, but it will get thee out of this." Hen. was as good as his word and brought some amateurs to see Gulley, who were sufficiently impressed to pay his debts, and back him against the champion.

The match was made, the friends of Pearce laying £600 to £400. They met at Hailsham, in Sussex, amidst intense excitement and thousands of spectators, Royalty itself

being present. The colours were tied to the stakes and the fight commenced. By the way, the blue bird's eye, now always called a Belcher, was the favour of Pearce. The Belcher colours were a yellow striped handkerchief, and known as the "yellow man"; but after his defeat they no longer graced the bosoms of the fair, and the blue spotted handkerchief took their place. Perhaps it is a compliment to Jem that, as this handkerchief became so popular, everyone thinks it was his. The fight was truly a great one, Gulley surprising all by the skill, strength, and fortitude that he displayed. At one time he had the Chicken rattled, but the Game Bird finally reduced his opponent to helplessness; and, dreadfully punished, Gulley was tolled out in one hour and ten minutes. It was the popular Colonel Mellish who found the needful for Gulley, and who threw the towel into the ring as the token of his defeat. The Chicken now had the walk all his own, and when hoping to end his days in peace and comfort was challenged by his old friend Jem Belcher. We have already told the history of that sad but mighty battle, and no more need be said here. Pearce, unhappy in his domestic life, now travelled to different towns, giving exhibitions of sparring, and teaching the art of self-defence. His health broke down, he appears to have strained even his iron constitution. Constantly in company with sporting men, more from circumstance than inclination, he had poured out copious libations at the shrine of Bacchus. A distinguished favourite with the then softer sex, their fond caresses had helped his downfall. Always at their service, like the knights of old he had fought many ruffians for their fair eyes, and had nearly lost his life in rescuing one from a burning house.

On February 9th, 1809, a benefit was given him at the Fives Court, but he was scarcely able to walk there, to thank his friends, and he died of consumption two months later, a great champion and a gallant man.

JOHN GULLEY, champion of England (1806), the most successful pugilist that ever lived. John Gulley was a remarkable pugilist in many ways. For one thing, he became champion of England without ever having won a fight ; at least in his only recorded battle, previous to his championship, he was defeated by Henry Pearce, but so much did his showing impress the amateurs that, on Pearce's retirement, he was universally recognized as the most worthy to fill the champion's seat. In those days a champion had to defend his title, but it was some time before a hero from Lancashire called on him to prove his right. Bob Gregson was as great a bruiser as ever lived, and had fought and beaten every man of note in the north, including that pugilistic cormorant Joe Berks. Six foot two, and of prodigious strength, few men could stand before him, and he had retired from pugilism before he came to London. In fact he had received a commission in the Army, but had relinquished it for want of means, and it was the reason of his being stony-broke that induced him to fight Gulley. Their fight was perhaps the most tremendous that was ever seen, and exceeded every other battle in the history of pugilism for determined resolution and bottom. Johnson and Big Ben had been terrific, but this battle might be said to out-Herod Herod.

The betting fluctuated in the most extraordinary manner. On setting-to Gulley was a strong favourite. In the second round the odds rose to twenty to one on him, but in the eighth round they changed upon Gregson. In the twenty-third round they were again in Gulley's favour. In the twenty-fifth the backers upon each side were puzzled to know which of the combatants was the most beaten and exhausted—both were shockingly disfigured and scarcely able to quit their second's knees. For the last ten rounds the betting was even, and it could scarcely be called fighting—neither man could stand, and they staggered about

the ring and fell continually together from their feebleness. Nature was completely exhausted, and it was only the desperate power of their will that kept them struggling for victory. Their brave hearts would not permit them to pronounce the word "Enough." In bare justice it must be said that victory hung upon mere chance. Both men were at their last gasp, and in the last round no drunken men ever staggered more or appeared less capable of standing. At length Gulley rallied all his strength and spirits, and, though the effort was feeble in the extreme, he succeeded in pushing Gregson down, who was unable to rise to his time, and Gulley was proclaimed the victor. Gregson lay on the ground for some minutes totally incapable of moving or speaking, whilst it is said that Gulley lay for five hours so perfectly insensible that little hopes were entertained of his recovery. In fact such serious consequences were apprehended that his friends had him taken to Gregson to shake hands before he left the ground. "How brutal!" you may say. Yes, but what men!

They fought again, but Gulley won more easily this time, and then announced his retirement from the ring; in fact he had only stayed on, like the gallant man he was, to give Gregson his revenge.

Gulley only fought three battles, but what battles!—and one the most terrible ever seen; no man ever showed more fortitude and courage. His career in the ring was remarkable, but his subsequent career was to be more remarkable still. From the King's Bench to Westminster is a far cry. To six foot of bone and muscle and a prepossessing countenance he added intelligence. From a butcher in a debtor's prison, more through his parents' liabilities than his own, he rose to champion pugilist publican, penciller, racehorse and mine-owner, and finally Member of Parliament.

Winner of two Derbys, received in Society, he died a rich man, and his descendants to-day grace our legislature

TOM CRIB, champion of England (1809).—Tom Crib was a great and, better still, lucky pugilist. He beat the first really formidable foreign aspirant to the championship of England, and became the hero of the people. To-day his name is better known than any of the other old-time fighters. No man ever better deserved his luck. Of all the gallant men who have held the proud title of champion of England, none have been more respected than Thomas Crib, the Black Diamond.

Tom was a Bristol man, but left his home early, and came to London and took up the heavy work of a coal-porter at the wharves—hence his nickname. This work brought out his enormous strength, and it was said he could do as much as two men. He joined the Navy for a time, and served at Copenhagen. The salt brine further invigorated his constitution, and the bruisers of the fleets gave him plenty of practice. Being paid off, he returned to his portering, but more lofty ambitions stirred within him. Through the help of Jem Belcher he found backers against the veteran George Maddox.

Maddox was a fine fighter who had never failed to respond to the call of honour, but he was getting on towards the sere and yellow, and Crib's youth and gluttony were too much for him. Crib gained considerable kudos from this fight, and backers were found to pit him against Tom Blake, *alias* Tom Tough, and a very tough customer. It proved a grand fight, glutton against glutton and bottom against bottom, but Crib had developed some science and won. He was then matched against Ikey Pig, an enormous Jew, but Tom's science was coming on, and he cut him up like pork. All was going well with our hero, and his stock was booming, but he was now to meet with a set-back and experience his first and only defeat.

All the world had journeyed to Blackwater to see the Game Chicken and Gulley fight, but the magistrates, who seemed to have been much the same then as now, seeing

so many people enjoying themselves, interfered, and to compensate for this disappointment the amateurs put up twenty-five yellowboys for any two game lads who chose to earn them. George Nicholls and Tom Crib threw their castors into the ring, and Tom Crib was beat. The fight was a good one, with the betting at the start very much in Crib's favour, but Nicholls fought a sterling battle and completely outgeneralled and outhit Tom. He refused to be lured into following Tom about the ring, and the famous milling on the retreat was nullified. With the utmost coolness and judgment Nicholls waited for Tom in the middle of the pit, and returned his blows with such dreadful force that Crib was terribly punished; but a glutton like Tom was not easily disposed of. Nicholls was confidence itself, and his hitting truly terrific; Crib became much distressed, and had recourse to shifting. In spite of this the odds were still in his favour, the amateurs not believing he could be beaten by a practically unknown man. He did his best, and continued while he had a chance left, but, beaten to a standstill in the fifty-second round, he was forced to cry, "Enough."

This battle must always be something of a mystery. Was Nicholls an exceptionally good man, or was Crib an over-rated one? Probably a bit of both. Tom, the coming man, had doubtless had a drink or two, and, of course, he had not attained to his future excellence; but Nicholls, I think, was a rare piece of fighting stuff. He came from the right school, had coolness and judgment, tremendous hitting power, and quick withal. He only fought twice—a draw with Paddington Jones, no mean performance, and his victory over Crib.

A master butcher by trade, he fought for pleasure, and after this battle went back to his trade and never fought again. In after years, when Tom had attained to such fame, it was his proud boast that he was the only man who had ever beaten the champion. Crib soon re-established

himself. He beat Richmond the Black with great ease, and now Captain Barclay perceived virtues in him hidden from less observing eyes, and matched him for two hundred guineas against great Jem Belcher. Poor old Jem, he wanted money, and could not see Crib living half an hour with him. As a matter of fact he really beat him, but his seconds saved Tom. I have described the manœuvre elsewhere, and then Crib's strength and stamina and dauntless courage wore Jem out, but it was a close call.

Tom was now right at the top of the tree, and he soon settled the pretentions of Horton, but his fight with Bob Gregson will long be remembered, and can only be compared with Gregson's battle with Gulley. Greater courage was never displayed. The punishment was atrocious—Crib's head had a truly shocking appearance, and Gregson's face was one stream of blood quite early in the fight. Later on, it is said that words could not describe the dreadful condition of the combatants, but, notwithstanding they stood and exchanged blow for blow. Nature at length became quite exhausted in both; they could no longer hit, but staggered one against the other in their endeavours to fight. It was truly astonishing to witness to what a pitch human courage can arrive; in striving for victory all else was forgotten. These men were like fighting-dogs, willing to struggle to the death.

I copy the last two rounds from an old account:

> 22nd—On meeting a rally took place, and, strength favouring Gregson, he fairly bore down Crib, when the odds shifted so much, and such was the general feeling, that ten to one was offered Crib could not come again.
>
> 23rd—Never were pugilists so completely worn out, and Crib, on setting to, had merely strength enough to put in two feeble hits, and close. In wrestling Crib had the good fortune, by their legs becoming entangled, to throw his antagonist, who fell with such uncommon force as to nearly deprive him of motion. Gregson was raised up and placed upon his second's knee, but time had expired

before he was able to come again, and in consequence of which Crib was declared the victor.

It was not only the most fortunate, but the most unexpected, event in his life, for on hearing the news he fell, and remained in an exhausted state for a short period.

What men we bred in those days! No wonder we beat the world.

Jem Belcher could not believe that Crib was the better man, and now challenged him again. It should not have been allowed; his constitution gone, he had no chance with a man like Crib, but yet he fought with all his old gaiety and courage, and was all over Tom to start with, but soon his right arm, injured in their first fight, was useless to him, and then both hands forsook their office.

It was piteous to see the once renowned champion of England only standing up to be punished, and that in the most dreadful manner. In the last ten rounds he had not the smallest shadow of hope. The flesh had separated from his nails, and his knuckles were so miserably lacerated as to appear as if cut with a knife. At the end of forty minutes the heroic Jem could no longer struggle to the scratch, and Crib had beaten him again.

Tom was now hailed as champion of England, and that famous belt of lion's skin with silver claws was presented to him as emblematic of the championship. He now announced his retirement from the ring, but a stranger had come to beard the lion in his den, the champion in his hall. Since the days of the renowned Fig, when the bold gondolier from Venice made his bid to snatch the laurels from the British brow, no foreigner had had the temerity to challenge the supremacy of the British fistic champions. In fact in those days the bare idea of anyone being able to fight except an Englishman was regarded with ridicule.

True, Jack Slack met a Frenchman, and nearly got beat too, but it did not seem to have caused much excitement even at the time, and it was soon forgotten. It is strange also

that a Scotsman has never been champion of England, nor an Irishman either as far as that goes, if we except Peter Cocoran, and he was quite a doubtful champion. It is further remarkable that practically all the champions came from the south. But now one of an alien race was in our land, and boldly proclaimed the fact that he had come for the express purpose of fighting the best man in England ; moreover, modesty did not prevent him from expressing freely his ideas of the result.

Tom Molineux was his name, which he took from the family he had served in Virginia. A slave, he had been given his freedom on account of the prowess he had shown with his fists. His pedigree was good, and it is said that his father was never beaten, and that he had a twin brother nearly as good as himself. He claimed the championship of America, a country we did not love then as now, and was, as everybody knows, a negro. It is a curious fact that for many, many years it was only men of this despised race that could stand before Englishmen with their fists. Bill Richmond was the first negro pugilist, and they culminated in Jack Johnson, champion of the world. There have been many remarkable negro pugilists, and I hope to say a few words about them later, but Tom Molineux was the first to threaten seriously the supremacy of the white man.

He was a great fighter. Tom Crib beat him, but he was, shall we say, unlucky to lose. His strength was prodigious, and his science was not to be despised. He stood 5ft. $8\frac{1}{4}$in., and weighed full 14 stone. He was forty-five inches round the chest, with back and loins of tremendous power. His arms were exceptionally long and muscular ; he could hit like a trip hammer, and his game was unquestionable. Crib was two inches taller and a pound or two heavier.

They fought at East Grinstead, in Sussex, on December 10th, 1810, and the battle excited enormous interest from the highest to the lowest in the land. Immense sums of money rested on the event, and thousands journeyed down

to Sussex to witness the mill. Naturally Crib was a firm favourite, but there were plenty to take the odds. The battle was not only one of the most tremendous, but one of the most sanguinary and ferocious ever seen. The punishment was frightful, and, it was said, no doubt with exaggeration, that at the finish it was impossible to tell one combatant from the other except by their colour. At one period Molineux looked like winning, and, curiously enough, as in the fight between Sayers and Heenan, the English champion was somewhat foully held against the ropes and nearly strangled, the American champion being in both cases the offender, and in both cases the mob interfered. It is said that Crib was unable to come to his time after this experience, and there are several versions of what occurred. One is that Tom could not scratch, and that one of the umpires, Sir Thomas Appreece, called "Time! Time!" but nobody noticed it, and it was some two minutes before Tom appeared at the mark. I expect that Molineux was none too ready either, and was glad of an extra minute or so himself, but if he had scratched, as he apparently could have done, he would have won the fight.

Towards the end Tom freshened up wonderfully, and his remarkable game and bottom won him the battle.

There is no doubt Crib made the mistake of not taking his opponent seriously enough, and he was not as fit as he might have been. He carried a lot of beef, and was many pounds heavier than in his second battle with the brave black.

Molineux was not satisfied with the result, and claimed that it was the cold that beat him, and certainly they fought on a bitter day in December, which must have been to Crib's advantage. He issued another challenge, and appealed to the fair play of Englishmen to give him another chance. This could not be resisted, and our brave champion was the last man to refuse the call of honour.

Although he had retired previously to their first battle, he

replied that he was unable to refuse Molineux his request, and that he would fight once more.

So the match was made, and this time Tom made no mistake. Captain Barclay took his training in hand, and he was probably the first pugilist to undergo a thorough preparation, somewhat on modern lines.

To Ury, in Scotland, Barclay's place, they went, and Tom was put through it. He entered the ring nearly a stone lighter than he had ever fought before. Barclay did not spare him, and from over sixteen stone reduced him to thirteen stone six pounds, and kept his stamina unimpaired. The training lasted three months, and poor Tom was inclined to kick at times, and often spoke with bitterness of it afterwards; but, strange to say, it got him fit. Tom was a very strong man.

They received him in Scotland with cheering crowds, and one Scottish editor waxed exceeding wrath at all this fuss over a low prize-fighter, and was also somewhat uncomplimentary towards his friends. He objected to the amount of money at stake, and made some unfavourable comparisons between the money subscribed towards the British prisoners in France and the amount staked on a prize-fight.

Crib felt it his duty to reply to this effusion, and made some pointed remarks about calling on the editor when he returned to Edinburgh. The editor was boldly defiant, on paper, and there it ended.

Now, whilst Tom got fit, Molineux was imprudent, as usual, and spent the time of training touring the country exhibiting, and picking up money; no doubt he wanted it. He was not in great shape when the day arrived, and it is said that he gobbled a whole chicken and a generous measure of beer just before he entered the ring. Anyway, there was only one man in it this time, and that man was not Tom Molineux. They fought at Thistleton Gap, near Grantham, before 20,000 people and all the élite of England.

The betting was three to one on Crib. Molineux started with his accustomed ferocity, and got by no means the worst of the opening rounds; in fact to all appearances he got decidedly the best of it, for he fought solely for the head, and Crib showed dreadful signs of his powers. He was as game as ever, and fought like a demon.

Crib, cool and confident, was taking all that came his way and paying particular attention to the body. Soon Molineux's wind began to fail him, when, in the sixth round, the champion put in such a terrible blow on the mark that it knocked all the wind out of the poor Moor like gas out of a bag, and completely doubled him up. Molineux was frantic with pain, and capered about the stage in the most extravagant manner, accompanied by the ribald jests of the spectators, till Crib followed him up and levelled him; but Molineux came again, and rushed in desperately, to be floored by a blow that fractured two ribs. But not done with yet, he still tried to fight, but he was all at sea, and, dashing in intemperately, received such a blow from Crib's left hand that crack went his jaw-bone, and he fell like a log. It was now all Lombard Street to a China orange on the champion, but the gallant negro refused to acknowledge defeat till, beaten senseless, he was carried from the ring.

Tom did not come off scathless, but was as strong as a lion at the finish, and when he heard the joyful sounds of victory, he and Gulley indulged the spectators with a very passable imitation of a Scotch reel, which pleasing divertisement they had no doubt learnt at Ury.

Barclay won £10,000 and quite set up the old ancestral home. Amongst those present were Colonel Mellish and Sir Francis Boynton, of cocking fame, who also won heavily; indeed, Mellish won a fortune on the first fight. He had backed Crib heavily, but when he looked like getting beat had hedged on the black till he made him favourite. As he had betted still more heavily that this would happen, there

was much method in his madness. Tom Crib now retired from the ring covered with honour and glory.

He returned to his business of coal merchant and then took the King's Arms Tavern in St. James's, where all the sporting celebrities forgathered. In fact, Tom Crib's parlour has become historical.

No champion was more impressed with the dignity of his office, and no deed of his ever sullied it. Brave old Tom lived long to enjoy the love and respect of his countrymen as well as their admiration for his prowess in the ring. In the words of Tom Hazel:

A true Briton from Bristol, a rum one to fibb,
He's champion of England, his name is Tom Crib;
With white and black men has mill'd all round,
But one to mill him in the world can't be found.

This was the age of pugilistic dinners and sporting nights, and many were given in Crib's honour.

Among the most admired chaunts sung at these convivial meetings none was more popular with the Fancy than the following, which is witty enough to deserve reproduction, and was first sung at a dinner given to Crib at Gregson's:

I

Come, list ye, all ye fighting gills,
And coves of boxing note, sirs,
Whilst I relate some bloody mills
In our time have been fought, sirs.
Whoe'er saw Ben and Tom display
Could tell a pretty story,
The milling-bout they got that day
Sent both ding-dong to glory.

II

Now Ben he left it in his will,
As all his pals declare it,
That who the hero's chair would fill
Must win it, or not wear it.

No tainted miller he could stand,
  Right sound must be his cat's-meat,
Who could not bear his hide well tann'd
  Was quite unfit for that seat.

III

All nations came to claim the prize,
  Amongst them many a don, sirs,
And Billy Warr swore b——t his eyes
  He'd mill 'em every one, sirs.
At Bexley Heath it hapt one day
  He was beaten black and blue, sirs,
By one deep in the fancy lay—
  'Twas little Dan the Jew, sirs.

IV

The Ruffian young next, on the list,
  Laid claim to boxing merits;
A mere pretender to the first,
  Who dealt in wine and spirits.
His hits were rum, none can deny,
  His blackstrap none could bear it,
But of his hogshead he was shy,
  Lest they should tap his claret.

V

Bitton then came, a champion bold,
  And dealt some hard and sly knocks,
But yet, when all the truth is told,
  Some rank him with the shy cocks.
But prate like this we must not mind,
  A Dutchman true begot him,
Whoe'er has seen Bitton behind
  Will ne'er dispute his bottom.

VI

Of all the milling coves, the crack,
  None pleased more than Sam, sirs,
Whose whiskers are of jetty black,
  As those of whip Jeram, sirs.
So neatly fibbs the Israelite
  To ev'ry stander-by, sirs,
Who must allow it is a sight
  Well worth a Jew's eye, sirs.

VII

We now must sing of Belcher's fame,
Whose race was full of glory,
His matchless deeds I need not name,
You all must know his story.
He beat the best coves of his day,
And none could stand before him,
For he could hit and get away,
If not—why, he could floor them.

VIII

Champion of the milling corps
Next starts a true Game Chicken,
His honours to the last he bore,
But never bore a licking.
Till tyrant Death, man's greatest foe,
Who mercy shows him never,
Hit poor Peaice a mortal blow,
Which closed his eyes for ever.

IX

John Gulley made a manly stand
In science quite complete, sirs,
He rather chose to fight on land
Than serve longer in the Fleet, sirs,
Where many worthies of their line,
Like Jack, for bravery noted,
Are under hatches left to pine,
Nor hopes to be promoted.

X

Next rings the fame of gallant Crib,
A cool and steady miller,
Who late to Yorkshire went to fibb—
A first-rate man of colour.
No matter whether black or white,
No tint of skin could save him,
A horse's kick was pure delight
To the belly-punch he gave him.

XI

England's champion now behold
In him who fills the chair, sirs,
Who never yet a battle sold,
Or lost one in despair, sirs.

For in each contest, or set-to,
  Brave Tom bore off the laurel,
Which, proudly planted on his brow,
  Says, Touch me at your peril.

XII

Now fill your glasses to the brim,
  And honour well my toast, sirs,
May we be found in fighting trim
  When Bony treads our coast, sirs
The gallant Barclay shall lead on,
  The Fancy lads adore him,
And Devil or Napoleon—
  Leave us alone to floor him.

TOM SPRING (1821) was the next champion, and a worthy successor to the great names that preceded him. His real patronymic was Thomas Winter, but, being of an optimistic disposition, I suppose he preferred to call himself Spring.

He was a fine fellow, and good looking with it, standing 5ft. 11½in., and weighing 13st. 4lbs., and was a most scientific and accomplished pugilist and thorough game. He fought many great battles, and only once did the fickle goddess fail him. He beat Bill Henley, Jack Stringer, and Ned Painter, but the gallant Ned turned the tables and beat him after a terrific and manly battle. This was his only set-back, for he travelled from victory to victory, beating Jack Carter, Ben Burn, Bob Burns, Josh Hudson, "The John Bull Fighter," Tom Oliver, Bill Neat, "The Bristol Butcher," and then came his two great fights with Jack Langan, the champion of Ireland, and one of the greatest pugilists the Emerald Isle has ever turned out. These battles created the most intense interest, and huge sums of money were staked. The last battle was fought for the then unprecedented amount of a thousand guineas a-side. Both were desperately contested, but Spring

won the main, as he was the conqueror on both occasions.

He died in 1851, and was buried at Norwood Cemetery amid many tokens of respect.

JEM WARD (1825), champion of England, had a long career, and was a most skilful fighter and consummate general, but his form was a bit in-and-out. He aspired to music and painting—very laudable pursuits, no doubt, but no good to a fighting-man. He fought one admitted cross with Bill Abbott, and there was some fishy business in his first match with Simon Byrne, but no doubt there were extenuating circumstances, and the rest of his career was honourable.

Jem was born and bred in the East End, and at fifteen was earning his living at the docks, and his first opponents were the hardy inhabitants of that region. His first real test was with a man of redoubtable name, one "Iron Face," or Rasher, "the Hardy Mountaineer."

The hardy Rasher did not take home the bacon when he met Jem, and, declaring his adversary was "a plant," and no novice, removed the gloves and requested some of his West End friends to "just put on the mittens and take the rest of a good hiding." Jem now fought and beat Dick Acton and Burke; then came his discreditable affair with Abbott. He was warned off the turf for this, and had to confine his attentions to the provincial rings for a time. He beat Ned Baldwin, "Whiteheaded Bob," Rickers, the "West Country Champion," and Johnson, "Jimmy the Black." These provincial victories created some envy in London. Jem was forgiven, and a nobleman backed him against Josh Hudson. "The John Bull Fighter" put paid to his account after thirty-six minutes of desperate fighting, and Ward fell defeated, but not disgraced, before the highest couraged boxer in England. However, he found backing against Phil Sampson, and beat the Birmingham youth after a

scientific battle. He repeated this performance later on, then he defeated Tom Cannon, "the Big Gun of Windsor," but the intense heat helped him to this victory. Ponderous Peter Crawley now beat Ward; undoubtedly Jem was better with the scientific stuff.

His last battle was with Simon Byrne, the Irish champion. Ward beat him, but more from exhaustion than hard hitting. Jem now became a publican, but not a success, and drifted from house to house. He was most clever and scientific, a great fighter but not a really great champion; in fact we were to have no great champion till gallant Tom Sayers picked up the crown and planted it firmly on his manly brow.

DEAF BURKE in 1833 claimed the champion's office, and a rare bit of fighting stuff he was—5ft. 8¼in., and weighing 12½ stone, a game and willing fighter, with punching powers of the first order. Burke has been claimed as an Irishman, and truly his name savours of Erin's Isle, but, however he got his name, he was a Cockney of the Cockneys, and was born in London in 1809.

He started very early in the fighting game and fought numerous battles, the star of victory clinging ever to his banners, till, flushed with success, he challenged any man in England for the championship. Simon Byrne, the champion of Ould Ireland, picked up the gauntlet and they fought a truly Homeric battle.

Before the fight the "Deaf 'un" cut all sorts of antics in the ring, which seem to have disturbed Byrne, who expressed some distaste at having to fight a man with a bat in his belfrey. However, they got started at last, and Byrne, who was the bigger man, had the lead in a most stubborn contest up to the thirty-seventh round, when Burke was in a very bad way. Tom Cannon, who was backing him, felt that he needed encouragement, so broke into the ring, followed by his friends, when a free for all took place.

Burke was undoubtedly encouraged, for, taking advantage

of the situation, he rushed at Bryne and fought him through the ropes. Order being restored, Burke turned the tables and outfought Byrne, who hung out S.O.S. signals, but would not surrender. On went the struggle, Byrne being frightfully punished. Round after round was fought. It was anybody's battle, first one and then the other appearing beaten.

The seconds worked nearly as hard as the fighters, and brought their men time after time to the scratch, though the gallant fellows were past fighting. In the ninetieth round the sponge was actually thrown up to announce the Irish champion's victory, as Burke lay insensible in his corner, but his second, Dick Curtis, "the Pet of the Fancy," bit his ear, and the game "Deaf 'un" heard the call and walked mechanically to the scratch, and continued the battle with unshaken courage.

Byrne's hands were now gone, and he could not administer the *coup de grace*, but threw Burke heavily and fell on him. Still the plucky "Deaf 'un" answered to the call of time, and both gave an exhibition of game and desperate milling seldom surpassed.

In the ninety-third round Byrne was again dreadfully distressed, and, urged by his friends, Burke rushed wildly at his man, threw him heavily, and fell on top of him. Byrne was picked up, and all thought the great fight was over, but the brave Irish champion refused to accept defeat whilst life remained, and staggered to the scratch, only to be fought or knocked down. The "Deaf 'un" now proved himself possessed of the better stamina, and, fighting strictly to orders, it became all Piccadilly to a parched pea on him. For six more rounds brave Byrne staggered to the scratch and fought all he knew how, till exhausted nature forsook him, and he fell senseless, battered out of all semblance of humanity. He was picked up, but could no longer stand, and Burke, himself in the last stage of exhaustion, was proclaimed the winner.

The battle lasted three hours and six minutes, and Burke was set up as the champion of England. He was terribly punished and could hardly walk, whilst Byrne was carried from the ground, and bled by a surgeon, whom I should think succeeded in killing him, for the poor fellow died a few days afterwards.

We still had men in England in those days. No wonder we stormed the breach at Badajos!

When the news of this heroic battle reached Ireland, to avenge the honour of the "ould sod" Sam O'Rourke challenged Burke to come to Ireland to fight him; but the "Deaf 'un" was not having any, nor would O'Rourke come to England, but as they both at this time had a hunch to visit the States, they met in the land of liberty, and Burke was putting it across O'Rourke nicely when the latter's friends broke into the ring, and with knives and revolvers persuaded Burke that he was the loser. This was a new wrinkle for the "Deaf 'un," but he was not slow in picking it up; he fled the pit, mounted a swift horse, and resigned victory to the strong. They were, however, generous, and only claimed a draw.

In spite of this unfavourable reception in New Orleans, he chanced his luck in New York against another Irishman, and this time was allowed to win. After this battle he returned to England and fought Bendigo, and, after handling him very severely, lost on a foul to that exasperating fighter, and at the same time lost his championship. He was also beaten unluckily by Nick Ward. Burke's last battle was with Bob Castle, which he won. This ended his career in the ring, and dissipation soon ended his life. Though not quite of the calibre of some of the old champions, a gamer bit of stuff never pulled off a shirt, and his endurance and fighting qualities were quite remarkable.

WILLIAM THOMPSON (1839), that shifty fighter, was now champion of England. Better known as Bendigo, he was

a famous pugilist, and gave his name to a racehorse and a town. He stood 5ft. 9½in., and weighed 11st. 10lbs., was a two-handed fighter, and could change from right to left with equal facility. He is said to have got his nickname from his bending position in the ring. He fought and won numberless fights, but those best remembered are his battles with Caunt. He was beaten in the first, and won the next by lying on the ground most of the time. The third fight (?) was also a fiasco, and Caunt was somewhat absurdly disqualified. If it had not been for his miserable habit of dropping, he would have been a great fighting-man, for he was clever and could hit hard. The best men he beat were Deaf Burke and Tom Paddock.

From a gay buck in his younger days he took to temperance, and toured the country with an umbrella and a Bible. It is not recorded in how many battles he beat the Devil.

That he was not always in the society of the temperate is shown by the following little story, if true:

First jolly soul, endeavouring to introduce our hero: D'yu know Thompshun?

Second jolly soul: No! Wash's his name?

First jolly soul: Hic! I dun know.

BEN CAUNT claimed the championship when he beat Nick Ward, but lost it to Bendigo. He was an enormous man, being 6ft. 2½in., and nearly 15 stone in condition, and only wanted a little knowledge of the game to make him a holy terror, but his sole requisites were game and strength With a fist big enough to fill a curio cabinet all by itself, he could never get it home, and was generally beaten when he met a clever man. His last fight was with old Nat Langham, when both had been on the shelf for many years. They were cross-the-street neighbours, and it all arose out of a little love-affair, Ould Nat getting tangled up with one of the giant's favourites. Caunt challenged the gay Lothario, and Nat was too gritty to refuse. They fought for an hour and

a half, and it ended in a draw. The wily Nat played the hit-and-drop game, and poor Ben got thoroughly sick of it. A new match was suggested by their friends (?), when Caunt made this lucid statement :

" It's like this, d'ye see : I can't fight a man a fair stand-up fight while that man is lying on the ground all the time."

BILL PERRY, the Tipton Slasher—Old K-legs, as he was called—laid claim to the championship when he beat Tom Paddock in 1850, as Bendigo refused to fight again.

The Slasher had one of the finest and most powerful torsos ever seen, but his legs spoilt him as a model of manly beauty. Tall and very muscular, his legs made him ungainly, and, as he stood with his feet wide apart, he was a difficult man to get at. His battles were very numerous, and fortune smiled. Always willing, and a rare punisher, he was a pugilist of great merit. Charles Freeman, the American Giant, beat him, but it was an unsatisfactory affair. Harry Broome beat him on a foul, but the only man to beat him decisively was Tom Sayers.

HARRY BROOME claimed the office when he beat Perry. He was a sound fighting-man full of science and possessing rare game and stamina, but somehow just missing greatness. He was matched with Perry again but forfeited, and Old K-legs again claimed the belt. However, Broome and Paddock came together, and Paddock beat him and wore the champion's crown for a little time.

TOM PADDOCK was a sound, willing and game fighter, and deserved better luck than he had. Without going into all his battles we may say that the muffled drums were as familiar to his ears as the bells of victory. The championship had been badgered about for some years, but now a star had risen and Tom Sayers came.

TOM SAYERS, England's last great champion, and worthy successor to the great ones that had gone. What

a wonderful fighter he was. Though not a Jem Belcher or a Hen Pearce, I know of no champion more worthy than Tom Sayers.

For his size he was a marvel. With a little more height and weight, what might he not have been! He stood 5ft. 8in., and his best fighting weight was 10st. 10lbs., and was the smallest champion we have ever had, yet he fought giants and beat them. "The bigger they are the better I like 'em," was one of Tom's maxims. With no great muscular development, he could hit like a machine-gun bullet. His left was like a steam piston and his right, Tom's auctioneer, was murderous in its effects.

With sound science, good generalship, and truly remarkable stamina and courage he had everything except size. His heroic battle with Heenan will never be forgotten. With only one hand he fought him to a draw; with the auctioneer in use he would have slaughtered him.

Brighton, that fashionable little fishing village, has the honour of bearing Tom Sayers, and no doubt the ozone of that salubrious spot helped to give him his fine constitution. In his early youth he hardened his frame by working on the beach and pulling up the fishing boats, and, like all boys, wanted to be a sailor, but became a bricklayer instead, and at this useful trade developed a tremendous pair of mawleys that gained him fame and glory. It was no doubt the bricklaying trade that took him to London, and Camden Town became his place of residence. Many a rough and tumble he enjoyed there, and his pals began to look upon him as a fighter of no mean pretentions. Tom's first regular set-to was with Aby Crouch, a pugilist who had won many battles. It was a soft snap for Tom, and he early showed what a terrific punisher he was by knocking Crouch out of time in twelve minutes. The pride of Camden Town was now matched with Dan Collins, a protégé of Tom Spring's, and looked upon as the best ten-stone man in England. It was a desperate affair. Nine

tremendous rounds were fought at Edenbridge in just under the hour, when the police interfered. Nothing daunted, they journeyed to Redhill, and continued the battle, when, after two hours' desperate milling, darkness put an end to hostilities.

It was declared a draw, but this did not suit either of these bull-dogs. The stakes were not drawn, and they agreed to fight again. This time Sayers decided it by knocking out his brave antagonist in one hour and twenty minutes. This put the stamp of merit on Sayers, and his backers thought him good enough to put up against Jack Grant, who had been looking in vain for a customer for a long time. Tom proved that his backer's judgment was excellent, for he beat Grant after a stubborn contest of over two and a half hours.

This battle carried with it the title of middle-weight champion of England, but Tom was flying at higher game. He next met and beat decisively Jack Martin, a good man and true, and Tom began to think himself invincible; but fatal over-confidence was to be his undoing, and cause the only blot on his escutcheon. He was matched with Nat Langham, as wily an old game cock as ever crowed on his walk; and Nat was a good man, as scientific a merchant as ever put up his dukes, and, as a general seldom approached, he was justly reputed a first-class pugilist. He was taller than Tom, and heavier. Tom, in his overweening confidence, thought that Langham was just pie for him, and refused to take him seriously, and he entered the ring in no condition. Nat had a shrewd suspicion that he was no match for Sayers and determined that only generalship could win him this fight, and from the very first he set himself the task of blinding his opponent. Tom's fleshy face enabled him to do this. As a rule Tom's skin was like granite, and you had as much chance of blinding him as of baking a snowball.

Langham deserves every credit for seizing his advantage

and fighting a really skilful battle. Keeping a sharp look-out for the dreaded auctioneer, he kept pegging away at Tom's eyes. Sayers, on the other hand, sailed in to finish it in jig-time, but the elusive Nat was not there, and soon Tom was blowing from his own exertions. For two hours, by excellent footwork, Langham continued the battle, and at the end of that time had Sayers stone-blind, so that he could fight no more. Tom was led from the ring by his friends crying with mortification at this unexpected defeat, whilst Nat was crazy with joy at licking Sayers. Tom tried hard to induce Langham to fight again, but Nat did not rise with any considerable splash to that fly—he had done what no one else could do, and he refused, knowing jolly well that Sayers could whack him.

This defeat did not injure Tom's reputation, and as his conqueror refused to fight him again his fame and glory were in no way abated. Profiting by this lesson, he started again on his victorious career, beating George Sims (nothing to do with "Tatcho") in five minutes; then he fought brave old Harry Paulson, a great and game pugilist, for over three hours before he beat him.

Aaron Jones, a gigantic and clever fighting-man, came next, and, after three hours' desperate work, darkness made a draw of it, but Tom beat him soon afterwards in under two hours. Then came his great battle with Bill Perry, and, though the old Slasher put in all he knew, he beat him easily. It was after this battle that he was acknowledged the undoubted champion of England.

Bill Benjamin, another gigantic pugilist, now took on the task of stopping Tom; but, like the rest, he failed, and was put to sleep in six minutes. The terrible right got home, and he fell such a long way that he could not get up in time.

Tom Paddock now challenged him for the championship, and put up a desperate fight for over an hour before he, too, fell. Bill Benjamin tried again, and did better this

time, as it was twenty-two minutes before he retired to dreamland. Benjamin was a big, clever, game pugilist, and was unlucky to live at the same time as Sayers, or his name might have joined the roll of champions.

The renowned Bob Brettle, of Birmingham, was now rashly put up against Tom. Bob was a snorting good man for his weight, and his friends thought the world of him. He had beaten the talented Bob Travers amongst many others, and was to beat the great Jem Mace. But Sayers, for a change, was meeting somebody about his own size. The fight was short, but very hot. Bob actually knocked Tom down in the fourth round. Then Sayers let himself go, and whiz went the auctioneer. The spectators held their breath, then a sigh of relief went up—it had missed. Many believed it would have killed Brettle had it landed. Brettle was now slogged about like a shuttle-cock and, injuring his shoulder, his friends withdrew him from the unequal match.

Tom was now alone on the walk; there was no one left in England to meet him, and he was thinking of retiring after his long and glorious career. But America had a champion, John Camel Heenan, the Benicia Boy, who was eager to fight the great Tom Sayers, and, refusing to meet Aaron Jones, who was then in America, came straight to England to challenge Sayers for the belt.

Tom, as always, was ready, and they fought at Farnbrough on April 17th, 1860. All England went mad over the fight, and such excitement had not been known since Crib and Molineux put their fortunes to the test. Heenan was five inches taller and over two stone heavier than Sayers, but gallant Tom carried the fight to him, drew first blood, and looked like winning in his usual style, in spite of receiving several heavy falls from the Herculean Heenan. But now a terrible misfortune overtook Tom. In guarding one of Heenan's ponderous blows, the muscles of his right arm were so severely injured that it was rendered

useless to him throughout the rest of the fight; not only was it useless for hitting, or guarding, but it soon became an agony to move it at all. Sayers now gave an exhibition of fortitude and generalship never surpassed. His favourite weapon gone, there remained only his left and his heart. Facing his huge, powerful, and accomplished opponent, he showed what science and courage could do. Learning from his own defeat, he set himself to blind Heenan, and with his left hand he punished him most dreadfully, taking himself the most severe punishment, and putting up with the heavy falls which closed nearly every round. With most wonderful science and resolution he kept smashing his left at Heenan's eyes, till he had completely closed one and had the other almost out of action. The fight had lasted two hours and six minutes, most of which time Sayers had been fighting with one arm, and he had almost achieved his object, when another unfortunate incident occurred.

Heenan had got Tom on the ropes in such a position that Sayers's neck was resting on the upper rope, and Heenan, holding him there, rested all his weight on Tom so that he was nearly strangled. He turned black in the face, and, the cries of foul being unheeded, someone in the crowd cut the ropes and both men fell to the ground.

Pandemonium now broke loose, the mob screaming that their champion had been fouled, and I am sure that they were not very far wrong. The referee thought it wisest to disappear, and the men fought seven more rounds with no ring and no referee. Hemmed in by the spectators, Sayers naturally got the worst of this rough-and-tumble business, and then the fight was stopped, and later the referee declared it a draw. Heenan left off undoubtedly the stronger man, and protested wildly that he was the winner, but in a few minutes after the fight was over he was blind. This unfortunate ending to one of the greatest fights in pugilistic history must always be deplored. Who

would have won? As far as I can see, if rules mean anything, Tom Sayers did win.

Rule 28 of the Revised Rules of the Prize Ring, 1853, is unusually explicit. It says:

> Hugging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. A man held by the neck against the stakes, or upon, or against, the ropes shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be considered foul. If a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary he shall be deemed the loser of the battle, and if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately loose him or lose the battle.

Can anything be clearer? Heenan unquestionably contravened this rule, and should have been disqualified. As he was not disqualified, the only other possible verdict under the circumstances was a draw.

Even if this foul had been overlooked and the battle continued in a regular manner, I think Sayers must have won, for Heenan was nearly blind then, and could hardly have known what he was doing, for he was too honourable a man to foul intentionally. As for Heenan's condition, I have a photo of him taken the day after the fight, showing a dreadfully disfigured face, with one eye completely closed and the other only just open.

England acknowledged her hero. He was received by cheering crowds wherever he went, and a public subscription was raised for him, which provided a small pension on the condition that he never fought again. This put an end to the hopes of another match, though, to do Heenan justice, he challenged Tom again.

In spite of a certain bitterness at first, owing to each man thinking himself the winner, Sayers and Heenan became firm friends afterwards, and Tom was in Heenan's corner when he fought Tom King.

Sayers never fought again, and I fear he rather dissipated, certainly the Mother Red Cap in Camden Town

has many memories of brave old Tom. He died of inflammation of the lungs in 1865 and was buried at Highgate Cemetery, where a British lion in marble stands guard over his grave. The grave of a great and gallant pugilist, and a brave man.

SAM HURST (1860), a big, game dub, was next called the champion, because he knocked out poor old Paddock by a fluke, but he soon lost the title to Jem Mace, who beat him easily, though it is only fair to Hurst to say that he had broken his leg previously, and had not recovered from the injury when he entered the ring with Mace. The Stalybridge Infant was 6ft. 2½in, 16 stone in weight, and 49in. round the chest. He was a game, good-natured, easy-going fellow, but no champion fighting-man

JAMES MACE (1861), champion of England, and first champion of the world—that problematical title. Jem Mace was a very great fighter, but he had an *IF*. It is curious how the careers of Jem Ward and Jem Mace resemble one another. Both careers were exceedingly long, both started brilliantly, only to fall under a cloud, both re-established themselves; but there were unsavoury incidents to follow. Both were as clever and scientific as they are made, and both could hit hard and often, but neither inspired the confidence of the champions of old.

The merits of Tom Sayers and Jem Mace have been freely compared. The friends of Mace claim that Tom fought old men, past their day, and novices, and took a long time to beat them. Well, look at their records—if Tom fought has-beens, Mace fought never-wasers.

We have two lines we can go on—Brettle and Heenan. I have heard this argued: Sayers could only draw with Heenan, King beat Heenan, and Mace beat King; therefore, how much better Mace must have been than Sayers. This is true, but only partly true. I think a more accurate line would be: Sayers fought Heenan to a draw, with one

hand, and Heenan at his very best ; King fought, and only just managed to beat, a drugged, bribed, or sick Heenan ; and King beat Mace. On this line Tom could have beaten Mace with one hand.

On the Brettle line, from a contemporary account that I have read, Brettle's friends seized the opportunity of Bob hurting his shoulder against one of the stakes to withdraw him from the fight, fearing that Sayers would kill him.

Brettle beat Mace, but was also beaten by him. It is true that the first was probably a cross, and that Mace won the second comfortably, but no one appeared to be afraid that Brettle would be fatally injured.

Lines are notoriously unreliable in pugilism, but on both these Tom was the better man. Coming to harder facts, no one can deny that Sayers was a real fighter and always a satisfactory pugilist. Now Mace was a great fighter, but on several occasions was a most unsatisfactory pugilist. There was something wrong with him ; he was no doubt cleverer than Tom, and probably a better wrestler, but Tom had it on him in gameness, endurance, hitting power, and the fighting instinct.

I can only say that in my opinion one was a real champion and the other was not, and that if I had any spare cash I should not want a safer investment than Tom Sayers against Jem Mace.

Mace was born in 1831, stood 5ft. 9in. and weighed about 11 stone in fighting trim. He is often credited with being a gipsy. He always denied this soft impeachment, but, gipsy or no, he was gipsy-like in character, was a great wanderer over the face of the globe, and was very partial to the circus business. His first two battles, with Slack of Norwich and Bill Thorpe, he won very easily in fine style, showing much promise. He was then matched twice with Mike Madden, and foolishly forfeited on both occasions ; and his refusal to come to the scratch led many

to believe that he possessed a yellow streak. To put the cap on it, he entered the ring with Bob Brettle and got knocked out in three minutes. There was a suspicion that this battle was a cross, and most decent men fought shy of him for a time.

There was no Pugilistic Club then to call him to account, and his next battle was with Posh Price, that famous old trial horse. Jem won handily, and he now flew at higher game, and was matched with clever Bob Travers, and beat that talented black man after a good fight.

Jem, having re-established himself with these two victories, found friends to back him again against Bob Brettle, and this time he won and fairly easily. Mace now took, on the gigantic Hurst, and gained victory and the championship in forty minutes.

After this he lay idle for a time, as he could find nobody to take him on, until Tom King stepped into the listed field and picked up the champion's glove. Mace beat him after a fierce battle, but King was not satisfied, and challenged him again.

It was a great battle, with Tom in the ascendant for a time, then Mace took a decided lead, but in the eighteenth round Jem feinted, then missed his blow, and remained a moment leaning forward. Tom seized his opening, and delivered one of the most crushing blows ever seen. Full on Mace's left cheek it fell, and seemed to smash in all that side of his face. Mace crumpled up like a burst bladder, and fell helpless to the ground. He came again, but was all at sea; his left eye was completely closed, and he was bleeding from nose, eye, and mouth. King at once floored him with his left. Jem struggled up once more, but King refused to hit him, and pushed him down, when his seconds threw in the sponge.

Mace lost the championship by this fight, but, as King refused to fight again, he re-occupied the position.

The well-known Joe Goss now aspired to championship

honours, and he and Mace met three times, Jem beating him twice in brilliant battles ; but the third was a wretched fiasco. They performed for over one hour one round, and then shook hands. Then came an affair with Coburn which ended in nothing more serious than talk. Matches with Joe Wormald and Nen Baldwin also fell through, but Mace was not to blame this time, and, finding pugilism at a very low ebb at home, he migrated to America.

During his absence Joe Wormald, Andrew Marsden, and Ned Baldwin all claimed the championship, but the game was dead, killed by the ruffians who now followed the sport. The old times were gone, never to return. Joe Wormald was the pick of the basket, but none were worthy of the once proud title—they were big, and that's all you can say.

Mace did well, but you can hardly say he covered himself with glory in America. He fought and beat Tom Allen of Birmingham for the so-called championship of the world, and was matched with Joe Coburn for the same loud-sounding title. They met in Canada, and the fight ended in a draw, neither striking a blow. They met again, and got through eleven rounds in three hours, and both were badly punished, but rain coming on, they got tired of fighting, and made it a draw. Ned Baldwin having gone to America, like everybody else, they were matched, and again the championship of the world was at stake, but it all ended in a fizzle.

Mace then journeyed to Australia, where he made money, but unfortunately though he had made plenty in his time, he could not keep it, and only a few years ago the old champion was more or less living on charity, but still kept up a distinguished appearance. He died recently in Liverpool, and the last link with the past was gone. Though his performances were not all that might be desired at times, he was undoubtedly the greatest fighter of his day.

TOM KING (1863) was a good fighter and a worthy champion. He was a fine man, standing 6ft. 2in. and weighing 13 stone fit. Game, clever, and a tremendous hitter, he fought and beat many good men, then lost to Mace rather unluckily after a terrific battle; but he had his revenge, winning with a bit of luck on his side. He declined to meet Mace again, and retired, resigning the championship. But though he would not fight Mace, he agreed to meet Heenan for £2,000.

It was a fierce fight between two Herculean men, and the punishment dreadfully severe, but King proved himself the better man. However, in the eighteenth round Heenan seized Tom round the waist, and, lifting him bodily in the air, threw him with tremendous force, and fell heavily upon him. King's head came first to the ground, and when Heenan was lifted off him he was found to be insensible. It required all his seconds' skill to bring him round. When they toed the scratch again, after a longish interval owing to Tom's crowd invading the ring, King made one of his desperate rushes and fought Heenan to the ropes, administering fearful punishment, and, to the surprise of all, completely turned the tables. King now had matters all his own way, and, Heenan suddenly going weak, beat him to helplessness, and won in thirty-five minutes.

Heenan was seized with a violent fit of vomiting, and there were ugly rumours about that he had been poisoned.

King now retired for good, and, taking up business and bookmaking, made quite a fortune. He married a lady of considerable means, and all was *couleur de rose* for lucky Tom. The brutal prize-fighter's favourite hobby became the cultivation of flowers, and he took most of the prizes at the flower shows round London.

Many years ago, as a boy, I was walking on Streatham Common and saw a tall, elegant, distinguished-looking old gentleman. I was told it was Tom King, the prize-fighter.

The prize ring had now fallen on evil days, and Jem Smith was the last champion under the long law. Jem, you did not bury the old belt in a blaze of glory!

We have now come to the days of glove-fighting, and the prize-ring is no more. It lingered on and died hard, but when a man could fight in public with the gloves and draw large sums of money, why should he play hide-and-seek with the police, and get a damned good hiding for nothing, with the knuckles? So the prize-fight is dead, and the glove-contest reigns in its stead.

Many countries now rival one another in boxing and the summit of the pugilist's fame is the championship of the world. At one time the English champion was *ipso facto* champion of the world, but times have changed, and America has torn from us our proud supremacy. Australia, too, has produced the greatest of fighting-men, but the most wonderful thing of all is the rise and growth of the great French school of boxers. Not very long ago the mere idea of a Frenchman fighting an Englishman with his fists was considered laughable. They have not only done this, but beaten us too, and in Georges Carpentier France possesses a champion second to none.

The growth of sport, and Carpentier's example, have produced a spirit in France that has enabled her, by dogged courage, to check, and finally to beat, the Germans.

What impressed me most of all with the early French fighting-men was that they frequently beat our boys solely by their gameness, strength, and never-say-die spirit—attributes that once we claimed as our sole prerogative. But alas, we as a nation are losing our national traits. The lack of our old sports has sadly changed our natures, and many recent events have shown us little better than emotional wind-bags, whilst France has acquired those very qualities we once boasted as our own. Maybe the war has brought us to our senses, and that our old

virtues—I fear it is too much to hope that our old sports —will return.

Fighting with the gloves is a different game to fighting with the knuckles, and different rules had to be drawn up. The late Marquis of Queensberry, a great sportsman, was associated with the framing of these rules, and they received his name. They have been modified since, and the rules of the National Sporting Club are now in general use. Many great names stand out amongst the glove-fighters, and many champions have arisen. Once there was *THE* champion of England; now there are champions of many weights and of many countries. America has claimed most of the world champions for many years, and it is a sign of the times that her fighting-men are many of them of Italian, Danish, Polish, and even German descent. Still, some names stand out, and Charlie Mitchell and John Lawrence Sullivan can never be forgotten.

Mitchell was a really great fighter, game and clever, and one of the very few who could fight equally well with the knuckles or the gloves, and in this respect was only surpassed by Alec Roberts, little known, as he was only a light-weight, but one of the gamest and best fighters of modern times, and a man who put it all over the great Peter Jackson in a rough-and-tumble on the stones.

Mitchell was a man of impetuous character, and attracted a lot of adverse criticism and unenviable notoriety by knocking men about who counted on his reputation to be able to insult him with impunity. You might as well expect a lawyer not to use his knowledge of the law if you brought an action against him. He would have been wiser to have treated these parasites with contempt, like most champions; but, unfortunately, that was not Charlie's way. His courage was undisputed, and a friend told me that he had seen him in America walk calmly up to a man who was threatening him with a gun, take it out of his hand, and knock him down. His associates mostly hit the

high lights, but Charlie's remarkable constitution enabled him to outlive them all, though he was never shy when the bright wine sparkled. In his last years he suffered much from illness, but he fought death with the same dogged courage that he had always shown in the ring. He is now no more, but he was a great fighter and a brave man.

John L. Sullivan was the first great glove-fighter, and the man who introduced the knock-out punch with regularity. Of course, the new rules accounted for it—you had only ten seconds in which to rise after a knock down; in the old rules you had half a minute and the assistance of your seconds.

John L. started the stunt of touring the country knocking men out, and offering a prize to any man who could stand four rounds against him. He was the undoubted champion of America, and probably at one time the best man in the world; but he drew the colour line, and so barred Peter Jackson, and he also displayed some shyness when Frank Slavin and Joe Goddard invited him to try his luck with them. Sullivan was no great shakes at fighting with the raw 'uns, and little Charlie Mitchell would have beaten him with these weapons if his backers had not made substantial overtures for a draw. Then his knuckle-fight with Jake Kilrain was a miserable affair. He won, but neither could fight fast enough to keep himself warm. He was no knuckle-fighter, but with the gloves he was "It."

I once asked Charlie Mitchell whom he thought was the greatest glove-fighter he had ever seen. He instantly replied, "John L. Sullivan! But, mind you, I could always have beaten him if I had had good hands."

BOB FITZSIMMONDS was undoubtedly the greatest champion with the gloves the world has known. In the

words of Virgil, if he will forgive me for slightly improving them :

> Such Fitzdares was, and such he strode along,
> And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.

An Englishman by birth, an Australian reared, and an American by naturalisation, his career was truly marvellous. A middle-weight, standing 6ft., with a splendid torso, 40in. round the chest, a bull neck, very long arms that could hit like a Gatling-gun, and spindle legs, he was a freak, built for fighting. He loved it, and was as game as a fighting-dog. He jumped into fame by beating "The Nonpariel," Jack Dempsey, for the middle-weight championship of the world, and brave Jack Dempsey was a wonderful fighting-man. He lived at the time when the world possessed the best big gloves-fighters it has ever seen.

He reached the pinnacle of glory when he beat great and clever Jim Corbett for the world's championship. After many years of strenuous fighting—and they fought in his day—and when he was nearly forty, Jim Jeffries beat him.

Jeffries was a bullock of a man, stones heavier than Fitz, and trained especially to beat him. The Jeffries crouch was invented to counteract Fitz's fearsome right. Bob thought he was easy, so he did not trouble to train seriously, and Jeffries won. A friend who saw the battle told me that Bob hit him once with all his force, and Jim did not drop. Ruby Robert stepped back, and the look of amazement on his face was the funniest thing he ever saw. They fought again when Fitz was still further on the toboggan, and Jeffries won again, but Fitz punished him dreadfully and fought as long as he could stand or see. Both in their prime, my money would have been on Lanky Bob.

There is a good tale told about Fitz, illustrative of his hitting-powers. He met one boxer of repute who was a bit sceptical about his punch, and the said champion

dashed gaily in and bustled Fitz about the ring for a round or two. Robert dodged around for awhile, and then suddenly sloshed his right across. They carried the optimist from the ring, and on recovering he looked anxiously around. "Were many injured?" said he. "Injured! What do you mean?" replied his second. The fighter gazed at his pal and said, "Why, when the roof fell in."

His last fight was with Bill Lang at the age of forty-nine and only a year ago he went to join the champions that have gone.

Fitzsimmonds was one of a wonderful company of fighters reared in Larry Foley's school in Sydney. Bob Fitzsimmonds, Joe Goddard, Peter Jackson, Frank Slavin, Jim Hall, Young Griffo, what names to make the pulses beat—as wonderful glove-fighters as were ever known! Joe Goddard, who bested Peter Jackson in twelve rounds at Sydney, and who fought a shark! Swimming in Sydney harbour with his brother, this unfortunate boy was seized by a shark and nearly bitten in half. Goddard swam straight at the shark, plucked his brother from its jaws, and swam home with the body, beating the water with his legs to keep off the monster. If you know of any braver deed, I do not.

Peter Jackson, the Black Prince, was perhaps the greatest negro glove-fighter the world has ever known. His fight with Frank Slavin has become historic. It is said that neither man was ever the same again. Peter, in failing health, went to America, fought a draw with Corbett, and was beaten by big Jim Jeffries. He then returned to Australia and died of consumption. Peter Jackson was one of Nature's gentlemen, and a white man in all but colour.

Frank Slavin one of the very best, and as brave a man as ever lived. His courage in the Bruges affair was as fine as ever seen, yet I saw him once quite frightened by a dog. True it was a fighting-dog, and would have frightened

most people. Frank had many ups and downs in his life, and finally went to the Klondike, where I believe he did well, but the great war brought him back to fight for his country.

JIM HALL, a marvellous pugilist, a second Bob Fitzsimmonds, but without his stability. Only a middleweight, he stood over 6ft. and licked our champion, Ted Pritchard, in jig-time. He was a great fighter, but an awful hard case ; he loved the good things of this life, and worshipped gladly at the shrine of the rosy Bacchus. One evening, after copious libations to the god, a kind friend in need supported him home. Leaning on the cottage door, he addressed the good Samaritan : "Are you the —— that brought me home?" "Yes, Jim," beamed the friend, looking for the kindly thanks. "Then take that, you b——" said grateful Jim, and knocked him head over turtle down the steps.

Young Griffo, was a dreadful larrikin, but a fistic marvel. Only a little man, he met and beat all the best men of his day in Australia and America, and was so clever that no one could touch him, though he was on top of his man all the time, and beating them about as he liked. He never trained, and after a heavy night would come straight out of his den of iniquity, walk into the ring, and beat a champion. His idea of real enjoyment was the society of the bottle and rosy nymphs—a sort of a modern Buck-horse, whose principal features were love and boxing.

He was so sweetly unsophisticated that on the only occasion that his manager forgot himself and handed him a wad of notes, instead of the usual bulky handful of silver, he complained bitterly that he was being swindled..

I am quite sure he agreed with the poet :

Give me the golden dreams of love, and wine in a golden jar,
And pretty blue-eyed golden girls, bright as a golden star,
And with golden love, and with golden wine, and a golden long cigar
And glorious, golden, drunken days, passed in a golden bar.

To return to our own countrymen, Sam Baxter was the holy terror of his day ; a light-weight, of slight build, and somewhat delicate appearance, he resembled a Methodist parson more than a fighting-man. His arm had a pipe shank appearance, yet it had a kick like old Brown Bess.

Light-weights and middle-weights, all fell before that thundering arm. Such was the terror it produced that he had merely to show it to make some men drop, and all entered the ring half-beat before they started. Sam went through them all till, finding no business left in England, he journeyed to Australia and met a man as remarkable as himself, only in another way. Cast Iron Burge, or Burgess, as he was sometimes called, was reported to be unoutable, and no punishment had ever stopped him. When the news reached England that Sam Baxter had been beaten no one would believe it.

The history of the fight was that Sam had punched the Cast Iron man from pillar to post for many rounds, but could not put that remarkable glutton away. Then some dispute arose and Sam, thinking the fight ended, removed his gloves, and showed a pair of badly knocked up hands. The referee ordered the fight to continue, but Sam, the condition of his hands being now known, refused, and the referee naturally gave the match to Burge. Sam returned to England, but the glory of his name was gone. However, his brother Bill, as good a little man as ever lived, nobly upheld the fame of the name of Baxter.

Burge came to England, too, and I saw him fight Tom Causer at the Lambeth School of Arms. For twenty rounds Causer punched Cast Iron Jim, landing some truly terrific rib-benders, and at the end of that time was awarded the victory on points ; but Jim Burge was swinging fiercely all the time, and appeared the stronger man at the close, and would have won if it had gone on, I believe. Yet that same evening I saw Jim lying on the floor doubled up with pain, with two ribs broken.

Truly he was a game 'un. His namesake Dick Burge was as good as any, with the most beautiful straight left I have ever seen, and a right to match it.

Ted Pritchard and Toff Wall were two great middleweights. Ted had a meteoric career, when he fought Jack Burke in private (?) at Holloway. The forty thieves got to hear of it, and they tell me you could not walk down the Holloway road next morning for tumbling over watch-rings. He beat him, and everybody else, including Jem Smith.

Ted was my hero in those days, and I well remember my trepidation when I heard Jem announce that he would "shake him off like the lion shakes the dew off his mane." It was, however, Ted who did the shaking. It took him three rounds.

Then Jim Hall beat him, and his light went out.

Toff Wall was a wonder. He was superlatively clever, a powerful man, and a hard hitter; but he did not like it, and he never did anything to write home about. Apparently glory did not appeal to him; he was all right when you got him in a ring, and electrified everyone with this fighting—the trouble was to get him there. I remember one occasion, when matched for a large sum, he never turned up, and was eventually found in a pub, filling himself up with good ale, and with no intentions of fighting whatever. He was one of those that might-have-been.

Pedlar Palmer was the hero of his day, a wonderful fighter and a perfect box of tricks. He depended on his marvellous headwork; his ducking was remarkable, and no one could hit him; then Pop! Pop! would go his fists. He seldom knocked a man out, his hands went. Goodness knows! all our fighters had bad hands in those days, but he beat everybody. He fought Billy Plimmer, with the deserved reputation of the best bantam in the world. Pedlar the novice walked up to him, and popped his left in his face as though he was the champion. His confidence was justified, for he won.

Pedlar had a versatile career. At nineteen he was co-respondent in a divorce case and champion of England. When his day was somewhat passed, he hit a man in a railway-carriage for using foul language before a woman. This apology for a man died, and because Pedlar was a fighting-man he was sentenced by a wise (?) judge to seven years' hard labour.

Pedlar's lack of hitting power was eventually his undoing. He went to America and got beat by Terry McGovern very easily, and another American, Harry Harris, beat him in England.

Many people did not admire Pedlar's character, and he was, shall we say, somewhat self-assertive at times; but in defeat he showed he was a man. He never left off trying, and struggled on with unfailing courage against a better man.

I was with little Billy Rochford of America when he was training for Pedlar Palmer, and Ben Jordan came to see him. Ben was a very great little fighter, a champion at his weight and a credit to the ring. Of course, the fight came up. "Look here, Billy," said he, "I will tell you how to beat Pedlar Palmer—hit him on the kidneys; you can't hit his head, but you can hit his body. I had planned this out for myself, but I can't get him in the ring with me or I'd be sure to beat him."

Jordan, by the way, was bigger than Palmer. I remember how we all smiled when Jordan had gone. Beat a man by hitting him on the kidneys—what a joke! Not so very long afterwards I saw Jordan fight Harry Greenfield—a considerably bigger man than himself. They got together, and bang went Ben's right to the kidneys. Very soon he did it again, and his remarks to Rochford leaped to my mind. Presently a red splosh appeared over Greenfield's kidneys, and in a few more rounds he sank to his knees, evidently in pain, and his hand flew to his back. That let the cat out of the bag. Jordan redoubled his attacks, and knocked him out with kidney punches. Greenfield

was the first man I ever saw beaten by the kidney punch. Of course it was not barred then, and I also remember hearing plenty of facetious remarks when Jordan started punching at this mark.

Of all the modern fighting-men, no one has impressed me more than Georges Carpentier. Exceedingly good looking and beautifully made, it is small wonder he was the idol of Paris and the sweet ladies of that gay city. Such was his charm of manner that we were almost pleased when he licked our English boys.

He is a perfect fighting machine, cool as an iceberg, clever as Lloyd George, with a real hard punch and the true champion's attribute of changing his style for each opponent. I do not propose to chronicle his numerous victories. He started about twelve, and has fought ever since, till the war ; but I am sure he will endorse my statement that he owes not a little of his success to his able manager and friend Descamps. With a thoroughness that deserves all praise, Descamps has studied fighting and fighting-men, and no trifle is too small for him. It is somewhat humiliating to acknowledge that these Frenchmen, after boxing a few years, surpass our men in match-making, preparation, and seconding, and we have had two hundred years of practice.

Even before the war we had taken Carpentier to our hearts, and rejoiced at his successes (perhaps I must except his defeats of Billy Wells), and now France and England are united in such close bonds we shall look upon Carpentier's successes as our own. I cannot leave him without saying that, though under the age of military service, at the outbreak of the war he cancelled a £5,000 match in England and returned to France to fight for his country, and has won almost equal glory in this as in other battle-fields. Since writing the above he has beaten our champion Beckett in a few seconds. The championship of the world may yet belong to France.

Charles Ledoux is another really great French fighter, but space prevents me from mentioning all their brave boys.

The boxers of America have always held a high place—of late years the highest place—and they need no praise from anyone, so perhaps they will forgive me if I say that they have not improved boxing as a spectacle. Many people object to their in-fighting methods; but if they find it pays, who can blame them? But I do find it hard to forgive that wretched covering business, which, I fear, they introduced into this country. I am sure that if in my day a boxer had covered his face with his gloves, the spectators, after one astonished glance, would have jumped into the ring and booted him out of it.

After this little grouch let me say that American boxers hold most of the championships of the world.

John L. Sullivan, Corbett, Jeffries—great names! By many Jim Jeffries is accounted the greatest of all world champions. I know I give the palm to brave old Fitz, but there is no getting away from the fact that Jim beat him. Corbett, too—Pompadour Jim—was admitted the quickest, most scientific heavy-weight of them all. Many consider him to have been most unlucky to have been beaten by Fitz and Jeffries; and it is true he was all over them, till the fatal punch connected. Tom Sharkey was a real good man, and in the old days John Morrisey was said to have been better than Heenan. Morrisey, by the way, emulated John Gulley, and finished up in Congress.

Stanley Ketchell, who was a Pole by descent, was one of the greatest middle-weights of his or any time; Kid Lavigne beat our invincible Dick Burge; Battling Nelson was one of the few boxers who deserved his name, and for endurance, gameness, and hitting, he has not often been equalled. He beat the great Joe Gans by these attributes, and won the world's light-weight championship. He was well named the Durable Dane.

It would take a volume to chronicle only the names of America's famous fighters, but I must mention the biggest little marvel of them all—Terry McGovern—Terrible Terry. He was game, clever, strong, and aggressive; he could hit like a burst of shrapnel, and was as quick as lightning. He pulverised Pedlar Palmer and slaughtered everybody he met, till disease sapped his powers. I don't think there ever was a bantam his equal.

Since Tom Molineux there have been many great negro fighters. Let me make one remark to start with—so many people think that you can't hurt a black man, and even say that it is unfair to pit a white man against a black one. Never was a greater mistake made; the white man is a superior animal to the black one in all ways, and if these doubters will read their pugilistic history they will always find that the black champion has eventually been beaten by a stronger and huskier white man. The negro champions, like all champions, have always been extremely scientific fighters. Pride of place must be given to Jack Johnson, as he was the only black champion of the world, but not by any means the greatest black fighter. He fought very shy of Sam Langford, who was certainly a far better man for his size, and possibly better any way. Peter Jackson, too, was probably his superior, but they never achieved to the championship.

Johnson was big and strong enough to eat a bullock, and was a most scientific defensive fighter, but he lacked aggressiveness, and for such a powerful man his hitting was somewhat feeble. He was also lucky, as there were no good big white men in his day, and he was finally beaten by a big dub, who has never risked his championship since. Since writing the above Willard has been beaten by Dempsey, but he was greater in defeat than victory. His unshaken resolution and glorious gameness remind one of the champions of old. I take off my hat to Jess Willard.

Johnson won his championship from Tommy Burns, a

good man enough, but small for a heavy-weight. I think Tommy always had a shrewd suspicion that his fight with Johnson would be his last, and that is why he asked £6,000 win, lose, or draw, and brought into prominence that most unsportsman-like condition. Tommy was a great business man, and he got his somewhat exhorbitant terms.

It is true that Johnson beat Fitzsimmonds and Jeffries, but when they met poor old Bob would have been better employed looking after his grandchildren ; and Jeffries had been on the shelf many years, and was overburdened with the responsibility of upholding the prestige of the white race.

Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Joe Jeannette, and Sam McVea formed a black quartet that held the lists for many years, and no white man could overthrow them. Some years ago I read an amusing little parody concerning these sable warriors, and it struck me as being so very clever that I learnt it by heart. I trust that the, to me, unknown author will not be offended, but will rather pardon me, or perhaps take it as a compliment, that I have copied it in my book from memory :

Sam Langford (Boss) and Joe Jeannette
Were walking hand in hand ;
They wept like anything because
Jack Johnson hadn't sand.
" If he would only fight just once,"
They said, " it would be grand ! "
" If seven scribes with seven pens
Cursed him for half a year,
Do you suppose," Sam Langford said,
" The champion would appear ? "
" I doubt it ! " answered Joe Jeannette,
And shed a bitter tear.
" Now, lobsters, come and walk with us,"
Sam Langford did beseech.
" A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach.
We cannot do with more than four
To give a hand to each."

Then four young lobsters hurried up
  All eager for a tiff:
Carpentier, the Bombardier,
  And Frank Moran forthwith.
And with his trusty manager,
  In haste, came Gunboat Smith.
These four young lobsters followed on,
  And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
  And more and more and more;
And what they said that they had done
  Was never heard before.
"The time has come," Sam Langford said
  "To pay a little debt,
And show you what it feels to be
  Out, when the sun has set."
And those he could not show himself
  He left to Joe Jeannette.
"I weep for you," Sam Langford said,
  "I deeply sympathise."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
  Those of the largest size,
And fifty million little stars
  Came shooting from their eyes.
"Oh, lobsters dear," Sam Langford said,
  "Have you enjoyed the fun?
Perhaps you'd like to start again."
  But answer there came none.
And this was scarcely odd, because
  They'd outed everyone.

Joe Gans and George Dixon were truly wonderful pugilists. I can remember my grief, as a boy, when Little Chocolate came over and beat our till then invincible Nunc Wallace.

Joe Walcott, the Giant Killer, stood out all by himself. He was very short—5ft. 1in., I believe—but immensely powerful, and could hit like a battering-ram. No one, big or little, could stand before him when he meant business. Kid Lavigne is credited with beating him, but most people forget, or do not know, that the conditions of the match were that if the Kid was on his feet at the end of the

contest (twelve rounds), he was to be declared the winner. He was on his feet, but only just. That he should have made such a match with such a man as Kid Lavigne says enough for Joe Walcott.

I should love to try and tell the deeds of all these heroes of the fist, only, as I started by saying, this is not a history of pugilism. And now with the greatest wonder of them all, the one and only JIMMY WILDE, I must finish. Look you, I need not enthuse over Jimmy; every sporting scribe has exhausted every word in his vocabulary endeavouring to praise him adequately. He is wonderful in every way, frail-looking in the extreme, yet he pushes great, big, husky boys about the ring, strolling about the magic square as though the whole thing bored him; he is quicker than the quickest; weak and delicate in appearance, he hits harder than a nine-stone man. A light fly-weight (he actually weighs 7st. 2lbs.), he has beaten champion feather-weights. Only once was he beaten, when fitter for a sick-bed than a boxing ring, and he soon turned the tables decisively on his conqueror. In poor health, and with only one sound hand, he beat the Zulu Kid, the champion fly-weight of America. A powerful solid fighter was the Kid, and you would have thought the ropes the last place that delicate Jimmy would have sought, yet he went and rested on them and let the Kid fight him there till he was ready, and then he put him away with his left hand. It lasted eleven rounds. They will blame the pictures for these long fights.

Dick Heasman, a wonderfully good boy, who had beaten all the prominent fly-weights, was matched with him. Jimmy just walked up to him and slogged him out; that was all. Next day, seeing Wilde, I chaffed him about his hard fight. "Yes," he said, "what a shame to put a boy like that against *ME*." And it was true!

Little men have beaten big men since boxing was an

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTER :
JIMMY WILDE.

[*To face page* 281

institution—Dutch Sam, Tom Sayers, and Bob Fitzsimmonds are the shining examples—but they were giants to Wilde, and it is well known that the bigger the man the more weight, relatively, he can give away; but no bantam has ever beaten a champion feather-weight yet. Still, this seven-stone boy has done it.

Where James will stop I cannot say, but now with me, as with the men who stand up before Jimmy Wilde, it is a case of FINIS.

BOXING RULES

SUBJOINED I have set out the Rules of Boxing from the days of Broughton to the present time. Broughton, as we all know, was the first man to lay down a set of rules to govern the sport, and it is curious to note the difference between his rules and those of the N.S.C. to-day. Of course gloves are now used, but the fundamental principle is the same—a contest between two men. The development of boxing can be traced by a study of the rules, but it is remarkable how few people trouble to get acquainted with them; even many professional boxers are woefully ignorant of the rules.

Broughton did much for boxing, and set himself to raise the sport. For the better regulation of the fights at his amphitheatre he introduced his set of rules in 1743. They were soon universally adopted, and held sway for many years. New rules were said to have been introduced in 1838, but I can find no reference to them in the sporting journals of that year; but when the match between Owen Swift and Brighton Bill was made in 1838, a special clause was inserted in the articles that the modern system of butting was unfair. This would seem to indicate that the rules wanted revising, and, as a matter of fact, they were revised by the Pugilistic Association in 1853, it being found that the rules of the ring did not provide for various contingencies which frequently arose.

These rules remained in force until the prize-ring received its death-blow, and then the Queensberry Rules superseded them for glove-fights, to be in their turn superseded by those of the N.S.C. for boxing-contests.

Broughton's rules are short and somewhat incomplete;

it is not even mentioned that you may not hit a man below the belt, although they state that you may not hold him there. They do say that you may not hit a man when down ; and this reminds me of a fact that my very learned friend, Frank Bradley, pointed out to me—it is that in certain circumstances, by prize-ring rules, you may hit a man when down. I am sure that many people, and even referees, are not aware of this, so they had better look up Rule 15 of the 1853 rules. Now this is a just and common-sense rule, and might be incorporated with advantage in our rules of to-day, for we do not legislate for the possible, if improbable, contingency of a man going down and striking a blow in that position. If such a thing should happen, and whether his opponent returned the blow or not, I am sure many referees would be at a loss ; but the act is undoubtedly foul, and striking a blow when down should merit disqualification as much as being struck when in that position. The definition of "being down" keeps altering, too. First it was : a man on his knees to be considered down ; then : a man with one knee and one hand or with both knees on the ground, and also a man held by the neck against the ropes or stakes, was to be considered down. Then the definition was : a man on one knee, or hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground ; and now a man is considered down even when he is on one or both feet, if at the same time any other part of his body is touching the ground, or when in the act of rising.

The present-day rules leave a lot to the discretion of the referee, and he can practically do what he likes. In the old days he appears to have had far less latitude. In the beginning each principal chose his own umpire, and each umpire watched the fight on his man's behalf. If any dispute arose they decided it, and if they were unable to agree they called in a third party. Later the men still chose their umpires, who chose a referee, who decided all

disputes, but note: he was not to give any decision unless appealed to by the umpires It was also his duty to call time. Later still the men chose the referee, and there were frequently hot disputes over the appointment of that official. Nowadays the promoters of a contest generally appoint the referee, who has entire control of the battle.

There are many other points of interest, but I will leave my readers to study the rules for themselves.

BROUGHTON'S RULES

WERE produced by Mr. Broughton for the better regulation of the amphitheatre; approved by the gentlemen, and agreed to by the pugilists, August 10th, 1743.

1. That a square of a yard be chalked in the middle of the stage, and every fresh set-to after a fall, or being parted from the rails, each second is to bring his man to the side of the square, and place him opposite to the other, and till they are fairly set-to at the lines it shall not be lawful for the one to strike the other.

2. That, in order to prevent any disputes, the time a man lies after a fall: if the second does not bring his man to the side of the square within the space of half a minute, he shall be deemed a beaten man.

3. That in every main battle no person whatever shall be upon the stage, except the principals and their seconds; the same rule to be observed in by-battles, except that in the latter Mr. Broughton is to be allowed upon the stage to keep decorum, and to assist gentlemen in getting to their places; provided always he does not interfere in the battle; and whoever pretends to infringe these rules, to be turned immediately out of the house. Everybody is to quit the stage as soon as the champions are stripped, before they set to.

4. That no champion be deemed beaten unless he fails coming up to the line in the limited time; or that his own second declares him beaten. No second is to be allowed to ask his man's adversary any questions, or advise him to give out.

5. That in by-battles, the winning man to have two-thirds of the money given, which shall be publicly divided upon the stage, notwithstanding any private agreements to the contrary.

6. That to prevent disputes, in every main battle the principals shall, on the coming on the stage, choose from among the gentlemen present two umpires, who shall absolutely decide all disputes that may arise about the battle; and if the two umpires cannot agree, the said umpires to choose a third, who is to determine it.

7. That no person is to hit his adversary when he is down, or seize him by the ham, the breeches, or any part below the waist: a man on his knees to be reckoned down.

THE RULES OF THE LONDON PRIZE-RING

As revised by the Pugilistic Association in 1853.

1. The ring shall be made on the turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being 4ft. from the ground, and the lower 2ft. from the ground. In the centre of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch.

2. Each man shall be attended to the ring by two seconds and a bottle-holder. The combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position, which adjusted, the winner shall choose his corner, according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto, the loser taking the opposite diagonal corner.

3. Each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a colour suitable to his own fancy, and the seconds shall entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the centre stakes. These handkerchiefs shall be called "colours," and the winner of the battle, at its conclusion, shall be entitled to their possession as the trophy of victory.

4. The two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereinafter stated. A referee shall be chosen by the umpires unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. The referee shall be provided with a watch for the purpose of calling time; the calling of that referee only to be attended to, and no other person whatever shall interfere in calling time. The referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5. On the men being stripped it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arises as to the insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6. The spikes in the fighting boots shall be confined to three in number, which shall not exceed three-eighths of an inch from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less than one-eight of an inch broad at the point; two to be placed in the broadest part of the sole and one in the heel; and in the event of a man wearing any other spikes, either in toes or elsewhere, he shall be compelled either to remove them, or provide other boots properly spiked, the penalty for refusal to be a loss of the stakes.

7. Both men being ready, each shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and, the seconds on the one side and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately leave the ring, and there remain until the round be finished, on no pretence whatever approaching their principals during the round without permission from the referee, the penalty to be the loss of the battle to the offending parties.

8. At the conclusion of the round when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds shall step into the ring and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

9. On the expiration of thirty seconds the referee appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his second and walk to his own side of the scratch unaided; the seconds immediately leaving the ring. The penalty for either of them remaining eight seconds after the call of time to be the loss of the battle to his principal; and either man failing to be at the scratch within eight seconds shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

10. On no consideration whatever shall any person except the seconds and the referee be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes or stakes being disturbed or removed, it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

11. The seconds shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12. In picking up their men, should the seconds wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13. It shall be a fair "stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows

shall have been previously exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14. Butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15. A blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. A man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down, and a blow given in either of these positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike, or attempt to strike.

16. A blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist by the thigh or otherwise shall be deemed foul.

17. All attempts to inflict injury by gouging or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

18. Kicking or deliberately falling on an antagonist with the knees or otherwise, when down, shall be deemed foul.

19. All bets shall be paid as the battle-money after the fight is awarded.

20. The referee and umpires shall take their positions in front of the centre stake outside the ropes.

21. Due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle-money is to be given up, and be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; all parties to be strictly bound by these rules, and in future all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22. In the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee (or stakeholder in case no referee has been chosen) shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible on the same day, or as soon after as may be. In naming the second or third place, the nearest spot shall be selected to the original place of fighting where there is a chance of its being fought out.

23. Should the fight not be decided on the day all bets shall be drawn, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the referee's duties shall continue and the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. The battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon, or in case of a

postponement, one of the principals shall be absent, when the man in the ring shall be awarded the stakes.

24. Any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25. On an objection being made by the seconds or umpires the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained; if pronounced "foul" the battle shall be at an end, but if "fair," "Time" shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision in all cases is to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

26. If a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, he shall forfeit the battle.

27. The use of hard substances, such as stones or sticks, or of resin in the hand during the battle, shall be deemed foul, and on the requisition of the seconds of either man, the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28. Hugging on the ropes shall be deemed foul. A man held by the neck against the stakes or upon or against the ropes shall be considered down, and all interference with him in that position shall be foul. If a man in any way makes use of the ropes or stakes to aid him in squeezing his adversary he shall be deemed the loser of the battle, and if a man in a close reaches the ground with his knees, his adversary shall immediately loose him or lose the battle.

29. All glove or room fights to be as nearly as possible in conformity with foregoing rules.

MARQUESS OF QUEENSBERRY RULES

1. To be a fair stand-up boxing match in a twenty-four-foot ring, or as near that size as practicable.

2. No wrestling or hugging allowed.

3. The rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and one minute time between rounds.

4. If either man fall, through weakness or otherwise, he must get up unassisted, ten seconds to be allowed him to do so, the other man meanwhile to return to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired. If one man fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed, it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favour of the other man.

5. A man hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down.

6. No seconds or any other person to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

7. Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee to name time and place, as soon as possible, for finishing the contest; so that the match must be won and lost, unless the backers of both men agree to draw the stakes.

8. The gloves to be fair-sized boxing gloves of the best quality, and new.

9. Should a glove burst or come off, it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction.

10. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes.

11. No shoes or boots with sprigs allowed.

12. The contest in all other respects to be governed by revised rules of the London Prize-Ring.

NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB RULES

1. All contests to be decided in a roped ring not less than 14ft. or more than 20ft. square.

2. Contestants to box in light boots or shoes (without spikes) or in socks. The gloves to be of a minimum weight of 6oz. each. Contestants to be medically examined before entering the ring, and to weigh on the day of the contest.

Should bandages be agreed to, the length and material of same to be approved and deposited with the Management of the Club at the time of signing articles. The length of the bandage for each or either hand not to exceed 6ft., and width not to exceed 1in.

3. In all contests the number of rounds shall be specified. No contest shall exceed fifteen rounds, except championships, which shall be limited to twenty rounds. No round shall exceed three minutes in duration. The interval between the rounds shall be one minute.

4. A contestant shall be entitled to the assistance of two seconds, whose names shall be submitted to the Committee for approval. The seconds shall leave the ring when time is called, and shall give no advice or assistance to the contestants during the progress of any round.

5. In all contests a referee and a timekeeper shall be appointed by the Committee. The referee shall award a maximum number of five marks at the end of each round to the better man, and a proportionate number to the other contestant, or, when equal, the maximum number to each.

If a contestant is down, he must get up unassisted within ten seconds; his opponent meanwhile shall retire out of striking distance, and shall not resume boxing until ordered to do so by the referee. A man is to be considered down even when he is on one or both feet, if at the same time any other part of his body is touching the ground, or when in the act of rising.

A contestant failing to continue the contest at the expiration of ten seconds shall not be awarded any marks for that round, and the contest shall then terminate. The referee shall decide all contests in favour of the contestant who obtains the greatest number of marks. If at the conclusion of any round during the contest one of the contestants should attain such a lead on points as to render it an

impossibility for his opponent to win or tie, he must then be declared the winner.

Marks shall be awarded for "attack"—direct, clean hits with the knuckle part of the glove of either hand on any part of the front or sides of the head, or body above the belt; "defence"—guarding, slipping, ducking, or getting away. Where contestants are otherwise equal the majority of marks shall be given to the one that does most of the leading off or who displays the better style.

6. The referee shall have power to disqualify a contestant for any of the following acts: for hitting below the belt, for using the pivot blow, for using the kidney punch, for hitting with the open glove, the inside or butt of the hand, or with the wrist or elbow; for holding, butting, shouldering, intentionally falling without receiving a blow, wrestling or roughing, remaining in a clinch unnecessarily, for not trying, or for any other act which he may deem foul. The referee shall also have power to stop the contest if in his opinion a contestant is outclassed or accidentally disabled.

7. The breaking of any of these rules by a contestant or his seconds shall render such contestant liable to disqualification.

8. A contestant disqualified for any cause whatever shall not be entitled to any prize.

9. The referee shall decide (1) any question not provided for in these rules; (2) the interpretation of any of these rules.

Odhams Press Limited, 39 King Street, London, W.C. 2